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HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

VICTORIA 1ST

QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

BORN 24 MAY, 1819, ASCENDED THE THRONE, 20 JUNE, 1837.



TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

VICTORIA 1ST
QUEEN OF ENGLAND

This VOLUME of

'THE FLY.'

Is Humbly Dedicated.

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ADDRESS.

IN publishing a Title-page to "THE FLY" for the year 1839, it will not be deemed out of place to offer the thanks of the Proprietors and Conductors to their patrons for the very liberal support which has repaid their labors during that period.

"THE FLY" now ranks as the first and best Illustrated Periodical of the time; and although its columns have been kept free from those silly puffs which mark the progress of many works, the Public amply testify that its intrinsic merits are such as well deserve the vast patronage it is honored with.

The Editor seizes this opportunity to tender his thanks to his numerous Correspondents, whose talented productions have done so much towards establishing the character of "THE FLY."

The great improvements made in "*The Fly's Picture Gallery*" during the past year will be carried out to the fullest extent in our succeeding numbers; and no opportunity will be lost of improving the work in every department.

December 31st, 1839.

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THE FLY.

"UBI MEL, IBI MUSCA."

No. 1—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely executed Lithographic PRINT, which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

THE NEW YEAR—1839.

"When the Christmas rout and riot
Terminate in scenes of quiet."

One new year drives out another, and takes up its place. It appears like a revolution of things. All the world runs riot. Children never think of sleeping, and grown persons are in a state of childhood at this season. Frequently it is the presents you make that decides the attachment that is shown you; and your purse can best tell what chance you have to possess such and such friend at the end of the year. Since Christmas, what gifts have been made, or are yet to be made! what a circulation of silver! How many Victoria heads change hands with the multitude! What a medley of edible wares, and a still greater contrast of tastes! The confectioners have exhausted their art, and turned into sweets a province of beet-root, with a whole hemisphere of saccharine canes. Our eyes have been dazzled with *bon bons*, and dry crystallizations. The devices on Christmas-cakes have much astonished both "cakes" (*i. e.* noodles) and wise men.

We have seen the town of Bilbao in sugar-candy; Algiers in chocolate, and Torrento famously cut on a turnip; Don Mick and the Emperor Nick both emblematically represented, the one in pan, the other in frosted sugar. The Queens of Spain and Portugal have rejoiced in *compote*, and been well idealized in blanc-mange and transparent jelly. But, thanks to the first of the year, all this is

licked up; all that finds a level, all is digested, and it is not, gentle reader, "the little folk" but the *big* who are the real consumers of Christmas turkey and trifles.

PARNY AT HIS PUBLISHER'S.

One day Parny, going into Frocard's shop, inquired for a work which he wanted immediately.

"I have it not here," said the publisher; "it is at my warehouse. If I was not quite alone at this moment, I would step for it for you."

"Well, but do go, I will mind the shop in your absence."

At this invitation, Frocard went off, and Parny set himself down at the counter, and began writing some verses of a new poem he was then engaged on. Whilst he was in the warmth of composition, a stranger entered the shop; one of those would-be wits, who, affecting the high-flown language of the drawing-room, with some phrases and quotations got by heart, which though they may sometimes veil ignorance in the eyes of the multitude, never impose upon the man of genius, or the man of letters. The lack-wit seeing at the counter a thin, pale-looking man, partially bald, and dressed in an old frock coat, took him for the librarian, and asked him with that freedom and sententious tone of a book-man of the day for a copy of the *Marotiques* poems. Parny, finding himself obliged to represent honest Frocard, and not wishing to lose him the sale of a book, rose in order to look for the works of *Clement Marot*, and handed them to the stranger.

On opening a volume, his eyes fell accidentally on the ballad entitled, "The Boys without Care," beginning with the lines—*"Qui sont ceux là qui."*

"What means all this gibberish?" cried the man of words (not letters.)

"Did you not ask for the *Marotiques* poems?"

"It is not that, my good fellow; it is not that at all."

"I do not believe there are any others," said Parny.

"The *Marotiques* poems that I desire are those which relate to a certain Eleonora."

"I know of no other in that class but the essays of Parny," replied the poet with hesitation, and blushing deeply, in spite of himself.

"Parny! Parny! that's the very man: they are his *Marotiques* poems."

"*Erotiques*, perhaps you would say?"

"*Erotiques*, *Marotiques*, they're much the same thing."

"Yes, pretty nearly," said Parny, suppressing a smile, having by this time obtained a full *facie* evidence of the person before him, with a corresponding knowledge of his whereabouts.

"Ah! here they are," added he, putting into the hands of his inquirer a couple of volumes bound in morocco, with handsome gilt edges.

"What are they?"

"*Ma foi*, I cannot very well tell you."

"How! not know the price of your own books?"

"These little volumes are richer in binding, I believe, than the text; however, I suppose them well worth six francs."

"Upon which you will make me the allowance customary to men of letters?"

"I cannot in conscience make you any abatement," replied Parny, with a look full of meaning.

"Well, since you must have it so——"

Upon which the new customer paid the price of the book, and departed; letting fall a patronising look upon him, who he little sus-

poet was the author of the charming essays he now master of, and from which he purloined, like the jay in the fable, to appear in borrowed plumes, and to pass himself off—with a certain class—for a *sevent* and *bel-esprit*.

P. E.

* The Chevalier Evrard de Parny, whose charming *erotiques* poems have won for him the title of the "French Tibullus."—Ed.

† A young person who died at the age of 16, to whose memory Parny has composed some pretty verses.—Ed.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish
rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves
of blue,
That never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glossy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain's drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow:
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows
flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent
water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep
sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending, like corn on the upland lea.
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on the
shore;
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
There the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral
grove.

PERCIVAL.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

I am now alone in my chamber. The family have long since retired. I have heard their steps die away, and the doors clap to after them. The murmur of voices, and the peal of remote laughter, no longer reach the ear. The clock from the church, in which so many of the former inhabitants of this house lie buried, has chimed the awful hour of midnight.

I have sat by the window and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing one by one from the distant village; and the moon, rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have gazed upon these quiet groves and shadowy lawns, silvered over and imperfectly lighted by streams of dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by "thick coming fancies" concerning those spiritual beings which

"— walk the earth

Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep."

Are there, indeed, such beings? Is this space between us and the Deity filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine inculcated by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the 'lies' existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.

However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet the attention involuntarily yielded to it whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion, and its prevalence in all ages and countries, even among newly-discovered nations that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious and instinctive beliefs to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lurk in the mind, and perhaps will never be eradicated, as it is a matter that does not admit of positive demonstration. Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul; its mysterious connection with the body; or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist; but whence it came, and when it entered into us, and how it is retained, and where it is seated, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation, and contradictory theories. If, then, we are thus ignorant of this spiritual essence, even while it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or deny its powers and operations, when released from its fleshly prison-house?

Every thing connected with our spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made:" we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. It is more the manner in

which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been enveloped, and there is none, in the whole circle of visionary creeds, that could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of mortal separation.

What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare?—that affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours?—that beauty and innocence, which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endearments? A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect, even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honoured were invisible witnesses of all our actions.

It would take away, too, from that loneliness and destitution, which we are apt to feel more and more as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and find that those who set forward with us lovingly and cheerily, on the journey, have one by one dropped away from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it that is incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, or revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart.

There are departed beings that I have loved as I never again shall love in this world; that have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do ever retain in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth; if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.

In truth, such visitations would be too happy for this world: they would take away from the bounds and barriers that hem us in and keep us from each other. Our existence is doomed to be made up of transient embraces and long separations. The most intimate friendship—of what brief and scattered portions of time does it consist! We take each other by the hand; and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness; and we rejoice together for a few short moments; and then days, months, years intervene, and we have no intercourse with each other. Or if we dwell together for a season, the grave soon closes its gates, and cuts off all further communion; and our spirits must remain in separation and widowhood until they meet again in that more perfect state of being, where soul shall dwell with soul, and there shall be no such thing as death, or absence, or any other interruption of our union.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

O'Connell and the Wounds of the State!—"It's mighty fine," remarked O'Connell a few days ago, "to be talking about my power, and my abilities in the cause of agitation: but I tell you this, that I have opened a wound in the State, and while I can keep it open, I'm all right: but if it was like a wound in one's body, arrah, my jewel, I should't touch another penny of the rint, for it would be cured before morning by that remarkably celebrated preparation called Holloway's Ointment!—Sure, doesn't it cure every thing of the external kind of disorder?"

LOVE, TREASON, AND DESPAIR.

The following romantic story is related as a fact in a letter from Thessalonica, dated November 10:—"Mustapha Pacha, reputed to be the ablest of all the police officers of Turkey, has just delivered Macedonia from a formidable band of brigands, who have infested the country for upwards of four years. The means he took are too singular not to be mentioned. Having learnt that a young Albanian girl, bearing the name of Theodora Maria Semik, residing at Michalik, a town on the frontier of Greece, had secret communications with the robbers, Mustapha had her watched and questioned, but could not obtain any disclosures. He then engaged one of his lieutenants, named Ismael, a young man of remarkable personal beauty, to go and endeavour to gain her affections. This officer succeeded to such a degree that she became warmly attached to him, and informed him that her real name was Eudoxia Thersa Gherundaxi, and that she was the niece of the chief of the brigands, Michael Gregorio Gherundaxi, whose troop amounted to nearly 1500 men. She painted in glowing terms the charms of their errant and adventurous life, and urged Ismael to join them. He pretended to yield to her instances, and then learnt further from her that her uncle would hold a general muster of his band on October 28, in the forest of Pheloidos. All this Ismael communicated to Mustapha, but, in order to avert suspicion, went with his fair one to the rendezvous. The wily Mustapha collected his troops, surrounded the assembled freebooters, and as they refused to surrender, attacked them with all his forces. The greatest number of the brigands fell on the spot, preferring death on the field to capture and ignominious execution. A few escaped for the moment, but they were afterwards taken, and are now waiting their sentence in the citadel of Thessalonica. Among the dead were found the chief, Gherundaxi, whose head was cloven by a stroke from a sabre, and the young Lieutenant Ismael, whose breast had been penetrated by a musket-ball. Mustapha cut off the heads of all killed, and has paraded them in triumph through the town. The wretched Eudoxia, on discovering the treachery of her lover, has fallen into a state of complete abandonment, and is believed to have entirely lost her senses. Mustapha has taken her into his own palace, and ordered that every care her deplorable condition requires, shall be lavished upon her.

Old Times.—"Twill be all the same thing a hundred years hence." "This," says Sterne, "I deny;" founded on the following brief and well-accredited fact of a former period. In the reign of George I., about 120 years ago, General Oglethorpe (the friend of the Westley family), was invited to dine with a Cabinet Minister at eleven o'clock on the following day. The General could not go, and sent his excuse; being engaged, as he said, to shoot snipes the next morning at *Marylebone*.

The only vice that cannot be forgiven is hypocrisy. The repentance of a hypocrite is itself hypocrisy.

TO THE BURNING.

Sweet-scented flower! who'rt wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert dear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay new,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And, as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long
The melody of death.

Come funeral flower! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet, decaying smell—
Come, press my lips and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree:
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And, sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower, that requiem wild is mine;
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where, as I lie by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

KIRK WHITE.

THE LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM.

A great city—situated amidst all that nature could create of beauty and of profusion, or art collect of science and magnificence—the growth of many ages—the residence of enlightened multitudes—the scene of splendour, and festivity, and happiness—in one moment withered as by a spell—its palaces, its streets, its temples, its gardens, "glowing with eternal spring," and its inhabitants in the full enjoyment of all life's blessings, obliterated from their very place in creation, not by war, or famine, or disease, or any of the natural causes of destruction to which the earth had been accustomed—but in a single night, as if by magic, and amid the conflagration, as it were, of nature itself, presented a subject on which the wildest imagination might grow weary without even equalling the grand and terrible reality. The eruption of Vesuvius, by which Herculanum and Pompeii were overwhelmed, has been chiefly described to us in the letters of Pliny the younger to Tacitus, giving an account of his uncle's fate, and the situation of the writer and his mother. The elder Pliny had just returned from the bath, and was retired to his study, when a small speck or cloud, which seemed to ascend from Mount Vesuvius, attracted his attention. This cloud gradually increased, and at length assumed the shape of a pine tree, the trunk of earth and vapour, and the leaves "red cinders." Pliny ordered his galley, and, urged by his philosophic spirit, went forward to inspect the phenomenon. In a short time, however, philosophy gave way to

humanity, and he seasonably and adventurously employed his galley in saving the inhabitants of the various beautiful villas which studded that enchanting coast. Amongst others, he went to the assistance of his friend Pampianus, who was then at Stabia. The storm of fire, and the tempest of the earth, increased; and the wretched inhabitants were obliged, by the continual rocking of their houses, to rush out into the fields with pillows tied down by napkins upon their heads, as their sole defence against the showers of stones which fell on them. This, in the course of nature, was in the middle of the day; but a deeper darkness than that of a winter night closed around the ill-fated inmates of Herculanum. This artificial darkness continued for three days and nights; and when, at length, the sun again appeared over the spot where Herculanum stood, his rays fell upon an ocean of lava! There was neither tree, nor shrub, nor field, nor house, nor living creature; nor visible remnant of what human hands had reared: there was nothing to be seen but one black extended surface still streaming with mephitic vapour, and heaved into calcined waves by the operation of fire and the undulations of the earthquake! Pliny was found dead upon the sea-shore, stretched upon a cloth which had been spread for him, where it was conjectured he had perished early; his corpulent and apoplectic habit rendering him an easy prey to the suffocating atmosphere.

THE DUNGEON.

And this place our forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom,
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps: and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt; till, changed to poison,
They break out on him like a loathsome
plague-spot;
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks—
And *this* is their best cure!—uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces, at the clanking hour
Seen through the steams and vapours of his
dungeon,
By the lamp's dismal twilight!—So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By fellowship with desperate deformity!

With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child.
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing
sweets,
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and discordant thing.
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way;
His angry spirit healed and humanised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

CHARACTERISTICS.

The effort necessary to overcome difficulty urges the student on to excellence. When he can do well with ease, he grows comparatively careless and indifferent, and makes no farther advances to perfection.

We are rarely taught by our own experience and much less do we put faith in that of others.

We do not attend to the advice of the sage and experienced, because we think they are old, forgetting that they once were young and placed in the same situations as ourselves.

I have known persons without a friend—never any one without some virtue. The virtues of the former conspired with their vices to make the whole world their enemies.

It has been observed that the proudest people are not nice in love. In fact, they think they raise the object of their choice above every one else.

We are egotists in morals as well as in other things. Every man is determined to judge for himself as to his conduct in life, and finds out what he ought to have done, when it is too late to do it. For this reason, the world has to begin again with each successive generation.

If the world were good for nothing else, it is a fine subject for speculation.

We should be inclined to pay more attention to the wisdom of the old, if they showed greater indulgence to the follies of the young.

Substitute for the Sun.—The newly-invented light of M. Gaudin, on which experiments were recently made at Paris, is an improved modification of the well-known invention of Lieut. Drummond. While Drummond pours a stream of oxygen gas, through spirits of wine, upon unslaked lime, Gaudin makes use of a more ethereal kind of oxygen, which he conducts through burning essence of turpentine. The Drummond light is fifteen hundred times stronger than that of burning gas; the Gaudin light is, we are assured by the inventor, as strong as that of the sun, or thirty thousand times stronger than gas, and, of course ten million times more so than the Drummond. The method by which M. Gaudin proposes to turn the new invention to use, is singularly striking. He proposes to erect in the island of Pont Neuf, in the middle of the Seine and centre of Paris, a light-house, five hundred feet high, in which is to be placed a light from a hundred thousand to a million gas pipes strong, the power to be varied as the nights are light or dark. Paris will thus enjoy a sort of perpetual day; and as soon as the sun of the heavens has set, the sun of Pont Neuf will rise.

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MONSIEUR TOBY.

(For the FLY.)

The first time my eyes fell upon him, I thought I was looking on one of those old fantastic master choristers of Hoffman—so poor, so great, and yet so full of kindness. His back was a trifle bowed, his head inclined a little to the right shoulder, his countenance furrowed in every sense of the word with deep wrinkles; but his eye was calm and mild, without lacking spirit. His face left you to imagine the thousand ills that flesh is heir to, so truly; and his grey coat, old and threadbare, bespoke a misery so great, that a smile then rising to my lips was checked before it could be called one, and pity was awakened in its place for the poor musician. I was about to ask his name of my neighbours, when I heard the dry hard voice of the leader of the band jog on, step by step, the dormant propensities of the poor old fellow.

"M. Toby, you are not heard at all. M. Toby, you are falling asleep." Then again—"M. Toby, you strike your *ré* too low. *Mon Dieu!* pay more attention, M. Toby."

It is now time to inform the reader that M. Toby formed a part of the orchestra of the Luxembourg. In this orchestra there were two corps essentially different. On the right the musicians are young: with them their eye is lively, their moustache black, their hand steady and alert. Not one of them but has seen and heard Paganini; and, what is more, have turned these opportune incidents to account. These are the violins capricious and romantic. On the left is more classical ground—ground nearly deserted, for it has but two competitors; a white-haired violin, and a grey-headed bass. My hero is on the left: he is the bass. To any other the incessant stimulations and pungent excitements of the conductor would have caused strong marks of impatience. Poor Toby had

the air of taking it very composedly. His head rested on the *queue* of his bass, and his right hand held the bow in a state of repose upon the dumb cord of the instrument. —At the third summons from the chief, he turned towards him his dark full eye, opened with such a singular expression of *naïveté*, that I cannot conceive a better nor a more humble justification. The next moment his attention was directed to his score, and the bow, it seemed, performed mechanically, and of itself, some solemn scrapes, without the body being in the slightest degree roused from its state of torpor; and I was fain to believe that it was the bow made the arm to move, and not the arm that gave effect to the bow. The stalls and my neighbours laughed long and loud at the poor persecuted Toby, and at the negative enthusiasm he showed in the execution of his part. The dandified portion of this *clique*, rejoicing in canary gloves, cracked many a joke at his expense. Some found that his profile well described an Isosceles triangle; the most prominent and pointed angle of which was his nose. Others wished to know if by chance it was not the mummy of Tobie, the venerable person of Holy Writ, whom they had rigged out in French guise, and stuck there, to save a living and regular hired musician. For my part, these agreeable *bon mots* and facetiæ interested me but little, and I listened to them hardly more than I did to the tirades of the murdering hero (another George Barnwell story) they were playing before me; my eyes and attention being wholly engrossed with poor old M. Toby.

At this moment his attention was directed to the piece; his spectacles had fallen down over his nose, and his countenance lighted up like a young *premier*, so absorbed was he in the contemplation of the heroine. Never was profile more original or more graphic in its character. That pendant lip, that full,

well-rounded chin, that nervous arm, anxiously stretched towards the platform, produced an effect altogether admirable.

When the emotion of the old musician had ceased, he gravely took the bow in his left hand, carefully covered with a leather glove, and with the right seized a large lump of rosin. As he turned his head at this moment towards the spectators, my look of pity and regard, which he must have caught on the instant, was sufficient, for that *coup d'œil* won me his confidence. The curtain fell. The orchestra disappeared one by one, or in small groups. Alone, M. Toby remained melancholy sitting upon his chair. Why did not he go with the rest to drink his bottle of beer, and breathe the pure fresh air under the foliage of the Luxembourg? This is one of those mysteries that delicacy forbids our unravelling. He was dull, and even sad; his mournful eye seemed ready to close with fatigue and *ennui*. I came close, and spoke to him; he awoke up and revived. At the end of the *entr'acte*, I was so well in his good opinion that half an hour afterwards I knew the whole history of his life.

At this time, M. Toby, it may be said, is in the vale of years, and may be seventy, and though often wounded, he is not very much broken for his age. Son of a Lieutenant-Colonel, and his origin from Anversois, he was born a musician. At ten years old he could play well and ill on all sorts of instruments, and was excellent in especial upon the horn. He was in fact a little prodigy; but, as a drawback to his talents, young Toby was of a most independent spirit, and not very susceptible of control.

One day, his father not knowing well what to do with him, took him to Brest, on pretence of showing him a ship of war, and went on board one of those belonging to the squadron of M. the Count de Suffren, then fitting out for India. Little Toby, it would seem,

had been also born with sea legs. Hardly was he got upon deck, than he became a sailor at once, as he had become a musician, by inspiration. There he was skipping among the cordage, and balancing himself on the main-yard.

"Bon voyage, my child," said his father, "you will have ample time to make acquaintance with the sea."

The Lieutenant-Colonel recommended him to the captain; and the captain, to use a nautical phrase, "liking the cut of his jib," matters were soon adjusted between them, and old Toby disappeared. When our hero descended from the main-yard, they made him tipsy. Wine is the opium of children. Toby fell fast asleep. The next day, when he awoke, he was surprised at not seeing his father, nor the chimnies of the town of Brest. Nothing but sky and water, and the ship scudding before the wind majestically her eight knots an hour. She was not called the *Alerte* for nothing. F. E.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena, (Where among other relics you may see Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true one) Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate, Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati. Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace, And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses, Will long detain you—but, before you go, Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you— And look awhile on a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth, The last of that illustrious family; Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not. He, who observes it, ere he passes on, Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again, That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak, Her lips half open, and her finger up, As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold, Brodered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot, An emerald stone in every golden clasp! And on her brow, fairer than alabaster, A coronet of pearls.

But then her face, So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth, The overflowings of an innocent heart— It haunts me still, though many a year has fled, Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs, Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm, But richly carved by Antony of Trent With Scripture stories from the life of Christ; A chest that came from Venice, and had held The ducal robes of some old ancestor— That by the way—it may be true or false— But don't forget the picture; and you will not,

When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra, The joy, the pride of an indulgent father; And in her fifteenth year became a bride, Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria, Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress, She was all gentleness, all gaiety, Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.

But now the day was come, the day, the hour;

Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,

The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;

And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but, at the nuptial feast, When all sate down, the bride herself was wanting,

Nor was she to be found! Her father cried, "'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"

And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,

And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.

'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco, Laughing, and looking back, and flying still, Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.

But now, alas! she was not to be found;

Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed,

But that she was not!

Weary of his life, Francesco flew to Venice, and embarking,

Flung it away in battle with the Turk. Donati lived—and long might you have seen

An old man wandering as in quest of something—

Something he could not find—he knew not what.

When he was gone, the house remained awhile

Silent and tenantless, then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,

When on an idle day, a day of search, Mid the old lumber in the gallery,

That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said,

By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra, "Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"

'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way It burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton

With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,

A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold. All else had perished—save a wedding ring,

And a small seal, her mother's legacy, Engraven with a name, the name of both—

"Ginevra."

—There then had she found a grave! Within that chest had she concealed herself, Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;

When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there, Fastened her down for ever!

ROGER.

THE RUNAWAY.

FROM AUDUBON'S BIOGRAPHY OF BIRDS.

Never shall I forget the impression made on my mind by the *ramasseur* which forms the subject of this article; and I even doubt if the relation of it will not excite in that of my reader emotions of varied character.

Late in the afternoon of one of those sultry days which render the atmosphere of the Louisiana swamps pregnant with baneful effluvia, I directed my course towards my distant home, laden with a pack consisting of five or six Wood Ibises, and a heavy gun, the weight of which, even in those days when my natural powers were unimpaired, prevented me from moving with much speed. Reaching the banks of a miry bayou, only a few yards in breadth, but of which I could not ascertain the depth, on account of the muddiness of its waters, I thought it might be dangerous to wade through it with my burden; for which reason, throwing to the opposite side each of my heavy birds in succession, together with my gun, powder-flask, and shot-bag, and drawing my hunting-knife from its scabbard, to defend myself, if need should be, against alligators, I entered the water, followed by my faithful dog. As I advanced carefully and slowly, Plato swam around me, enjoying the refreshing influence of the liquid element that cooled his fatigued and heated frame. The water deepened, and did the mire of its bed; but with a stroke or two I gained the shore.

Scarcely had I stood erect on the opposite bank, when my dog ran to me, exhibiting marks of terror, his eyes seeming ready to burst from their sockets, and his mouth grinning with the expression of hatred, while his feelings found vent in a stifled growl. Thinking that all this was produced by the scent of a wolf or bear, I stooped to take up my gun, when a stentorial voice commanded me to "Stand still, or die!" Such a *qui vive* in these woods was as unexpected as it was rare. I instantly raised and cocked my gun; and although I did not yet perceive the individual who had thus issued so peremptory a mandate, I felt determined to combat with him for the free passage of the grounds. Presently a tall, firm-built negro emerged from the bushy underwood, where until that moment he must have been crouched, and in a louder voice repeated his injunction. Had I pressed a trigger, his life would have instantly terminated; but observing that the gun which he aimed at my breast was a wretched rusty piece, from which fire could not readily be produced, I felt little fear, and therefore did not judge it necessary to proceed at once to extremities. I laid my gun at my side, tapped my dog quietly, and asked the man what he wanted.

My forbearance, and the stranger's long habit of submission, produced the most powerful effect on his mind.

"Master," said he, "I am a runaway. I might perhaps shoot you down; but God forbids it, for I feel just now as if I saw him ready to pass his judgment against me for such a fould deed, and I ask mercy at your hands. For God's sake, do not kill me, master."

"And why," answered I, "have you left your quarters, where certainly you must have fared better than in these unwholesome swamps?"

"Master, my story is a short but a sorrowful one. My camp is close by, and as I know you cannot reach home this night, if you will follow me there, depend upon my honour you shall be safe until the morning, when I will carry your birds, if you choose, to the great road."

The large intelligent eyes of the negro, the complacency of his manner, and the tones of his voice, I thought, invited me to venture; and as I felt that I was at least his equal, while, moreover, I had my dog to second me, I answered that I would follow him. He observed the emphasis laid on the words, the meaning of which he seemed to understand so thoroughly, that, turning to me, he said,

"There, master, take my butcher's knife, while I throw away the flint and priming from my gun!"

Reader, I felt confounded. This was too much for me. I refused the knife, and told him to keep his piece ready, in case we might accidentally meet a cougar or a bear.

Generosity exists everywhere. The greatest monarch acknowledges its impulse, and all around him, from his lowest menial to the proud nobles that encircle his throne, at times experience that overpowering sentiment. I offered to shake hands with the runaway.

"Master," said he, "I beg you thanks," and with this he gave me a squeeze, that alike impressed me with the goodness of his heart, and his great physical strength. From that moment we proceeded through the woods together. My dog smelt at him several times, but as he heard me speak in my usual tone of voice, he soon left us, and rambled around as long as my whistle was unused. As we proceeded, I observed that he was guiding me towards the setting of the sun, and quite contrary to my homeward course. I remarked this to him, when he with the greatest simplicity replied, "Merely for our security."

After trudging along for some distance, and crossing several bayous, at all of which he threw his gun and knife to the opposite bank, and stood still until I had got over, we came to the borders of an immense cane-brake, from which I had on former occasions driven and killed several deer. We entered, as I had frequently done before, now erect, then on "all-fours." He regularly led the way, divided here and there the tangled stalks, and, whenever we reached a fallen tree, assisted me in getting over it with all possible care. I saw that he was a perfect Indian in the knowledge of the woods, for he kept a direct course as precisely as any "Red-skin" I ever travelled with. All of a sudden he emitted a loud shriek, not unlike that of an owl, which so surprised me, that I once more instantly levelled my gun.

"No harm, master; I only give notice to my wife and children that I am coming."

A tremulous answer of the same nature gently echoed through the tree-tops. The Runaway's lips separated with an expression of gentleness and delight, when his beautiful set of ivory teeth seemed to smile through the dusk of the evening that was thickening around us.

"Master," said he, "my wife, though black, is as beautiful to me as the President's wife is to him: she is my queen, and I look on our young ones as so many princes: but you shall see them all, for here they are, thank God!"

There, in the heart of the cane-brake, I found a regular camp. A small fire was lighted, and on its embers lay grinding some large slices of venison. A lad nine or ten years old was blowing the ashes from some fine sweet potatoes. Various articles of household furniture were carefully disposed around, and a large pallet of bear and deer-skins seemed to be the resting-place of the whole family. The wife raised not her eyes towards mine, and the little ones, three in number, retired into a corner like so many discomfited racoons; but the Runaway, bold and apparently happy, spoke to them in such cheering words, that at once one and all seemed to regard me as one sent by Providence to relieve them from all their troubles. My clothes were hung up by them to dry, and the negro asked me if he might clean and grease my gun, which I permitted him to do, while the wife threw a large piece of deer's flesh to my dog, which the children were already caressing.

Only think of my situation, reader! Here I was, ten miles at least from home, and four or five from the nearest plantation, in the camp of runaway slaves, and quite at their mercy. My eyes involuntarily followed their motions, but as I thought I perceived in them a strong desire to make me their confidant and friend, I gradually relinquished all suspicion. The venison and potatoes looked quite tempting, and by this time I was in a condition to relish much less savoury fare; so, on being humbly asked to divide the viands before us, I partook of as hearty a meal as I had ever done in my life.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Flogging to Death.—The cruelties practised by the planters of Demerara towards the slave population, have at different periods been almost inconceivably barbarous; and in a hot climate the wounds from the lash frequently produce death. In allusion to a recent case, the following letter was transmitted to England:—"Dear sir; E. M., the slave who was so dreadfully flogged on — estate, is now in a fair way of recovery, by the use of Holloway's Ointment. Pray send me out a fresh supply, per Osiris. This is the sixth instance of the efficacy of that celebrated unguent which has fallen under my own observation. Yours, &c., J. Turner, Surgeon Inspector.—Certified as a true copy, Glenelg.

THE MEADOW.

A FRAGMENT.

I had occasion, on returning to my own country, to pass through a valley which I had travelled six weeks before. The same flock was feeding there as formerly, the same stillness prevailed, nothing seemed changed. I looked for the young shepherd who at my first visit had directed me, with much intelligence, on the roads I had to pass in this mountain district; he was not there. A cottage-girl, it appeared, had filled his place. I questioned her on the subject of my quondam guide.

"Alas! I know not," she replied, raising her eyes mournfully; "we are still expecting him. Alexis took his station usually under that old willow which you see yonder on the turn of the river. At that spot the turf is still worn, and but little of it is now beginning to grow again: by and bye, it will be as high and abundant as the rest of the meadow, for Alexis I fear will never return. It was there every morning that Margaret brought him a basket containing the day's repast, which she herself prepared, and sat herself down on the bank he had raised for her, and when she returned to the farm, he saw her as far as the high road. It is now a month since Margaret fell dangerously ill. Alexis brought home his flock earlier at night than usual, and entering the cottage, his first inquiry was for Margaret; and, when he learnt all she had suffered during the day, he raised his eyes in sorrow, and left us without speaking. Sometimes, more agitated, he would join his hands together, appearing to clench them hard, for we have heard the sinews of his fingers crack, and then his breathing was short and painful. I was sent in place of Margaret to carry him his daily fare. I always found him sitting upon her bank, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon vacancy: when he found that I was near him, he appeared surprised, as if he had not heard me coming.

"Margaret died. On coming home, Alexis found every body in tears. He turned pale, and when he perceived that Margaret was no more, his head sank upon his breast, but he wept not. The next day I went as usual to the meadow. I found Alexis standing on the border of the river, his hands clasped together, apparently in deep meditation. I came close to him without his perceiving me. He was talking to himself: I listened—'My happiness,' said he, with a heavy sigh, 'has passed away like this water: so, in like manner, it can never return.' He was silent. I called him by name several times, but he heard me not. At length, he calmly turned round his head. I presented him the basket, and put it beside him. At that moment the sod gave way beneath his feet, and a little of the turf, separating from the bank, plashed into the water. Take care," said I, "the river is deep at that spot. 'I know it,' he rejoined placidly, 'people never come back any more.' That night, at the hour of supper, Alexis was not come in: nor were the sheep passed through the gate. We waited

for him long and anxiously. Ten o'clock came, but he returned not. We now feared some mischance either to him or the flock. I took a lantern, and attended by two men of the farm, we proceeded to the meadow. Notwithstanding the darkness of a cold gusty night, we perceived that the flock was dispersed. We called Alexis frequently, and the men made the hills resound with the shouting of his name. But he answered not. We repaired to the willow, where he habitually took his place; he was not there. The basket was at the same spot I had left it in the morning. At length, by the light of our lantern, we distinguished something white, which the wind at intervals waved to and fro; it was the straw hat of Alexis, which had got fastened among the rushes. Footsteps were clearly to be traced upon the damp ground, and these were lost at the spot where I had left Alexis in the morning."

F. E.

WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME.

I mind me of a pleasant time—
A season long ago—
The pleasantest I've ever known,
Or ever now can know;
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills,
So merrily did chime;
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,
And I—was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,
From every bending spray;
I've never pull'd such primroses,
Set thick on back or brae;
I've never smelt such violets,
As all that pleasant time
I found by every hawthorn root,
When I was in my prime.

You moory down, so black and bare,
Was gorgeous then, and gay
With gorse and gowan, blossoming
As none blooms now-a-day;
The blackbird sings but seldom now,
Up there in the old lime,
Where hours and hours he used to sing,
When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then,
To pierce one through and through;
More softly fell the silent shower—
More balmy the dew:
The morning mist and evening haze,
Unlike this cold grey rime,
Seem'd woven waves of golden air,
When I was in my prime.

And blackberries, so mawkish now,
Were finely flavoured then;
And hazel nuts, such clusters thick
I ne'er shall pull again;
Nor strawberries, blushing wild, as rich
As fruits of sunniest clime;
Now *all* is altered for the worse,
Since I was in my prime!

C. B.

TO THE COUNTRY TRADE.

Mr. GLOVER, (the publisher of the "Fly," &c.,) in answer to the frequent inquiries, informs the Country Trade that he will supply them with all the London Periodicals and Newspapers for cash, at a very reduced scale of charges—equal to any other agent in London. Address (post-paid), to the "Fly" office, Water-lane, Fleet-street, London.

THE FLY'S LETTER-BOX.

"Mynheer Wodenblock," by our valued correspondent, F. E., the first part of which was inserted in No. 63, shall re-appear in the fourth or fifth number of the new series.

"Not Shelley." We have repeatedly said that we cannot promise to insert any article until we have perused it.

"A Lover of Lithographs." Not an ill-worked impression of our Queen will be allowed to leave the office, and our correspondent may rely that if he postpones his purchase for a month, he will be sure of a fine impression. It was the nearest approach to the excellence of French lithography ever attained. We have many more such in hand. The new series of the "Fly" must be as unrivalled in talent as it is in circulation.

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"G. M. Rathbone." We have looked over the *tit-bits* submitted by this gentleman, and unhesitatingly pronounce them execrable. "The Dinner-hunter" is very stale, as well as being very bad; and the "Lines writ on the Death of an Only Daughter" are villanous; as these extracts will prove:—

"Thou art gone, and grim death hath bereft me,
Her whose sweet presence has cheered me for years;
Whose gentle affection had never left me.

Amid the smiles of prosperity, or adversity's tears."

* * * * *

"But short be my sorrow, I feel I am going,
And soon will I burst from life's wearisome chain."

&c., &c., &c.

Nature is stronger than reason: for nature is, after all, the text, reason but the comment. He is, indeed, a poor creature who does not feel the truth of more than he knows, or can explain satisfactorily to others.

NOTICE.

THE OLD SERIES OF THE "FLY."

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THE BEAU WINDOW.
ASLY PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

THE FLY.

"UBI MEL, IBI MUSCA."

No. 3—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20.

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MONSIEUR TOBY.

(For the FLY.)

(Continued from p. 6.)

One remarkable thing was, that little Toby had no sea qualms. He swallowed a small glass of *eau-de-vie*, made a wry face for fun, or for novelty's sake, and entered without ceremony on his functions as a cabin-boy. Fortune smiled upon him even upon the "lap of ocean." From the first day that he inhaled the sea breeze, he might be called the ocean's child: from that moment he was a cabin-boy. Smile not, gentle reader, at the notion. Is it nothing to be installed cabin-boy, at ten years of age, in a ship of the line, equipped against the English, and that too without going through the intermediate grades, that most miserable state of *Salamander* amongst the rest, which so much shocked my lady friends in times past? The same day four stripes of the boatswain's cat corrected the first and last offence that Toby was ever guilty of. Here was the entire of his naval education. All this, it may be supposed, set to sleep his musical predilection. The duties on hand took the lead of those of the head and heart. Still he looked out for his chance; and when it did arrive, with a sagacity beyond his years, he judged his time, and took the ball at the hop.

One day, all the officers happening to be upon deck, and Toby alone in the cabin,—the temptation was strong, I must allow,—and the desire that was now awakened at the sight of a flute and violin laying on the table, with the recollections of his early boyhood and composition all rushing to his mind at once, were irresistible; so placing his trembling hands on both the instruments, he in turn breathed forth some melodious and thrill-

ling sounds from the one, while from the other he made the strings to crack again under his inspired brow. The musical sounds had vibrated to the deck. All are astonished at the unlooked-for concert. The captain descended to the cabin, and, surprised to find nobody there but little Toby, demanded of him who were the authors of this concord of sweet sounds. The cabin-boy blushed, and was silent. At last, a taste of the boatswain's cat being suggested by the captain, it opened his mouth; to use his own *saive* and familiar expression. From this time the Governor, much delighted with the musical skill he had exhibited, allowed him to pass several hours a-day at his favourite study, and shortly after made him king of the ship boys. In his new calling Toby had the satisfaction to make his subjects dance, with nearly all the crew besides, by sound of his violin or flute *ad libitum*. Thus for seven years did he govern, at the same time and with the same vigour, the cabin-boys and the music of the *Alerte*. Toby saw Pondicherry, the Isle of Bourbon, Mozambique, and Madagascar. If you pressed him hard, he would tell you that his violin, and above all his French horn, was more gain to him than the conquest of a whole race of black niggers, in those outlandish parts. At length, one fine day, the *Alerte* sailed away, taking the route for France. The voyage was prosperous. Like a wise and grateful man, Toby had stored in his wisdom-box certain mythological scraps, and these he had set to flute music; amongst others a hymn, tolerably melodious, to Eolus, king of the winds. Unhappily, his godship was not propitious, and the composer's good intentions availed nothing for the *Alerte*. On the point of entering the port of *l'Orient*, she was driven on the pier-head, lost her rudder, injured her bottom, and finally the poor ship became a wreck. Toby remained two hours in the sea, and imbibed

at leisure sundry gulps of ocean's "neat and extra particular." He at last owed his safety to a friendly hen-coop, to which, with the enthusiasm of his nature, he most ardently and desperately clung. Happy, thrice happy chicken-coop!

Toby escaped shipwreck only to fall into the *overture* of a revolution: and what a revolution! *Grand Dieu!* If he asked where the music of it was to be got, they struck up the *Marseillaise*. If he spoke about singing, they sang him the *Marseillaise*. The *Marseillaise* was in every body's mouth, if not in every one's heart. She sounded the charge to the battalions of the frontier; she was to be heard squeaking in all the streets of Paris, through all the pipes and barrelled organs of that great city. Toby did not easily get over this: all his ideas were confused, and he sighed deeply for his berth on board the good ship *Alerte*. Happily he owed to experience and his maritime life an in-bred philosophy that no misfortune could disturb. He had a sovereign contempt for all notions *non-practical*. Like Buonaparte he looked only to facts. He was wholly incapable of any enthusiasm, even in music, unless it was in some *improvisation*, or before a *grand maestro*: so neither in politics would he take up a cause unless it was active and well-knit, and then he was at any party's disposal, no matter what. He was like marble in all changes for social compacts; and Louis the Sixteenth, Robespierre, the *cinq cents*, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire received equally the tribute and flourish of the French horn of M. Toby. In a word, like the great Shakespeare, "he was for all time;" musician of the old guard and the new, even when the guard no longer existed. Nevertheless, we must not forget that he has been a musician in all classes, everywhere, and in all places. Music has been the life of his existence: he made it so on shipboard, at the play-

house, and in the field of battle. He was in Berlin, at Vienna, Moscow; wherever, in short, the imperial cannon growled. In no part has the music of M. Toby been missing, whether in victory or discomfiture. He has been with the conquerors in all the great capitals of Europe; at the head of our armies his horn has never ceased to blazon forth the notes or clang of victory. If, as a solitary exception, we omit the name of Waterloo, we may over and above add this to the well-earned reputation of our hero. The cold, and the rigorous season which cost us 300,000 soldiers in Russia, was never able to seal up the lips of M. Toby.

We are free to confess that a vast chasm in the life of the now ancient M. Toby remains unfilled up—a history, no doubt, containing much incident and anecdote is still left, unsaid, unsung, in story or in song. Frenchman though he was, to the allies he bartered his musical inspiration, his flute, his violin, and his noble horn; in return for which he paid his *devoirs* to their ale and porter, and without remorse sometimes would he chink the foreign ducats in his waistcoat pockets. *Proh pudor!* M. Toby. Time speeds on with an eagle's wing. The old man has no longer that sacred flame which once lighted up his soul, and in any other man than Toby would have made his name famous. At one time, mistrustful of himself, he became careless—a free and easy boon companion: more than ever he led a vagabond and *artiste's* mode of life; but often was he heard to say, "There was still time to amend this." But, as the poet says—

"Unhappy he who does this aim adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the work delay;
His lazy morrow will be like to-day:"

so years rolled on, and few were the hours in which might be traced any of those sparks of divine fire that seemed to burn so bright in childhood.

Monsieur Toby, we have already said, followed music in the camp. Peace came, and with it more time and opportunity for its cultivation. The love of music had made him a constant visitor at the theatre. This led to several engagements. He was for twelve years first horn at the *Opera Comique*, and for two years held the same appointment at the *Italiens*. He was in vogue at the *Opera Comique* during its palmy days, in the time of Elleviou and Martin, when *le Magnifique*, *les deux Jaloux*, *le Calife de Bagdad*, *le Prince de Catane*, *le Tableau parlant*, *Adolphe* and *Clara*, were in the height of their prosperity, and when the opera critiques of Geoffrey raised to the skies the easy fluency and natural graces of Madame Boulanger. Happy Toby! Now, indeed, the horn to which his robust frame was wont to give force in other days has lost its power. That air of steady gravity and pendant lip, with certain follies and peccadilloes not worth mentioning, all have led to his dismissal; and M. T—, after the expedition to Algiers, finished his life and adventures (naval and military), and by *les Folies Dramatiques*, and the Luxembourg has also terminated his life of *artiste*. For him the buffoonery of Robert Macaire

has succeeded the delightful compositions of Martin; the voices of Mesdames Emma or Justine to that of Madame Boulanger. Who knows how long we shall see him at the Luxembourg, or who may say that the last sounds of his bass viol will not expire at the *Petit-Lazary*, or at a theatre of the *Marionettes*? Heaven help him! Long may we see the old musician, so worn by age, and service, and with wounds, leaning and taking rest, his eye half closed upon his instrument; and may the Theatre of the Luxembourg be at once his plain of Waterloo, and his Isle of St. Helena.

To be so raised in thoughts—and still so humble in condition! Alas! poor Toby!

F. E.

THE DEAD.

He sleeps! yet how serene!
How calm, how tranquil now;
As if no care had ever been,
To darken o'er that brow!

He sleeps! and yet no dream
Plays o'er that silenced brain;
To light with its fantastic gleam
The scenes of life again!

He sleeps! and that fond eye,
Beaming on all so dear;
So bright in grateful ecstasy,
So prone to pity's tear—

Will never break the mystic seal,
So awfully impest;
Till trump of seraphims reveal
The glory of the blest!

A.

Time and Money Compared.—In losing a few hours of the morning, we become careless of the rest of the day: it therefore runs out, and nothing is done. So it is with our money. Change a guinea, which one feels to be precious, and we are little regardful of the shillings and pence. No one can estimate the value of time like those whose only fortune it is.

The Canadian Massacre.—Among the sufferers in the unfortunate civil war was an old Indian chief, called Pocahontas the Second; he had received no less than eighteen flesh wounds, and the surgeons deemed his recovery hopeless. The Indian, however, undertook his own cure and succeeded. It was supposed he had used some vegetable preparation obtained from the forest, when Mr. Turton gave the particulars as follows:—"To the Editor of the *Montreal Albion*. Sir, According to your request I have no objection to state, that the Indian chief, 'Pocahontas' has quite recovered during his stay in Quebec, by the use of Holloway's Ointment, which has healed the sufferer most effectually. I am, Sir, your's, &c. A true copy, counter-signed, Durham.—Quebec, August, 1838.

THE RUNAWAY.

FROM AUDUBON'S BIOGRAPHY OF BIRDS.

(Continued from page 7.)

Supper over, the fire was completely extinguished; and a small lighted pine-knot placed in a hollow calabash. Seeing that both the husband and wife were desirous of communicating something to me, I at once and fearlessly desired them to unburden their minds; when the Runaway told me a tale, of which the following is the substance:—

About eighteen months before, a planter, residing not very far off, having met with some losses, was obliged to expose his slaves at a public sale. The value of his negroes was well known, and on the appointed day the auctioneer laid them out in small lots, or offered them singly, in the manner which he judged most advantageous to their owner. The Runaway, who was well known as being the most valuable next to his wife, was put up by himself for sale, and brought an immoderate price. For his wife, who came next, and alone, eight hundred dollars were bidden and paid down. Then the children were exposed; and, on account of their breed brought high prices. The rest of the slaves went off at rates corresponding to their qualifications.

The Runaway chanced to be purchased by the overseer of the plantation; the wife was bought by an individual residing about a hundred miles off, and the children went to different places along the river. The heart of the husband and father failed him under this dire calamity. For a while he pined in deep sorrow under his new master; but having marked down in his memory the names of the different persons who had purchased each dear portion of his family, he feigned illness—if indeed he whose affections had been so grievously blasted could be said to feign it—refrained from food for several days, and was little regarded by the overseer, who felt himself disappointed in what he considered a bargain.

On a stormy night, when the elements raged with all the fury of a hurricane, the poor negro made his escape, and, being well acquainted with all the neighbouring swamps, at once made directly for the cane-brake, in the centre of which I found his camp. A few nights afterwards he gained the abode of his wife, and the very next after their meeting he led her away. The children one after another he succeeded in stealing, until at last the whole objects of his love were under his care.

To provide for five individuals was no easy task in those wilds, which, after the first notice was given of the wonderful disappearance of this extraordinary family, were daily ransacked by armed planters. Necessity, it is said, will bring the wolf from the forest. The Runaway seems to have well understood the maxim, for under night he approached his first master's plantation, where he had ever been treated with the greatest kindness. The house servants knew him too well not to aid him to the best of their power, and at the approach of each morning he returned to

his camp with an ample supply of provisions. One day, while in search of wild fruits, he found a bear dead before the muzzle of a gun that had been set for the purpose. Both articles he carried to his home. His friends at the plantation managed to supply him with some ammunition, and in damp and cloudy days he first ventured to hunt around his camp. Possessed of courage and activity, he gradually became more careless, and rambled farther in search of game. It was on one of his excursions that I met him, and he assured me that the noise which I made in passing the bayou had caused him to lose the chance of killing a fine deer, although, said he, "my old musket misses fire sadly too often."

The Runaways, after disclosing their secret to me, both rose from their seat, with eyes full of tears. "Good master, for God's sake do something for us and our children," they sobbed forth with one accord. Their little ones lay sound asleep in the fearlessness of their innocence. Who could have heard such a tale without emotion? I promised them my most cordial assistance. They both sat up that night to watch my repose, and I slept close to their urchins, as if on a bed of the softest down.

Day broke so fair, so pure, and so gladdening, that I told them such heavenly appearances were ominous of good, and that I scarcely doubted of obtaining their full pardon. I desired them to take their children with them, and promised to accompany them to the plantation of their first master. They gladly obeyed. My Ibises were hung around their camp, and as a memento of my having been there, I notched several trees, after which I bade adieu, perhaps for the last time, to that cane-brake. We soon reached the plantation, the owner of which, with whom I was well acquainted, received me with all the generous kindness of a Louisiana planter. Ere an hour had elapsed, the Runaway and his family were looked upon as his own. He afterwards re-purchased them from their owners, and treated them with his former kindness; so that they were rendered as happy as slaves generally are in that country, and continued to cherish that attachment to each other which had led to their adventures.

Since this event happened, it has, I have been informed, been illegal to separate slave families without their consent.

"WILL NOTHING LOVE ME?"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMER."

My dear reader, did you ever pass across that hospitable tract of land lying between the extreme end of Albemarle-street and Dover-street? If you have ever traversed the broad pavement of Piccadilly which connects these two points, you must have been made fully sensible of the extreme kindness of heart and boundless philanthropy with which the gentlemen in high low boots and low-crowned hats who frequent them are constantly entreating you to go to Brentford, or

Richmond, or Ham, or Twickenham, or any where, so that you go somewhere—and all from the highest sentiments of disinterested generosity.

It so happened that several of these worthies, actuated by these impulses of benevolence, and of course, wholly incapable of any such vulgar sentiment as a thought for their own pecuniary advantage, but solely impressed with the importance and the expediency of the multifarious passengers going to some one or other of the places to which they directed their attention, and kindly giving them a choice—it so happened, we say, that several of these worthies, in the ardour of their philanthropic zeal, jostled, and pushed, and importuned a certain tall gentleman in a doubtful black coat, in their endeavours to persuade him to go to Fulham, or Twickenham, or Brentford.

"Richmond, sir?—off in one minute."

"No."

"Twickenham, sir?—going in no time."

"No, no."

"Going to Brentford, sir?—last buss today—just room for one inside."

"No, no, no."

The tall gentleman in the shabby black coat ejaculated as many "Noes" as might have served a beauty for a twelvemonth, or a minister in office for six weeks. The tender earnestness, however, of the philanthropists who so kindly take their places at the doors of those benevolent institutions which roll along our streets as movable receptacles for the destitute, at last pushed him half way down the steps of that elevated edifice vulgarly known as the White Horse Cellar, and there the gentleman in black saw, whilst he allowed himself a moment's breathing time after the exertions of his negatives and strugglings, an enormous placard, with these words printed in large characters, "New Company's coaches. No fees!" (no fees conspicuously large.) "Bath and Bristol, only one pound twelve shillings inside, eighteen shillings out."

The gentleman in black read these words unconsciously as one who sees, but is not cognisant of what he looks upon; and yet the apparently insulated accident by which he was pushed down these office steps, at the hazard of his ankles and the ruffling of his temper, proved the key-stone of his destiny.

The gentleman in black struggled up the steps, and out of the way of the zealous philanthropists who were formerly vulgarly known as cads, but who now, with reference to their powers as guides, are more worthily recognised as conductors, and made his way up towards a certain neighbourhood, lying, we believe, somewhere about Pimlico; but we dare not be too certain of the exact identity of the spot, as we are not particularly proud of our geography. Howbeit, the subject of our biography, after sundry turnings and twistings, and multiplied inquiries, at last met with somebody, who knew somebody else, who knew Renschall's terrace; and after obtaining so much of authentic information, the gentleman in black at last arrived at the citadel itself, being the centre house of Ren-

chall-terrace, which, being a story higher, and having a door of still brighter green than any of its neighbours, was considered a place of much estimation by all the inhabitants of the courts, and the crescents, and the lanes, and the streets, in its vicinity.

The gentleman in black knocked at the door of this stately tenement, a sort of gentle though rather tremulous knock: it was evident that he was rather doubtful of his reception. The summons was answered by a servant girl, whose style of habiliments betokened a sort of graceful disregard to the stiff proprieties of dress; the sound of her slipshod shoes falling musically on the ear at every footfall, her gown having resisted every solicitation to come to an amicable meeting behind, and her hair falling in a fringe of negligent tresses from beneath a cap about large enough to cover the head of an individual just introduced three weeks into the world, but placed on a pericranium of a peculiarly fine size.

"Is Mr. Renschall at home?" said the gentleman in black.

"No," said the dirty servant girl.

The gentleman in black breathed again, but in a moment more he remembered that he ought to be disappointed.

"Do you expect him in soon?" he asked, hoping to hear a repetition of the negative; but just at this juncture the parlour door opened, and a little girl, with her hair platted before and behind into four long tails, two turned up before, and two turned down behind, and all of them tied with pink ribbon, a braided frock slipping half way down her shoulders, and stopping midway in its descent, so as to make a liberal display of a pair of trousers copiously frilled, and terminations of yellow Margate shoes, put her head out of the parlour door, and at the top of a shrill voice announced that "pa would be home directly," and at the same moment was followed by the head of "ma" in a cap measured by her consequence, for it just so far overstepped the dimensions of the door as to oblige its wearer to incline the head which supported it gracefully sideways in her egress and ingress, and "ma" seeing that the gentleman in black was really gentlemanly, and not at the moment discerning the shabbiness of his coat, asked him to walk into the parlour with great condescension, and with much snavity assured him that Mr. Renschall would be in directly.

Now, although the gentleman in black had come, we do not know how many miles, to see the head of the establishment, he would willingly have given the reversion of some large property, or a year or two of life, or a joint from his body, or some such trifle of that sort, to have escaped the honour of the audience, so that he could have satisfied his conscience that he had done every thing to obtain it. Howbeit, when the lady of the mansion invited him to enter, and when five of the Misses Renschall, in replications of the same platted hair, and pink bows, and braided robes, and flounced trousers, and yellow Margate shoes, together with Master Renschall, with a pair of eyes that could have

outstared all the eyes in a peacock's tail, gave him a reception at the parlour door, and invited him into its sacred interior—why then the poor gentleman in black had no choice but just to submit to his destiny, and walk quietly into the room, and being duly installed in a chair, "ma," after having made a great deal of noise to make the children quiet, began to repose her confidence in him, relating to him her various plans of education, with sundry other of her maternal cares, from which, by a natural transition, she reverted to her own school-days—days in which, from her astonishing aptitude, she had been a monopoliser of all the prizes in the establishment, until the principal—no, the governess (there were governesses in those days), excluded her from the competition, because it was so discouraging to her fellow pupils; and then she was obliged to leave school earlier by two years than was intended by her friends, because the masters and the teachers, and, in fact, every creature connected with the seminary, unanimously declared that she was beyond their hands, that there remained nothing more which she could be taught; that so, having attained that point of perfection, she returned home, and then, she did not know why, she could not think how it was, but she had so many admirers that she did not know what to do with them all; that although she had offers from two lieutenants in the navy, one captain in the army, one city knight who had since been lord mayor, two architects, one engineer, five drawing-masters, three writing-masters, seven dancing-masters, besides a variety of more or less distinguished individuals, too numerous to mention—yet, notwithstanding these numerous competitors, she did not know why, she could not tell how it was, but she supposed because marriages were made in heaven, that she had contracted one on earth with none of all these men of high degree, but only with that amiable and exalted personage, Richard Renschall, Esq.; that truly it was against the wishes of her friends, who thought that she might have done much better; but the heart, the heart, was not to be influenced by mercenary motives, and the event had proved the justice of her favourable opinion and devoted attachment, for she could truly say that during all the years of their union they had never had a word of disagreement, but that he was the most devoted husband, the most indulgent parent, &c., &c.

To all this the gentleman in black said "Hum," and "Ah," and "Yes," and "No," with happy propriety in the right places.

The proprietor of all this laudation, not having yet returned to the bosom of his interesting family, his lady, feeling as those always do who confer favours, an increasing complacency towards the recipient, went on, in the enlargement of her heart, to more particular instances of the flourishing circumstances of the Renschall family; the last mark of her condescending confidence being an account of her visit to Margate, and all the money which she had spent of which she had told Mr. Renschall, and all the money she had spent of which she had not told Mr. Renschall; the money she had lost in the room

raffles, and the price of all the yellow shoes which gave such grace to the footsteps of her children, to say nothing of the pair which had been brought home for "pa."

Now, just at this juncture there came a long and important knock at the door, which the gentleman in black thought might have emanated from the hand of a hackney coachman, but which all the children in the yellow shoes, and "ma" into the bargain, assured him was "pa;" and "ma," having begged him not to mention to "pa" what she had disclosed to him in strict confidence respecting money which she had clandestinely disposed of in the Margate raffles, and having received his guarantee of perfect secrecy, went out into the "hall" to meet "pa."

Then came a whispering between them respecting the apparent condition of their visitor, the result of which was, that as "ma" assured "pa" that the gentleman was a gentleman, "pa," wishing to be a gentleman too, went into the back parlour and changed his coat for a dirty dressing-gown, which hung behind the door, and his dirty shoes for the before-mentioned yellow Margate slippers.

Thus accoutred, the head of the Renschall family walked majestically great, and amiably condescending, across the intervening six feet, and entered the presence of his visitor with his head already bent for a bow; but never came thunder-cloud across summer sky so black as the frown that knitted itself into the inch-and-a-half forehead of Mr. Renschall, and the protrusion of his chin could only be measured by its own depth, being, we believe, about six inches.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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MYNHEER WODENBLOCK.

A TALE OF WONDER AND IMPENETRABLE MYSTERY.

(For the FLY.)

Whoever has been at Rotterdam cannot fail to remember a house of three stories, situated in the Fauxbourg, in face of the basin of the canal which runs through this city, winding its course towards La Haye, Leyden, and other towns. He will, I say, remember this house, for sure I am it will be pointed out to him as formerly belonging to the most able mechanic on whom the light of day in Holland ever shone: to say nothing of his daughter Blanche, whose beauty was so much extolled at that time. Unhappily, we have nothing to do with this fair damsel, but with Mynheer, her father. It is well known with what ability all his surgical apparatus was arranged, and, above all, we should notice the admirable skill with which he constructed (without distinction) cork legs, and legs of wood. So it was, that all who had the mischance to lose a limb had recourse to his marvellous science; and, however desperate their condition, they soon were, it is said, placed again on their legs. The maimed and the halt, impotent folk deemed incurable, found themselves so well suited with legs from the hands of M. Turningvort, that they were well nigh tempted to murmur against Providence for having entrusted a secret of this sort to a simple mortal, and were beginning to doubt if legs of cork and wood were not preferable to legs of bone, flesh, and blood. To say truth, had you seen in what style and fashion the legs of Mynheer Turningvort were turned out—what ingenious springs he contrived—you would

have been much puzzled to decide the point, especially had your feet been subject to gout, or your big toe tormented with corns.

One morning, as M. Turningvort was occupied in giving to a calf and ancle joint that polish and springy lightness for which he was famous, a messenger came to inform him that his attendance was wanted at M. Wodenblock's. Now, M. Wodenblock was the most opulent banker in Rotterdam. It is not here necessary to say that our artist suspended his work, and putting on his Sunday suit, and covering his head with his best peruke, set out for the hotel of M. Wodenblock, holding in his hand his three-cornered hat, and cane mounted with a silver top.

We should, however, apprise the reader that a short time previously M. Wodenblock, according to custom, had used but little ceremony towards a poor relation who had come to visit him; and, being himself desirous of showing him the door, would have given a certain hint from behind to urge him down stairs the faster, but, in the act of so doing, he lost his balance and fell, without sense or motion, to the bottom of the staircase. The servants ran to his assistance, raised him up, and put him to bed. On coming to himself, M. Wodenblock discovered, with feelings of horror, that he had fractured his right leg, and broken three teeth. He might have accused this relation with attempting his life, who was really the cause of the accident, but being naturally of a mild temper, and inclining to mercy, he contented himself with sending him for a short time to prison. A dentist soon reinstated the three broken teeth, which he extracted from a poet at the rate of twenty sous each, but took care to repay the science by five hundred francs, charged on the banker. The surgeon called in, after examining the leg, on the first notice of the accident, declared that the cure was impossible without amputating the limb. It was neces-

sary, therefore, to submit to the operation. The member cut off was carried away by the doctor to serve as a text to a lecture, made the next day to his pupils. Thus it was; and M. Wodenblock, considering that he was in the habit of walking on two legs, and not hopping upon one only, and prejudiced, no doubt, in favour of the first mode of locomotion, sent after a time to our friend, who lived in face of the basin of the canal, to bespeak a leg, which might replace the one he had so unluckily lost.

M. Turningvort was introduced into the magnificent chamber of the rich banker, whom he found extended on his bed. The left leg, it is true, made a tolerable good figure, but the stump which remained of the other was wrapped up with bandage and ligatures, and looked rather so-so.

"You have heard of the accident that has happened to me?" said M. Wodenblock to the artist, as soon as he saw him. "You know I have been within an ace of death's door. All Rotterdam has heard of it with fright and dismay. You must therefore make me a leg; but a leg the nearest to perfection that you have hitherto turned out of your hands."

Turningvort replied to these words by a most respectful salute.

"You know I do not mean to restrict you to price," replied the banker. "Whatever you ask will be paid, on condition that you provide me the best leg you ever made in your life."

The artist bowed this time most humbly.

"I don't want a wooden leg, shaped like a spindle. I want a cork leg; I desire it to be elastic and light, with as many springs within side as there are wheels to a watch. It is not possible for me to explain myself clearer, not knowing your business; but I want from you a leg just as good as the one I have lost. I know it is not impossible for you to accom-

Plish this end, and if I am satisfied with the work, you will have 25,000 francs as a recompense."

The Dutch Prometheus declared that to please M. Wodenblock he would surpass any thing that the power of man had hitherto done; and further engaged, at the end of a week, to produce a leg that should carry the palm against legs of all colours (no matter in which hemisphere they were got), made of bone, tendons, and flesh.

One would be tempted to accuse M. Turningvort of rhodomontade; but his words, however boasting they might seem, were considered by the artist as already established by proof, and that he was justified therefore in using them. A man of theory as well as practice, he had long been engaged on a discovery which he had only arrived at on the morning he was sent for by M. Wodenblock. Like all other mechanics who fabricated legs of wood, Turningvort found himself posed by the difficulty of introducing certain springs into the leg, which, by proper contrivance, might be made to move at pleasure, and thus rival the admirable mechanism which the knee and the ancle bones perform in the actual system. Now, the grand secret to which we alluded was the working of these parts by means of mechanical art; and this, as we have already said, was only discovered on the day he had been sent for by the rich banker. The leg, therefore, ordered by M. Wodenblock was to be made on the new system.

On the eighth day, as was agreed upon, our artist presented himself with his magical leg carefully wrapped up to his expecting patient. It was easy to judge, by the complacent twinkling of the mechanic's eyes, what was passing in his mind, and that he considered the 25,000 francs, which would form part of the dower of the charming Blanche, was hardly equivalent to the work which was to ensure him that celebrity and immortality which had been the dream of his life, and now upon the point of being realised.

Turningvort unrolled the precious packet, and displayed to the eager gaze of the banker the leg thus destined for him. The day was now far spent, and the artist and the banker were still engaged in unbounded discussion upon the movements of the wheels, the springs, the balance, the power, weight, &c., and, above all, in the putting together of the numerous pieces of which the machine was composed. M. Wodenblock could scarcely contain himself for joy, so much was he astonished and transported by the artist's work. But it was quite impossible at that hour to make an experiment of the leg; it was growing late, and our banker found himself weary, and more disposed to sleep. Still, however, in order to lose no time, and make an early trial of the instrument next morning, and to ascertain how it worked, M. Wodenblock begged of the artist to pass the night at his house; to which request M. Turningvort consented, not without pleasure, and with good grace.

Next day all preparations were made in good time; M. de Wodenblock being I cannot say how pleased with the mechanical dispositions of his leg, nor shall I attempt to describe

his entire satisfaction, and his lively demonstrations of joy upon the occasion. He strode with long and strong steps from one end of the room to the other, going and coming incessantly, while at each revolution of his march he clasped the hands of Turningvort with delight, and was quite inexhaustible in praise of his most admirable work. The machinery, in fact, performed its office in a most surprising manner. In the banker's gait there was no stiffness, no effort, no fatigue, the locomotive apparatus moved perfectly; it was as if they were the natural organs of bone, tendons, and muscle. No one, not even a fellow sufferer with the banker, could have supposed that this *tibia*, this ancle-bone, owed its regularity and order to certain mechanical springs, of a particular kind, hid under the wide trousers of our stout Hollander, had it not been for a slight oscillation occasioned by the rapid motion of twenty little wheels, one let into the other, and a small jingling noise like that of a clock's pendulum, though a trifle more strong: if it were not for these, I say, M. Wodenblock would have quite forgotten that he had met with a serious accident, or that the leg was otherwise, before the unlucky raising of it, to give the benediction (as he called it) to his dear nephew who had come to take leave of him.

M. de Wodenblock left home quite enchanted, and after having bustled, as was his way, through a great part of the town, he was about to ascend the staircase of the Town-hall, perceiving at the top of it his friend Vanoutern, who also recognised him, and held out his hand accordingly. The banker hastened forward, eager to embrace his friend; but what was the astonishment of the good Vanoutern on seeing his friend pass before him without stopping, without so much as saying "How d'ye do?" However, we must not set this down to the account of incivility on the part of M. Wodenblock; the astonishment of this gentleman being one hundred times greater than that of Vanoutern, on perceiving that he had not the power to determine how, when, or where, he might stop the movements of his leg. So long as his wishes had been in agreement with the principles that caused the machine to act, all went well; but now that he desired to stop the machinery of the instrument, he found he had no more power over it than the man in the moon. He anxiously wished to converse with his friend Vanoutern, but the leg, in spite of his efforts, continued its march: in fact, would go ahead, and he found himself forced to obey. It is true he used all the means in his power to stop, or at least to check the rapidity of its movements; but, alas! it was all to no purpose, the leg would not halt. At one time he held fast by the iron railings; sometimes by a post, by the walls, by the doors—any where, in short, that a likely place offered; but the leg acted with so much vigour, and made such terrible leaps and bounds, that he feared lest his arms should be put out of joint, so he allowed himself to proceed by impulsion.

By this time he began to be greatly alarmed, his leg appearing to require new force as the friction diminished, and the springs got into play, and his only hope was that the super-

natural powers of the leg would doubtless in time wear themselves out. He was now proceeding (or, more justly to speak, carried away) in the direction of the Great Leyden Canal. When he got sight of Turningvort's house, he called out in despair to the *artiste* to come to his rescue. Our artist put his head out of the window.

"Villain!" said the unhappy banker; "come down quickly. The leg that you have made me is possessed with a spirit of mischief; it won't allow me to stop; it drags, and drags on, without ceasing. I have been going at this rate ever since you left the house, and unless you come to my help, Heaven knows how much longer I may have to walk. What ails you? Why stand you there looking at me with your mouth open? Come down, I say, to my rescue, or in another instant more I shall be out of your sight, and it will then be impossible for you to come up with me."

The heart-rending accents with which these words were pronounced, attested the despair and cruel agony that tormented the soul of the unhappy banker. The spectacle struck our mechanist at once with perturbation and horror: evidently, he had not foreseen this incident, or, if he had, he was not possessed of the means to avert it. Nevertheless, he came down immediately to give assistance to the unfortunate man, still hoping to relieve him from his perils and dangers. But M. Wodenblock was already far off. Turningvort set off running after him, and though still in the strength of his manhood, he had all the trouble in the world to come up with him. This at length having accomplished, he seized the banker in his vigorous arms, to prevent his feet touching the ground. But this stratagem (if such I may call it) was to no purpose, for the locomotive faculties of the instrument—so to speak—preserving all their energies, carried away the artist as well as the burthensome banker he had caught up. He therefore set him down on the ground, and stooping pressed one of the springs, strongly believing by that means he would suspend the velocity of the machine, if not oblige it to stop. But, alas! what was his grief and despair on seeing M. de Wodenblock fly off like an arrow from a bow, crying out, in a lamentable tone, "I am a lost man, possessed with a demon—a lost man! Stop me, for Heaven's sake! I shall die! Will nobody break in pieces the devil's own leg? Turningvort—Turningvort, you have assassinated me!" and the unhappy banker, exhausted and pale as death, was still borne on with a fearful rapidity, as if by some superhuman and mystical power. The artist was in a condition, too, not much to be envied. One would have said he had been struck down by a thunderbolt: without voice and without motion, he could no more comprehend the phenomenon than the unhappy man who was the victim of his scientific labours. He let himself fall on his knees, clasped his hands together, his wondering eyes still fixed upon the banker, who was driving on with the force and velocity of a wild buffalo, along the canal, with a voice of lamentation and woe, which fatigue, despair, and desperation made hardly intelligible.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from

Rotterdam. The sun was not yet set when the Miss Backsneiders—who at this moment were taking tea at the window of their drawing-room in front of the Golden Lion, and were courteously saluting such of their friends as they had just met in the street—perceived an individual who was passing on their side at a most amazing rate. The countenance of this man was overspread with a death-like paleness; his forehead was bedewed with perspiration; he appeared to be gasping for breath, and ready to faint. This person soon arrived under their window, and without turning his eyes to the right, or to the left, continued to move on with the like velocity, and had even disappeared from before their eyes ere they had time to exclaim "Merciful powers! is not that the rich banker of Rotterdam?"

The next day was a Sunday. The good people of Haarlem were repairing to church, dressed in their best, to say their prayers, and hear their noble organ, when a man scarcely of human form appeared on a sudden near the steps, spreading terror and dismay among the congregated groups. Those who had the courage to behold this singular being were struck with the ghastly look that his countenance presented. His eyes were fixed, and sunk deep in their sockets; his lips were of a livid and purple hue; his fingers were without force, and ready to drop from his hands, and his tongue seemed to have lost the power of speech. You would have said that the body, though imperatively forced onwards, was still without life. Every body arranged themselves in the best way they could, and in haste, to let him pass by; and all Haarlem believed it was the ghost of a corpse possessing still the powers of locomotion.

The same spectre made its appearance in other towns and villages of the province, as also in the great cities and forests of Germany. Weeks, months, years rolled on; still at intervals is to be seen the same apparition in the northern countries of Europe. The clothes that M. de Wodenblock wore have long since disappeared, and true it is that the flesh also has quitted the bones, and now nothing remains but the skeleton—a hideous skeleton, to which is ever attached that cork leg, which always preserves its rotundity, and like perpetual motion moves, and drags on for ever the mortal remains of him who once was the rich banker of Rotterdam.

Saints and martyrs protect and guarantee you from such an accident! May you never require a cork leg, nor a wooden one. May there no longer exist a mechanic gifted like Turningvort to contrive legs endued with a power at once so fatal, and so mysterious!

F. E.

Those people who are fond of giving trouble like to take it; just as those who pay no attention to the comforts of others are generally indifferent to their own. We are governed by sympathy; and the extent of our sympathy is determined by that of our sensibility.

THE WOODLAND WELL.

O the pleasant woodland well!
Starred about with roses;
Sweetest spot in dale or dell,
Bright when evening closes;
Sparkling, gushing clearly:
There it was first love begun;
And, amidst eve's shadows dun,
There it was I wooed and won
Her I loved most dearly.

O the lovely woodland well!
Unto it is given
Fairest light that ever fell
Full of bliss from heaven.
Ever, late and early,
Lingering, there I love to be,
Through sad memory's tears to see,
Lost to love, and lost to me,
Her I loved most dearly.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE LEGEND OF ST. HUBERT.

Dark was that troublous season, when the
sway
Of heathenhood was mighty in the land,
And did to Thor idolatrously pray;
While, of the pious few who raised the
hand
To Jesu, some were cast to beasts of prey,
Some fell by arrow-flight, and some by
brand,
And others, in the purifying flame,
Expired, appealing loud unto His name.

In Arden forest then a chieftain dwelled,
Whose sires from eldest time had heathen
been.
Rich was his broad domain in tower and field,
River and pasturage, and thicket green;
And much in knightly bearing he excelled,
In valorous courtesy and noble mien;
Marvel it was, and pity much, to see
Such noble knight enthralled in paynimry.

This chieftain was a hunter keen and bold,
And then the hunter's was a gallant toil;
For through the thicket deep and open wold
The wild bull strode—a fierce and perilous
spoil!
Then did the bear assail the midnight fold,
And with the moon uprose the wolf's harsh
coil;
And many a monstrous brute, forgotten long,
Then dwelled the forest fastnesses among.

One Autumn morn this Baron took his spear,
And sallied forth.—Right pleasant to the
view
Are these autumnal woods; not coldly sear,
But, jewelled 'neath the morning's plen-
teous dew,
The mellow leaf doth royal livery wear;
Bright amber, crimson rich, and orient blue,
Make of its falling time a time of pride.
The hunter looked, and loved his prospect
wide.

Two stalwart hounds before him questing
bayed,
Till all the welkin echoed to their tongue.
O! never was a blither music made
To hunter's ear than this deep-throated
song!
A nimble-footed hind, now sore dismayed,
With slow and sure pursuit they tracked
along;
Near to the ground their nostrils broad they
bend,
And nearer still their flapping ears descend.

Now toiling to the hill-top's rugged brow
The hunter cheers their constant spirit on;
Now downward to the deep ravine below,
They leap o'er stunted bush, and shivered
stone;
A rapid stream across the crail doth flow—
They plunge—and now the opposing bank
is won.
Nor long at fault by thwarting stream are
they,
But find, and track again their dappled prey

A pathless heath extends before their speed,
And the hind makes across it: painfully
And mournfully she goes; upon her tread
Nearer and nearer comes the crowding cry.
And now the hunter, rising on his steed,
Observes her failing step and straining
eye:
Now baying loud and deep, the foremost
hound
Is at her haunches with a single bound.

For refuge toward the woody fringe she bies,
Whose distant border rounds this circling
heath;
The tear fast trickling from her piteous eyes,
Drooping her pace, and faltering her
breath;
While o'er the lessening ground her enemies,
Close gathering, thunder on with voice of
death.
For the last plunge each desperate nerve she
strains,
And, yet unharmed, the sheltering thicket
gains.

With slacker foot, along its tangled way,
The hounds pursue, and much in her dis-
tre:s
Availeth her the briars' short delay;
For now, arousing from her weariness,
She heads them on to where a sudden bay
Of open greensward spreads its fair recess;
And lo! from tooth of hound and hunter's
spear
She finds a marvellous protector there.

A stag of peerless form and noble height,
Calmly majestic, meets their onward path.
The hounds submissely crouch before that
sight,
Changing to sudden awe their natural
wrath;
They shrink not from his antlers' spreading
might:
Their forest breed had little feared the
scathe.
For used were they to grapple with the boar,
The stubborn wolf, and many a savage more.

But, on the centre of his branched brow
The sacred symbol of a Cross he wears :

Golden it is not—gold ne'er glittered so—
Like the sun's meridian glance appears
The radiance of that bright miraculous glow,
Mocking all earthly splendour. Proudly
rears

The stag his stately brow, while his dark eye
Upon the hunter gazes placidly.

Then he from his astonished courser kneels,
Bending his brow in awful reverence
Before that symbol ; and forthwith he feels
His heart awaked from its long paynim
trance ;

Nor rises he till gracious Heaven reveals
The faith to his benighted ignorance ;
And, ere his wondrous visitant hath gone,
An erring soul from death to life is won.

And left he from that blessed time for ever,
The steed, the bower, the revel, and the
fight ;

His castle walls again received him never,
For he became a Christian Anchorite :
Passion and thought from earth did he dis-
sever ;

And monkish cowl enwrapt the martial
knight.

So may each hunter leave the cruel chase,
And, like St. Hubert, win eternal grace !

CHARACTERISTICS.

Satirists gain the applause of others through
fear, not through love.

Some persons can do nothing but ridicule
others.

Parodists, like mimics, seize only on defects,
or turn beauties into blemishes. They make
bad writers and indifferent actors.

It is better to drink of deep griefs than to
taste shallow pleasures.

Those who can command themselves com-
mand others.

Praise is no match for blame and obloquy.
For, were the scales even, the malice of man-
kind would throw in the casting-weight.

Strange Disease, and Strange Cure.—A ce-
lebrated violinist, M. G—, was recently so
overcome by the orchestral sounds at the re-
hearsal of the *Conservatoire*, that a glandular
complaint supervened and presented the ap-
pearance of an enormous enlargement around
the ear—deafness ensued—the disorder appear-
ed only to be aggravated by the applications
commonly in vogue, until a free use of Hollo-
way's Ointment (so famous in all external dis-
orders) brought about a thorough abatement
of the swelling, a return of the sense of hear-
ing, and of course unmingled delight to the
violinist. How searching must be the quali-
ties of a remedy so quickly efficacious !

NEW MODE OF FISHING.

Several years ago, a farmer, who resided in
the immediate neighbourhood of Lochmaben,
Dumfriesshire, kept a gander, who had not
only a great trick of wandering himself, but
also delighted in piloting forth his cackling
harem, to weary themselves in circumnavigat-
ing their native lake, or in straying amidst for-
bidden fields on the opposite shore. Wishing
to check this vagrant habit, he one day seized
the gander just as he was about to spring into
his favourite element, and tying a large fish-
hook to his leg, to which was attached part of
a dead frog, he suffered him to proceed upon
his voyage of discovery. As had been antici-
pated, this bait soon caught the eye of a greedy
pike, which swallowing the deadly hook, not
only arrested the progress of the astonished
gander, but forced him to perform half a dozen
somersets on the surface of the water ! For
some time the struggle was most amusing—
the fish pulling, and the bird screaming with
all its might—the one attempting to fly, and
the other to swim, from the invisible enemy—
the gander the one moment losing, the next
regaining the centre of gravity, and casting
between whiles many a rueful look at his snow
white fleet of geese and goslings, who cackled
forth their sympathy for their afflicted com-
modore. At length victory declared in favour of
the feathered angler, who, bearing away for
the nearest shore, landed on the smooth green
grass one of the finest pikes ever caught in the
Castle-loch. This adventure is said to have
cured the gander of his propensity for wander-
ing ; but upon this point we are inclined to be
a little sceptical—particularly as we lately
heard, that, at the reservoir near Glasgow, the
country people are in the habit of employing
ducks in this novel mode of fishing. We can-
not, to be sure, vouch for this last fact ; but,
in the days of yore, hawks were taught to bring
down woodcocks and muirfowl, and why might
not a similar course of training enable ducks
to bring up pikes and perches ?

BARFIELD'S DIAMOND PLATE POWDER.

WARRANTED NOT TO WEAR THE PLATE.

This article instantaneously cleans all kinds of
tarnish or rust, and, as if by magic, produces a
most inimitable polish upon Gold, Silver, Plated
Goods, Brass, Tin, and Copper, and makes British
Plate, Zinc, or Pewter, look equal to the best Silver.

Sold wholesale and retail, at Hallett and Co.'s
British Plate factory, 41, Ludgate-street ; and at
Wilson's, 87, Fenchurch-street ; Thomas and Co.,
Old Kent-road ; Birchmore, 4, New Kent-road ;
Thomas, Hammersmith ; Kussel, 67, Whitechapel-
road ; Brown, Commercial-road ; Parker, Bridge-
street, Lambeth ; Whitehead, Minories ; Bateman,
Chemist to the Queen, 8, Castle Inn, Leicester-
square ; S. Chappell, 84, Lombard-street ; and
wholesale, at the Manufactory, 92, Fenchurch-street.
Agents wanted for every Town in the Kingdom.

N.B.—Plate cleaned with this Powder will not
again tarnish. Price 6d. per Box.

The last pleasure in life is the sense of dis-
charging our duty.

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**BLAIR'S GOUT
and RHEUMATIC
PILLS.** Cure of Rheu-
matism, of Forty Years'
standing, at Malmesbury,
Wilts. (To Mr. Prout,
229, Strand, London.)

Sir,—I feel that I am performing a duty to ac-
knowledge publicly the very great benefit which I
have derived from taking Blair's Gout and Rheu-
matic Pills, after having been afflicted with Rheu-
matism in my left hip, thigh, shoulders, head, and
arms for forty years—for a long period the pain was
so great that I frequently started up in bed—in fact,
for seven years before taking Blair's Pills, I had
little or no rest night or day, although I had the
best medical advice, both in and out of the army.
I now am happy to say that I am free from this
painful disease, and have been so for three months.
These Pills were recommended to me by my brother
in Bath, who has been cured by them of Gout and
Rheumatism of long standing, and advised me to
lose no time in applying for them to your agent, Mr.
Walker, druggist, Malmesbury, which I did, and
after taking five boxes am completely cured. Wit-
ness my hand this 22d of February, 1838,

HENRY WILKINSON,

Upwards of 17 years of the Royal Marines.

Mr. Walker, chemist, Malmesbury, will testify re-
specting the authenticity of this letter.

The above is another proof of the great efficacy
of this excellent medicine, which has called forth
the grateful thanks and approbation of all classes of
society. From many of the highest branches of the
nobility to the poorest peasant, they have happily
been the means of giving a degree of health and
comfort which in most cases have not been enjoyed
for years ; they effectually relieve the most acute fit
of Gout in a few hours, and seldom fail to enable the
patient to resume his usual avocation in 2 or 3 days,
and if taken on the first symptoms, the patient is
frequently left in doubt as to the reality of the
attack. And there is another most important effect
belonging to this Medicine—that it prevents the
disease flying to the brain, stomach, or other vital
part.

Sold by Thomas Prout, 229, Strand, London ;
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cine venders throughout the United Kingdom.
Price 2s. 9d. per box.

Ask for Blair's Gout and Rheumatic Pills ; and
observe the name and address of "Thomas Prout,
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ment Stamp, affixed to each box of the genuine
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HIGHLAND LADDIE, SOLDIER LADDIE.**

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THE FLY.



"UBI MEL, IBI MUSCA."

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ADVENTURES OF AN UMBRELLA.

"I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow centre, to the utmost skin."

DRYDEN.

I was born in the passage Choiseul: he to whom I owed the light of day most assiduously applied himself, and lavished upon me much of that luxury which is not often the lot of us *parapluies*. My body was formed of bamboo, light and flexible; a robe of blue *gros de Naples* was attached to it by a bundle of whalebone, which rendered its movements at once free and pleasant. A carved ivory top of delicate whiteness ornamented my handle. On my appearance in the paternal warehouse, all my brethren testified a most selfish and unworthy jealousy. Hardly was I exposed to the eyes of the public more than an hour, than a young *élégante*, taken with my appearance, presented herself at the counter to purchase me. The bargain was soon concluded; she threw down on a table some large pieces of silver, and drawing her glove on a very neat hand, took me away. The time I passed in her service was the most happy of my life; her *chaussure* was delicate, and the damp gave her cold, so that she rarely went out in wet weather on foot. I enjoyed in her service the sweets of rest, and preserved in this sinecure all my elasticity and good looks. Here, however, I began to experience something of *ennui*, reposing in my corner where they had lodged me.

One day a post-chaise drove into the courtyard of the hotel, and my young mistress mounted rather in haste, and I never saw her again. The same evening a lackey had the assurance to put his coarse hand upon me, and without pity for my youth and freshness, jerked me open, and availing himself of my shelter, ran off to a gambling-house. An

oversight on the part of the *garçons* of this place caused me to pass into the hands of a tall spare man, who went out shortly afterwards. He was so wrapped up in thought that he did not perceive the mistake that took place, so away I went with this Mr. — I can't at this time remember his name—wrong-head or rattle-box, it matters not which. I cannot describe how much he made me suffer. He dashed me up and dragged me down with violence; got foul of the other umbrellas he met in the street, and arriving at a handsome apartment which seemed to be his abode, he threw me aside, without a thought for the torrents of rain he made me endure for more than two hours. Day after day it was much the same thing. Sometimes he clapped me rudely under his arm, in order to count the money with which his pockets were fitted. Sometimes he opened me on a sudden at the risk of breaking my delicate framework, and never did he give me one of those satisfied looks which my first mistress from time to time bestowed upon me.

At the end of a month I saw his lodgings invaded by a posse of dark-looking folk, three of whom took possession of my executioner, to conduct him I cannot tell whither. The others were busy in making a seizure of every thing they could lay their hands on, and amongst other articles poor me was included. I was sold by public auction, and became the property of a dramatic author. What journeys he made me perform? I called with him on a multitude of men and women, for whom he appeared to have the greatest respect, but who for the most part would not receive him. When he was admitted, what bowing and cringing! what flattery, and compliments, and protestations! All met him with a dignified air, and treated him haughtily. There was only one little woman, tolerably genteel, light, and airy, who in her motions showed him attention. I was always sure of some hours'

respite when I visited her. Unluckily, my place was in the ante-chamber. Upon one occasion, without intending it, he carried me into the boudoir. What I saw there, fully explained how his visits were passed, and what made them so long and frequent.

One day, having left me by accident at the door of a brother playwright, who was not possessed of an ante-chamber, a young rascal passing by, esteemed me a capital prize, and set off full tilt to dispose of me to a street hawker, and got for me a price I could not report without blushing. I was then sunk down into the most disgusting humiliation, dragged through the streets, handled and bartered for by a crowd of low people, confounded with the commonest of our species, I experienced all the mortifications of my degraded state. My colour was faded; a horn handle supplied the place of my ivory top; patches coarsely sewed in repaired the disorder of my toilette. At last a young student, having a mind for me, accordingly made me his purchase. Still I had no cause to exult in this fresh change of affairs. He made me pass whole days at the public courts of the *College de France*, and sundry long hours at the tail of the crowd at theatres, or in the alleys and back streets of the Luxembourg. Sometimes my new master would employ me a whole afternoon in pacing to and fro in front of a shop, waiting the instant that a young girl should pass out, who having as it appeared no umbrella, he placed himself and the fair one under my accommodating and friendly canopy. Then what marches we had to perform. The conversations, too, were just as interminable as those of the dramatic author and his *adoratrice*. I was sadly rumpled and crushed with their squeezing of hands, and altogether dumb-founded by the warm protestations and babble of my new purchaser. I was, however, not very long in the scholar's possession. After this I became, so to speak, the property of the

town—a sort of *emilbus paraplasie*: and well has the poet of tenderness and passion described my *hachney* state:—

“I have served it
In this old body; yet the marks remain
Of many wounds.”

I became successively the property of a solicitor, who made daily calls at all the ministerial offices; then of an agent *d'affaires*, who performed his rounds and popping visits upon all the criers and tipstaffs of the city; next of a Jew broker, who passed his life at the Money Market; then of a lottery-ticket vender, who never left his post on the *boulevards*; then again of a poor doctor's man, who I sheltered from the elements, perched behind his master's *rumble jumble*. Now I belong to, and am the humble servant of, a very humble newsman; and from eight in the morning till nine at night not a drop of water pours down from above that I am not the receiver. If my first mistress could see me under my present strange and dingy covering, amidst the pieces of many colours with which (like another Joseph's coat) they have chequered me, and spread over the head of the poor devil that profits by my miserable remains, it would be impossible to identify the elegant and graceful article that took her fancy in the passage Choiseul.

F. E.

“WILL NOTHING LOVE ME?”

(Continued from page 12.)

The gentleman in black rose from his chair with an air of trepidation: he felt that he was a coward, and despised himself for being so.

“So, so, Mr.—Mr.—Meredith, it is you, is it, sir?” said Mr. Renschall, recovering his dignity as he discovered the insignificance of his guest.

“It is me, sir. I have called upon you, Mr. Renschall—”

“Yes, and I've called upon you too, Mr. Meredith, no less than two, three, nay, four times, but I never found you at home—at least I was told that you were out. Do you know, Mr. Meredith, that that makes you liable to an act of bankruptcy—an act of bankruptcy, sir?”

“I am sorry to have given you the trouble of so many journeys.”

“Trouble, sir! The next time you choose to be denied, tell your people to take your hat out of the passage, sir!—to take your hat out of the passage, sir!”

The poor gentleman in black looked much humiliated, and the great man as much elated.

“At all events, sir,” said the gentleman in black, “since I am so fortunate as to meet with you to-day, I hope we may be able to make some arrangement that will release you from any further trouble.”

“Have you brought the money with you, sir?—the money, sir? A year's rent, sir?—seventy-five pounds, sir?”

The poor gentleman in black was constrained to allow that he had not.

“That's all, sir—that's all, sir. You needn't say no more. Seventy-five pounds, sir!—that's all!—that's enough, sir!”

“If you would accommodate me with a fortnight's time, sir, I am sure that I should be able to—”

“A fortnight, sir! A fortnight, sir! Couldn't do so such thing! Must make up my own accounts in less than a week. Miss Garvan expects me to be punctual, whatever her tenants may be. She looks to me, sir!—she looks to me! I must send in my accounts in less than a week, sir, and I must have yours.”

“I shall endeavour,” said poor Mr. Meredith.

“Endeavour, sir!—endeavour! O yes, your endeavours would be poor things to trust to, I'm thinking. To tell you the truth, I've just taken the matter into my own hands, or, rather, I ought to say, I've put it into the hands of my broker. He—he—he—I've just been to him, sir, for I had half-a-dozen little matters of my own, as well as two or three of Miss Garvan's—yours amongst them, sir. You'll find a man in possession when you get home again, or, at least, you may expect him, sir. And now I need not occupy more of your time, sir—I dare say you have no time to spare, sir; at least I haven't. I want to look at my broker's inventories, sir. Good morning, sir! Good morning, sir!”

At the comfortable assurances of the honour of his expected guest the gentleman in black turned divers colours, red, and white, and black. He was one of those never-to-be-enough condemned people, who always act upon impulses, and the impulse now was indignation.

“I will not submit to this tyranny from a low upstart!” exclaimed the gentleman in black. “I will appeal from your authority, sir! I will see Miss Garvan!”

“Go to Bath, sir! Go to Bath, sir!—he! he! he! he!”

“Yes, sir! I will go to Bath, sir! and lay before Miss Garvan the whole circumstances of the case! I will let her know, sir, the real character of the man in whom she reposes her confidence! I will unveil him, sir! I will unmask him, sir!”

“Go to Bath, sir! he! he! he! Go to Bath, sir!” reiterated the agent, in extreme derision, and pointing his finger to the door, “Go to Bath, sir!”

“I will go to Bath, sir!” exclaimed the gentleman in black in a most direful passion, as he bounced out of the portal to which his host so obligingly directed his attention.

Our poor hero threaded his way through the intricacies of Mr. Renschall's landed property with the celerity of an engine on the railway; his anger, like steam, impelling him into a speed which brought him again into the hospitable region of the White Horse Cellar, before Mr. Renschall had had time to read over one of the inventories supplied by the gentleman who had the honour of being his professional gentleman—that is, his broker. The gentleman in black, stung into madness by what he considered the peculiar atrocity of his own particular injuries, bounced down those cellar steps without consideration either for his ankles or his dignity, booked himself as a passenger to Bath by the New Company's coach, to set off at seven the following morning, was rather staggered on being asked for half his

fare in advance, having quite forgotten that going to Bath required any thing in the vulgar shape of money; but on consulting his purse found, to his great satisfaction, that he could not only meet the required demand, but likewise remain the sovereign master of a crown, to say nothing of a whole fourpenny piece; he therefore paid like a prince, and then wended his way homeward.

Now it will be seen from our veritable biography that our poor gentleman in black acted more upon haste and impulse than on any settled plan, or reasonable motive. He was one of those people whose hearts are like buoys: pull them down, and beat them down, and press them down, just as you will, they are sure to rise up again as brisk as ever. Nothing can prevent them from hoping; they will hope, even where, if they had reason or common sense, they ought to despair: they cannot be made to feel that they ought to be miserable for more than five minutes. No! something will arise—some corn in Egypt, some light in the darkness, some guidance out of the difficulty, some strength in the weakness, some joy in the sorrow—they *know* it will; and so they go on, trusting and hoping, and not miserable, though other people would contrive to be so with one-half the material. Well; and who shall say that they are wrong? Is not this hopefulness a divine impulse of their nature—to trust a generous Providence, even without knowing it themselves? Is it not an instinct, and therefore unerring?

The gentleman in black walked on with a hasty and hurried step towards his own dwelling. Certain qualms came over him as he ascended the steps, and remembered the visitor that Miss Garvan's steward had promised him. He thought of the violated sanctity of home, and his heart was a little pulled down, but it sprang up again before he had withdrawn his hand from the knocker, with a sort of assurance that the evil had not yet had time to take effect, and that something would arise to spare him the pain and the degradation.

The hope was speedily dissipated: his children came clustering round him with frightened faces; a certain shabby, dirty, villainous-looking man was ensconced in the back parlour; he and another had been all over the house, rummaging every drawer, and searching every cupboard, from the garret to the cellar, and had made a long list of every article; the children were in an agony, and the servants in a passion; but now that papa had come home, he would send that horrid man away.

The first impulse of the gentleman in black, was to kick the intruder out with all the energy in the world; the second was a sort of tolerating contempt for the subordinate, and super-added indignation against the principal; but he would unmask the man! he would show him in his true colours! he would “go to Bath to-morrow!”

His next trouble came in the shape of sundry long strips of paper, being the solution of the arithmetical question of certain columns standing in the ledgers of certain butchers, and bakers, and linen-drappers, and wine-merchants, and all that sort of people. These, being all accompanied by the question “When will you pay me?” proved far too troublesome for

present consideration. "The poor gentleman in black wished very much to defer the solution of the enigma to a more convenient opportunity; but as several of the applicants were just then troubled with an impertinent curiosity, and came personally to urge their requests; and as his housekeeper was also urgent for his opinion on a "ways and means" question, he suddenly snatched up his hat, and with rather ungentlemanly precipitation rushed out of the house.

Here the throbbing of his head and the beating of his heart were, for a few moments, highly inconvenient to him, but when he had walked about five hundred yards from his now troubled home, a reaction commenced. "Things must take a turn: the bottom of the wheel to-day must be the top to-morrow." But while these profound reflections were thus springing up, he remembered that the home "ways and means" question was still unsettled, and by some continuity of thought a partial glimpse of the common-place expediency of a little trifle in the shape of the current coin of the realm to meet his travelling expenses when he should "go to Bath" came across his mind, and then he very opportunely recollected that he had about five hundred dear friends who had breakfasted with him, and dined with him, and supped with him, and borrowed money of him, times without number, besides having made him generally useful in getting some of them situations, and being bail and bond for others, and a thousand smaller matters; and it suddenly too came across his mind that he had not for a long time taken any notice of all these dear friends, and doubtless they were wounded and hurt at his estrangement, as they delicately but forcibly proved by forbearing to seek his society; so he would go to them, and give them an opportunity of relieving themselves from the burden of their gratitude. Yes, he would go: it would now be useful to himself, and it would only be generous to them; he would sacrifice his pride, and borrow a little money from them for his present exigencies—that would be very magnanimous!

So the poor silly gentleman in black turned round and directed his steps to sundry squares, and terraces, and streets, in search of these same friends. He found the squares and the terraces and streets, but the friends!—ah, he might well ask where are they?

Our space does not allow us to attend him in his vain search; we can only follow him in his disappointment.

In a paroxysm of wounded feelings, composed of a mingled sense of disgrace and desolation, which acted like an impetus to his body, the gentleman in black came with a sudden concussion against another pedestrian who was progressing at the same ratio in an inverted course. Then came an angry exclamation, then a half-angry apology, interrupted by the exclamation "Ha, Meredith, can that be you?" on the one side, and on the other "Is that you, Prior?"

So, instead of a challenge, the gentleman in black and our new friend shook hands: the concussion had suddenly dislodged or made the former forget his animosity against all mankind.

"Where are you for, Prior?"

"O, only down to the coach office: off to Portsmouth in five minutes. But for that lucky thump, I should have gone without seeing you. Under sailing orders—enjoyed myself long enough on shore—get spoiled—won't do—spent all my money.

The gentleman in black heaved a heavy sigh. We wonder how sighs are weighed.

"And you, Meredith, old fellow, what are you doing? Grumbling at the directors?"

"No; they behaved handsomely enough."

"What did they do for you?"

"Why, when the charter was up, they of course reduced us poor clerk, but they offered us a choice of an equivalent or superannuation."

"All fair and above board; and how did you choose?"

"Like a fool, as you may be sure: I took the equivalent."

"Was that like a fool?"

"Yes: because I employed it like a fool."

"How?"

"Why I embarked it in a company, by which I thought to realize some heavy ingots, and instead of that it blew up into bubbles."

"Whew! and you?"

"I am shipwrecked."

"No, no."

"Yes, yes, literally."

"Fiddle, fiddle, man; times will mend."

"They cannot get worse, that is some comfort."

"But what are you doing now?"

"To-day?"

"Why yes, then, to-day! I suppose to-day is a sample of other days!"

"Trudging through this vast city to find a friend who has five pounds worth of care for me. Am I not a beggarly—"

"My dear fellow, my dear fellow,—why what a plague shall I do? Now I'll tell you what I've been doing. I have been keeping a cab that I did not know how to drive, and horses that I did not know how to ride, and company that did not care a rush for me, and so I've literally lost myself with nothing but a poor petty, paltry, contemptible five pound note to offer to a friend till times may mend. I could cut my own throat—but I shall be too late for the stage; so better times, and good-bye, good-bye."

And with a hearty wring of the hand, in which he left the little promissory pledge of the immutable Bank of England, the sailor ran off at his utmost speed, and the gentleman in black wended his way once more towards his now disconsolate home; his heart, refreshed more by the kindness than the success of his friend, once more rode buoyantly. He knew that when he should "go to Bath," and tell Miss Garvan of the severity of her steward, she would allow him time to arrange his affairs, and then his home creditors, seeing him continue in the respectable quietness of his dwelling, would not be so urgent in their claims, and then he would look around him for some commercial engagement, and no doubt he should be able to support his children in the same state of affluence and comfort which they had hitherto enjoyed, and by-

and-by he should realise fortunes for them, and—in the mean time he had five pounds.

Our poor gentleman in black wended homewards: the house seemed sadly dismal, do what he would to think otherwise. The poor children looked pale and forlorn, the rooms dusty and littered. The servants had neglected their toilettes, and in general they wore dresses that fitted without a wrinkle, and caps trimmed with whole webs of ribbon. By-the-bye, it is rather a curious coincidence that the mid servants of bachelors and widows are always peculiarly addicted to smart caps: there is no accounting for the fact, but such is the case. Yet now these same servant-maids looked as slatternly and dismal as though they were "helps" to the scolding mother of ten crying children. The rooms were all disordered, the furniture disarranged, and the man in the back parlour, with his dirty face and high-low boots, looked perfectly villainous. Altogether it was a sad home to come to, instead of a cheerful hearth and welcoming smiles; so the poor gentleman in black could only sigh, and kiss all the children, and tell them he was going into the country for just two days, and when he came back he should bring them a sack of pears, and half a dozen new frocks, and a very beautiful little dog for a pet—perhaps it should be an Italian greyhound, or perhaps a King Charles's beauty, but at any rate it should be a great little beauty of some sort; but that, above all, he should be sure to send the disagreeable dirty man away out of the back parlour, and then they were all to be happier than ever; upon which assurances the children began to be happy already, and after giving him a good many dozen kisses, went half cheerily to bed, and then the gentleman in black divided his five pound note into a two and three pounds portion, giving the latter to his moping housekeeper for present expenditure, and keeping the former for his own princely travelling expenses.

Mr. Meredith rose at six the following morning, if it may be said that a man can get up who has not previously gone to bed. To speak with critical exactness, however, he had thrown himself on the outside of his coverlet, meaning to be as miserable as possible all night; but somehow or another, after lying about five minutes, he began to believe all that he had promised the children as faithfully as they believed him, and in about five minutes more he was as sound asleep as the happiest man alive, dreaming that he had a home so full of ingots of gold that the beams were breaking down, and the great exertions he made to prop up the edifice just enabled him to wake at the proper time, and after making his toilet, and putting clean linen in his carpet bag, he descended; but early as it was, his housekeeper had got him a cup of coffee and an egg waiting for him, which service, though voluntarily performed, was yet accompanied by looks as cross as though it had been enforced. Mr. Meredith would have declined the proposed courtesy, but as the choice had not been proposed, and it was out of the kindness of his own nature to reject the kindness of another, he swallowed the coffee and the egg, and ren-

dered as many thanks as if the entertainment had been a perfect gratuity, conferred on a way-side beggar; and then set off "to go to Bath." The cross servant, in the mean time, sitting down and shedding a few tears, after she had followed him with her eyes out of the street.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.

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Theodore Hook's Last.—"Really," said Theodore to the ponderous Lord—, when he last met him in Parliament-street, "I am very glad to shake hands with you, but" (here Theodore appeared in agony) "you might as well permit me to grind my own corn!" The fact was, that the nobleman had trod with his whole weight upon Theodore's right foot, whereon was a formidable soft corn. What a pity that Theodore, as well as hundreds, aye, thousands, of others, do not make use of that cer ain cure for, not only corns and bunions, but also almost all other external disorders, Holloway's Ointment!

Philosophy.—If after any recent loss a man feels inclined to repine, let him consider how much more he possesses than the bulk of mankind. This reflection, honestly made, will bring him to a right sense of feeling and gratitude, if any thing can.

In proportion to the number of persons we see, we forget that we know less of mankind.

COUNT METTERNICH'S HAT.

Napoleon had a conference with the Count de Metternich. The discussion was carried on with great warmth on both sides, and words ran high. The conversation at times took a turn, and assumed an energy that made those who heard it fear for the consequences, lest it should end in a scene, and that a violent one. Upon such occasions the Emperor was but little master of himself, and M. de Metternich, on the other hand, always collected, maintained an advantage over his adversary; and this advantage doubled and trebled in proportion as they both saw how much the anger and *sang froid* of each other made for and against the point at issue. At length the paroxysm had arrived at its height. Napoleon was at this time pacing the chamber in a hurried manner, constraining M. de Metternich to follow him, but without inducing him in the smallest degree to quicken his step. This composure on the part of the Minister had the appearance of braving the Emperor, and served only to heighten his rage. Thus thrown off his guard, he advanced towards the Count with somewhat of violence and impetuosity in his manner, and addressed him in a voice still more elevated. At this moment the delicate fingers of Napoleon touched the hat that M. de Metternich held in his hand, and as the latter could not foresee the result of this movement, the hat fell to the ground. Napoleon instantly perceived it, and I am convinced that he much regretted that his hand should have touched the unlucky *castor* of the Count. Whether the action was voluntary or accidental, is a matter we cannot nor ever shall know. Be this as it may, the rapid and quick eye of the Emperor followed the hat as it fell. M. de Metternich continued his walk, appearing in no way to concern himself for the fate of his hat; but it was easy to see what were his thoughts on its fall. This circumstance, trifling at it was, made a visible change in Napoleon. He became thoughtful, and glanced his eyes on the hat each time that he passed it—a strong indication of what effect it had upon him. Now, what will he do? was a question M. de Metternich probably put to himself, decided as he was to leave the chamber bare-headed, rather than take up his hat. At length, at the third turn, Napoleon arranged himself in such a way as to pass so close to the hat, that it must necessarily encroach on his walk; then touching it in the slightest way possible with his foot, and stooping, threw it carelessly into a chair. In this circumstance, so puerile, *per se*, Napoleon conducted himself as if it had been a matter of moment—that is to say, with as much address as he was master of, in order that it might be well done. As to M. de Metternich, his bearing during this little scene was easy and prince-like, such as it must be in every situation, however trifling, where fortune has assigned him a part to perform

F. E.

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THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH LADIES.

"Nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice."
SHAKESPEARE.

(For the FLY.)

How comes it that in a crowd of persons pressing one another through the small streets and alleys of the Broadway, you distinguish at once an American lady from an English one? The clear complexion, the carnation of the cheeks, a firm step, but without much elegance, denote the stranger. A trim figure, supple movements, and full of grace, yet indolent air, will not leave you in doubt a moment that the other lady is a countrywoman. Let us now follow in idea these persons through the day, thus differing essentially at first sight. The English woman, warmly clad, and at ease in her dress, finds at home abundance of useful occupation. Has the moment arrived for her going out (whether on horseback or on foot), she takes advantage of it by really good and hearty exercise. She returns fatigued, but in revenge she has laid in a store of health, and given new life and vigour to her constitution. Following the opinion of her compatriotes, she deems exercise the best preservative against most of the ills "that flesh is heir to." Our handsome Americans take their exercises too—at least they persuade themselves that such is the case, when they traverse "with measured steps and slow" their favourite walk of the Broadway. Soon after breakfast, the ladies of the "far-west" go out, attired in an elegant *negligée*, and proceed to make their purchases. With an umbrella in their hand, and some small money in a handsome purse, they perform their rounds from shop to shop, examining every species of article it professes to deal in. At this, a piece

goods is unfolded, or a rich dress is displayed; at another a valuable *cashmere* is inspected, while at a third a pearl, or as it may happen a diamond, ornament is admired; these peregrinations, for the most part, ending in the purchase of a feathered fan, or a pair of gloves. Returned home at two or three o'clock, they throw themselves upon the bed until it is time to make their toilette for dinner. On leaving the table, the same lassitude and indolence, the same inaction; and these ladies would fain persuade themselves that they have been taking exercise! Instead of going to respire the fresh balsamic air of the country, they have done nothing more than move out *nonchalamment* (lackadaisically) in the heavy atmosphere of their streets; and thence that pallid hue, and want of freshness, observable in all their countenances. The hours that are not spent in the streets, at the shops, at table, or in the dressing-room, is that portion of time which they let run out—*falsely* luxurious—reposing upon a bed. This attitude has many charms for them; the bed even receiving its visiting party during the day. Thus it is that their weakness cannot but increase, and this description of lassitude I have described, caused by too much rest, is evidently perceptible in all their movements.

There are, then, between our ladies and those of Great Britain essential differences, which it must be confessed are not all upon our side. The English lady is reasonable in the choice and form of her habiliments; she does not surrender herself entirely to fashion, but sometimes she is too neglectful in the cultivation of the graces. The American females will brave every season in hopes of showing themselves to the best advantage. The first fears not the contact of lamb's wool and flannel, wraps herself up in a good mantle, and so escapes catarrh and rheumatism. Those lighter stuffs which adorn the second, whose airy and floating folds give such grace,

and suit so well an elegant and supple figure—all these attributes of beauty have, alas! no power over fluxions, fevers, and consumption. Hence let us beware how we trust ourselves on the domain of the faculty; these gentry are jealous of their rights, and well know how to avenge themselves.—*Revue Britannique*.

F. E.

THE WINTER ROBIN.

A suppliant to your window comes,
Who trusts your faith, and fears no guile
He claims admittance for your crumbs,
And reads his passport in your smile.

For cold and cheerless is the day,
And he has sought the hedges round;
No berry hangs upon the spray,
Nor worm, nor ant-egg, can be found.

Secure his suit will be preferred,
No fears his slender feet deter;
For sacred is the household bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

C. S.

Gibraltar Monkeys come again.—It is now admitted that these animals, whether refugee maroon monkeys or not, do exist, and that the females are often seen suckling their young on the rock. They are of the species called magot (*pithecus*).—[We never heard that they had disappeared. In 1828, we remember to have seen groups of these animals sunning themselves and their young ones on the top of one of the steepest acclivities of the rock, and accessible only to themselves. To this spot was given a suitable name, and time hath ratified the appellation of "Apes' Hill.—Ed.]

"WELL, CROUCHING LOVE ME?"

(Continued from page 20.)

So back again to the sphere of these kind and benignant philanthropists went our hero. There stood the coach all ready; the aristocracy of course going inside, and the canaille on the out, composed, as usual, of the customary complement of very respectable, plain, substantial ladies; in very respectable old-fashioned cloaks, and poke straw bonnets, and double-soled boots; and some young girls, in tawdry head-gear and dirty blond wigs, and tumbled flowers, and faded silk cloaks, made in the newest-but-one fashion, and wearing the trophies of many a splash of metropolitan mud. There was a great fuss to get the substantial ladies into the inside, and the more fragile nymphs on to the out; but perhaps we are wrong in marking the line between the select interior and the vulgar exterior, for all the ladies who mounted the roof and got into the basket of that particular coach, took care to acquaint every individual in turn that they preferred travelling in that manner, that they might see the country, or else that their health did not allow them to endure the narrow internal limits, or that the inside places were all taken, &c., &c.; all which assurances, coming from head-quarters, every body was bound to believe.

The gentleman in black took his place on the coach-box, and having paid the required stipend for packing his luggage, though he did not happen to have any, that of course not being a fee, and after paying the remainder of his fare, was suffered to turn up his collar and button up his coat, and be as cold and as miserable as he pleased, the coachman not having yet assumed his official duties, but being, in the mean time, at a preparatory school in the neighbourhood, learning to keep out the morning air; but at last all the young ladies and the old ladies, and the young gentlemen and the old gentlemen, were settled in the inside and on the outside to their heart's satisfaction, or, whether they were or not, the time was come that they ought to have been, and up the coachman got, having well fortified himself, and smack went the whip, and round went the wheels, and off went the company's coach and the company's horses in most magnificent style.

And the coachman!—ah, the coachman deserves an entire paragraph in his honour—he is worth a whole zoological garden, for he condenses in himself the evilness of fifty bears at the least. O, my dear reader, if you do not wish to be turned into stone by the eye-light of one of these monsters, never travel with a coachman who is to have no fees. No fees! O pray take warning, for he will certainly turn ogre, and devour you! He is cheated out of his birthright, swindled out of his time-out-of-mind fight, and he looks at you like a muzzled bear, ready to spring upon you, and give you a hug. But if your dark fate should throw you into his moving den, be sure, under no impulse of curiosity or exigence of circumstance, to ask him a question; if you do, he will certainly burst his muzzle, and bite your head off.

The coach made no stoppages longer than two minutes and a half, or at the most three minutes, on the road, and these little hindrances were occasioned by the necessity the driver found so alight at every tolerable inn on the way-side to take some of the water of life, just to keep up the necessary impetus for driving; but as he was very zealous in this needful duty, and had, besides, acquired such skillfulness by practice, that it was proved by computation on a stop watch that he could lift his hand to his head in half a second less than any other man on the road, it was presumed that these little delays, in reality, more than redeemed themselves by the increase of energy in the driver, which he contrived to communicate to his horses by means of some electric communication running from his hand to the extreme end of his whip, and which was instantly understood by animals of even the lowest capacity. Barring and excepting these delays, or rather, we should say, these accelerations, the coach made no demur till it arrived at the Half-way House. Here all was animation—every body in the coach was out in a moment, and every body that was on the coach was down in a moment, and out came a lady in a moment, and quite a lady too, with spectacles and gloves, and so soft, and so sweet; and she was so very kind as to come to see all the boxes, and band-boxes, and baskets, and bundles, weighed in a huge pair of scales, and what was much more to take all the half-pence and pence that came by way of mulet over and above the very liberal weight allowed by the "New Company's coach" per head; and in the mean time some of the passengers just went in, and looked at a dinner that was set out for their inspection, and a few had the temerity to taste, but the greater part had no appetite so early in the day, and could not think of dining at such a vulgar hour; and these being chiefly the external passengers, were all quite ready to take their places again the moment the luggage was repacked, and a new coachman on the box; and then the few insides, who had just accomplished a third mouthful by way of taste, were pushed most reluctantly in, grumbling intolerably, and then slash went the whip, and round went the wheels, and off again.

Gorgeously did that autumn sun sink into its rest as that "New Company's coach" approached the city, attended by hosts of glittering clouds, robed in cloth of gold, and sparkling with the light of the sapphire and the ruby. The hill-sides clothed in their living green, the trees still wrapped in their summer garb, the white stone houses dotted over a hundred gentle eminences, and the fair city, cradled in the valley, seeming as if made a home for the happy—a home for the heart—if place may be such. Yes; no doubt it is a very fine thing to "go to Bath!"

But, as the poor coach came nearer, the sun, with his long train of gorgeous clouds, departed—the sky went into mourning—and a thousand lights sparkled up out of the depths of the valley, marking out the dwelling-places of men, which, however, were only gas-lights, and by the time the vehicle stopped in the city, the gentleman in black had lost sight of all the poetry of the place, and knew only that

he was alone in a ~~strange town~~ without a friend, with very little money, and on a particularly ~~unpleasant~~ errand.

He entered the inn, and received just that portion of attention and respect which a passenger and a carpet bag, trawling outside of the "New Company's coach," had a right to expect; but he, poor foolish man! thought to have had a little more. He ordered tea, and having been as genteel as this, as the other "outsides," who could not be so vulgar as to dine at one, determined to make his economical arrangements with himself, to luxuriate on aasher of ham. Then he came with the disrespect of clucking out tea, and ham that had done duty before, boiled as a side-dish at a forgotten dinner somewhere about three weeks back. The gentleman in black remembered having caught a glimpse of a gaunt bone in the tempting larder window as he turned up the stairs, but he did not cease that his rasher, which he could have fitted on it, ought to be doubly good, because it was doubly cooked; but as no part of his previous education had ever qualified him to scold, he only sent the whole service away, and, being grievously fatigued, betook himself to an early bed.

In the morning our hero rose in renovated spirits. The beams of a bright sun danced gaily through his chamber window. In all other places the season was autumn; at Bath it was only spring. It was impossible to despair when every thing looked so joyous; so Mr. Meredith yielded to the impulses of his own sanguine nature, and felt as if he had completed the most desirable arrangements in the world for his future prosperity; and on the strength of these arrangements partook of a breakfast about as sumptuous as his previous tea, and then commenced his hopeful journey to Miss Garvan's residence; but as he turned his back on St. Michael's, and his face towards the old cathedral clock, he found it was still too early to intrude on a lady's privacy; so, instead of posting like the mail, he walked leisurely on, and looked a little about him as he went.

Now we think that in a work of this grave character we ought not to omit a few profound observations, that we are sure would enrich a county history. First, then, the gentleman in black was amazingly struck by the number of names on the doors preceded by the title of "Mrs.," which made him conclude that all the widows in the neighbouring counties congregated here; his next observation was, that the people of Bath never clean their door-steps, or at least that the use of hearthstone was unknown; his next, that all the empty houses had the word "void" printed in the largest possible type, stuck up in the windows, a most important remark; his next that the people are drawn about the streets in their own easy chairs; his next that the pigs are all black, and the butchers all women; his next two observations proved alike his profoundness, and that he was a domestic man—that cats are unknown in the whole city, and that the people are remarkably fond of the colour of yellow.

The gentleman in black made these deep, sage, grave, profound, and erudite remarks,

as he traversed that portion of the town which separated his inn from the point of country where Miss Garvan resided. He began to ascend a hill-side, and then turned to look upon the congregated dwellings he was leaving; again the poetry of the place arose—a city of white stone embosomed among the hills, the flowing Avon winding through the midst. The gentleman in black thought the world a very beautiful world, and that it was a very great pity that any body should be miserable in it.

Our pedestrian tottered up the hill, inquiring as he went about with the Wicks and Combes he came near, until at last a scene of quiet beauty opened before him, and the Combe he sought was found. An ivied church—a quiet churchyard—a mansion embosomed in wood, sloping lawns, terrace walks, and blooming gardens. On the one hand orchards of abundant produce, on the other the little smiling village in front, spreading below into a deeper valley, the city of white stone, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills.

Our traveller paused with an admiring gaze. Surely it was a spot made for happiness. If this were Miss Garvan's residence, he was sure she must be amiable. No one could live in such a heaven without being an angel.

Then came a remembrance of certain reports, which said that a certain lady was crooked, and cross, and passionate, and avaricious, &c. &c. &c.; but no, he would not believe it—he saw that such things were wholly impossible from the very aspect of the place.

So then he had only to satisfy himself as to the verity of her residence, and he hailed a rustic looking man who was near him on the road.

"Do you know Miss Garvan?"

"Yes, sur."

"Does she live in that house?"

"Yes, sur."

"And she is—hum—be—that is, she is a very kind lady?"

"She be kind! why, who have been a-telling you that?" exclaimed the man, in a sort of startled amazement.

"She is, is she not?" resumed the gentleman in black, startled in his turn; for he had persisted in believing that Miss Garvan was really a lady of profound feeling—"she is, is she not?"

"O yes, sure!" replied the man, with a peculiar twist of the mouth and expression of the eye, as sufficiently answered the poor gentleman in black.

This little incident greatly disconcerted him. What if he had been too sanguine! What if he were now wasting the time which he ought to have been spending at home in concerting some more efficient ways and means! But no; Miss Garvan was a woman; he never knew a woman unkind; he would trust to her nature still.

So the gentleman in black espied a little wicket which led by a winding footpath up the hill-side to the house, leaving the broader avenue to the right, pondering as he went how best to propitiate the lady of the mansion. He had not passed under the shadow of a dozen trees before he came in sight of a lady sitting on a seat in the garden chair, coquetting the

tassel of her parasol with a beautiful little Italian greyhound, who was jumping and gambling round her in paroxysms of delight. The lady was neither young nor beautiful, and she was remarkably ill dressed; that is, well dressed in quality, but quite without taste and taste; as women dress who have neither hope nor desire to please man; her complexion had rather a jaundiced shade, and the expression of her countenance was evidently one of suspicion and discontent; and yet she was leaning over her little dog with a face beaming with as much love as though the little animal had been a darling child. This forced Mr. Meredith to say to himself, "What a pity to see such affection misplaced! I wish she had something better to love."

While these thoughts passed through his mind, the little ungainly animal became aware of his presence, and, bounding towards him, began to lavish on him all the same marks of passionate attachment that he had before been offering to his mistress, kissing his hands, and bounding up to him with cries of joy, and showing signs of that sudden dotage which dogs as well as wiser animals sometimes so instantaneously contract.

"Mignon, my pet, my pretty one, come here!" exclaimed the lady; but Mignon cared not; he had taken one of those sudden likings, and he cared no more for his old mistress, than she had contracted a new passion, than any other modern fine gentleman. It was in vain, therefore, that the lady called to him—in vain that the gentleman in black sought to evade his entreaties, Mignon was as ungovernable as any other wretch in the world.

Once more the lady cried, "Mignon, my pet!" and held out her arms to him. Mignon, with a sort of angry snap, continued his devotions to his new object. In another moment the expression of the lady's face had quite changed—mortification, sorrow, anger, succeeded each other. An exclamation in low and bitter accents, yet not low enough to escape Mr. Meredith's ear, fell from her, "Will nothing love me?" and she hurried away. Now that expression had gone straight to the heart of the gentleman in black; he loved every thing himself, and almost every thing loved him, and he wished from the bottom of his soul that the poor lady had half a dozen children to receive and return her affection.

"Scarcely knowing what to do, yet being of course obliged to do something, the gentleman in black took up the little offender in his arms, and walked towards the house. He entered the hall, where a couple of livery servants were standing, and heard the interchange of a few words before they became aware of his presence.

"Missus be in a precious temper this morn'ing," said the one.

"We shall all be a-dead afore night," replied the other; and in a moment more a bell, pulled with prodigious violence, proclaimed the vicinity of the lady of the mansion.

"I suppose," said Mr. Meredith, "that this little dog belongs to your mistress: be so good as to take it in to her."

"Yes, sur," replied one of the men, "and she be mighty fond on him. She'd a-been a-breaking her heart to a-lost him."

The bell rang violently again, and in the man bounced with the dog.

He left the door open, and the gentleman in black could hear, and see all that passed.

"Take the little wretch away!" exclaimed Miss Garvan; "let me never see it again! Go and drown it in the nearest pond!"

The man stared, looked like an amazed fool, but stood perfectly still.

"Take it away!" again shrieked the lady; "take the ungainly little wretch away; go and drown it, as I bid you—go this moment!"

The man stalked away; for nobody dared to speak in Miss Garvan's house when Miss Garvan was angry; he had scarcely, however, closed the door, and about for a moment or two rubbing his forehead to see if he could get any sense out of it to guide him in what he was to do, before the bell rang again, more violently than before; and on the servant's return to his lady with the little culprit still under his arm, Miss Garvan said in rather relenting accents, "Don't drown the little wretch, but give it to the first person you meet,—any body, so that I never see it again."

Now the first person that the man met on turning from Miss Garvan's presence was undoubtedly the gentleman in black, and; therefore, in obedience to the orders he had received, he held out to him the little culprit and said, "You be the first body—will you be for a-having on him, sur?"

"Certainly I will," replied the gentleman in black; "if Miss Garvan will not forgive her little pet; but I must first see your mistress. Take in my card, and say that I beg the honour of an interview."

The man took in his card, and returned with permission for him to enter.

(To be continued.)

Secret of the Elasticity of the Bayaderes.—These surprising dancers have astonished the Parisians and Londoners by their unparalleled elasticity of movement. Taglioni, Duvernay, and the Elslers, celebrated as they are, must in this instance give place to their Indian rivals. Now, the question is, how is this accomplished? We cannot let the public into a secret. There is an ungainly in great repute for an immense variety of external disorders, such as gut, inflammation, glandular complaints, scrofula, wounds, &c., which is also admirable in giving suppleness to the joints and limbs; and, of course, the Bayaderes, at the suggestion of Mr. Yates, were only too happy to avail themselves of its use. The ungainly alluded to is, Holloway's Gintment; and the Taglioni, Duvernay, &c., would do well to reflect on this suggestion, and thus render themselves quite unrigid.

Fame.—Fame is the inheritance not of the dead, but of the living. It is we who look back with lofty pride to the great names of antiquity, who drink of that flood of glory as of a river, and refresh our wings in it for future flight.

In confessing the greatest influence as criminal gives himself credit for his conduct. How and he seem to have come to an amiable understanding on his character at last.

THE POLAR STAR.

BY L. E. L.

"This star sinks below the horizon in certain latitudes. I watched it sink lower and lower every night, till at last it disappeared."

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light;
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me,
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seem'd to answer to my thought,
It call'd the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
Whom I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says—we meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love,
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turn'd the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise
That none look'd up with me.

But thou hast sunk below the wave—
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand besides a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell! ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light,
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit would have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh! fancy vain as it is fond,
And little needed too,
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you!

What puts the baseness of mankind in the strongest point of view is, that they avoid those who are in misfortune, instead of countenancing or assisting them. They anticipate the increased demand on their sympathy or beauty, and escape from it as from a falling house.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Woman's love, pure woman's love,
A peerless gift sent from above,
To calm the mind, and soothe the spirit
Of all the ills that man inherit;
Still enlivening, still entrancing,
The days and years of life enhancing;
The harbinger of joy and pleasure,
Man's only gift, man's only treasure.

C.

TO THE COUNTRY TRADE.

Mr. GLOVER, (the publisher of the "Fly," &c..) in answer to frequent inquiries, informs the Country Trade that he will supply them with all the London Periodicals and Newspapers for cash, at a very reduced scale of charges—equal to any other agent in London. Address (post-paid), to the "Fly" office, Water-lane, Fleet-street, London.

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It signifies little what we say of our acquaintance, so that we do not tell them what others say against them. Tale-bearers make all the mischief.

The silence of a friend commonly amounts to treachery. His not daring to say any thing in our behalf implies a tacit censure.

Of all virtues magnanimity is the rarest. There are a hundred persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.

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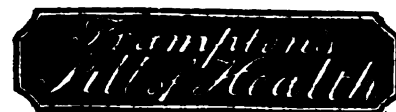
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"UBI MEL,  IBI MUSCA."

No. 7—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

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Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT of "A SUDDEN SQUALL," which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

THE TWO EXISTENCES.

"Look on this picture, and on that."

SHAKESPEARE.

(For the FLY.)

Jules de Monthieu is a man of fashion: some superficial acquirements joined to a good education, frank and easy manners, with a knowledge of the world, all these make him a most agreeable acquisition to a party. Invitations consequently pour in upon him. He would be the first subject in any theatre royal; or, as an author of memoirs of contemporary men, no one is so well qualified, could he only infuse somewhat more energy into his nature, and a trifle more heart into his subject. His knowledge of life makes him acquainted with every body, and not unfrequently the same night finds him doomed to a party at Boston in the Marais—a *petite soiree* in the Faubourg St. Germain, and some hours later to a quartette at *punch* in the *Chaussee d'Antin*. See him traverse the *boulevard* in his light buggy. He receives a token of homage from the merchant who is engaged on his business, an *acillade* (or significant glance) from the wife of an agent of Change, and a cordial salute from an old duke leisurely jogging to the Chamber of Peers. How many persons envy Jules his existence! How much his celebrity would please them! What delight in being remarked at the balcony of a play-house! To hear a buzz of applause whenever they enter a room! Again, to see mercantile *notables*, financiers, and even the real nobility disputing their presence! But follow Monthieu home to his dwelling; the scene is changed. An insupportable *ennui* haunts him like an evil genius. The charms and flattery of society, *spectacles*, balls, fetes, all have ended in *ennui*. He throws himself listlessly

into an easy chair—alas! no rest for him; he finds himself a prey to inquietude and sadness. His energies have left him; he has squandered his faculties on the *beau monde*, and has made robbery of himself, so to speak, in order to gratify others. For him once so fresh and joyous, life has no more pleasures; all within is chaos and confusion, for the mind has lost its springs of action.

In the same house overhead the apartments are occupied by another person of the same time of life. Fortune smiles but little upon him. He only quits his daily and peaceful habits occasionally to take a modest dinner with a college friend; to give his opinion, it may be a critique, on some new piece, or to supply an article for a daily journal. Do not imagine, however, that he is not in request with persons of consequence. He is acquainted with many of those that the state possesses of the greatest eminence; and there is no man of genius of the day of whom he is not the friend and admirer. In arts, science, and literature, he is united with most of those that have credit and favour with the public; he profits by their meditations, weighs their opinions, examines their systems, approves or criticises their suggestions. On the same evening he smiles at the epigrams of one, he is warmed by the enthusiasm of another, and is animated and excited by the genius of a third. He, too, has his societies. He may be seen in frequent attendance on that young and graceful orator, whose brilliant and solid discourses attract and fix the attention of his crowded auditory—that spiritualised and amiable academician, whose lessons of taste have won for him fame and emolument in the good cause of which he is at once the teacher and the model—that *savant* so full of energetic feeling, whose tenets, pure and practical, have made him a worthy instructor of a people! All those men, in fact, who pour the riches of their mind upon the friends of study, arts, and

science. Our new acquaintance has again returned to his home. What delight he feels in the recollection of all that has agreeably or intellectually been received into his thoughts, or engraven upon his heart! How rapidly does his winter evenings pass! What sources of pleasure spring from his mind! He feels that he lives; his faculties are expanded; his soul is feelingly alive and excited; he has filled that high and sublime distinction which Providence imposed upon man when he gave him the birthright of "thought."

Now, of these two existences, which would the reader choose? Hah! are we masters of our tastes, of our inborn faculties, of our real and social position? How many projects at our uprising which the day has utterly confounded! In youth, the seductions of love and pleasure win us by their irresistible influence. The projects of reason, the duties of society, the laws of an austere morality, are they not often the sport of a look, caprice, or whim? Later in life, ambition, cupidity, and love of riches, place under our heads their iron hands, and snatch from us those illusions which dazzled and made captives of us in our youth. Age arrives: how soon, alas! Cold and sorrowful, we are just permitted to cast around us a few disenchanted glances—happy then if in failure of that after time (which is not for us to inherit here) we may, on looking to the past, derive this consolation—that, if we have done "no service to the state," our sojourn upon earth has not been quite useless to our species.

F. E.

Popularity disarms envy in well-disposed minds. Those are ever the most ready to do justice to others, who feel that the world has done them justice. When success has not this effect in opening the mind, it is a sure sign that it has been ill deserved.—*Hazlitt.*

THE DEAD LAMB.

The shepherd sanctifies last—but why
Comes with him, pace for pace,
That ewe? and why, so piteously,
Looks up the creature's face?

Swung in his careless hand, she sees
(Poor ewe!) a dead, cold weight;
The little one hot soft, warm fleece
So fondly cherished late.

But yesterday, no happier dam
Ranged o'er those pastures wide
Than she, fond creature! when the lamb
Was sporting by her side.

It was a new-born thing: the rain
Poured down all night—its bed
Was drenched and cold. Morn came again,
But the young lamb was dead.

Yet the poor mother's fond distress
Its every art had tried,
To shield, with sleepless tenderness,
The weak one at her side.

Round it, all night, she gathered warm
Her woolly limbs—her head
Close curved across its feeble form;
Day dawned, and it was dead.

She saw it dead—she felt, she knew
It had no strength, no breath;
Yet, how could she conceive, poor ewe!
The mystery of death?

It lay before her stiff and cold,
Yet fondly she essayed
To cherish it in love's warm fold,
Then restless trial made.

Moving, with still reverted face,
And low, complaining bleat
To entice from their damp resting-place
Those little stiffening feet.

All would not do, when all was tried,
Love's last fond lure was vain;
So quietly by its dead side,
She laid her down again.

THE WHITE BEAR.

The white bear of Greenland and Spitsbergen is considerably larger than the brown bear of Europe, or the black bear of North America. This animal lives upon fish and seals, and is seen not only upon land in the countries bordering on the North Pole, but often upon floats of ice several leagues at sea. The following relation is extracted from the "Journal of a Voyage for making Discoveries towards the North Pole:"—

Early in the morning, the man at the mast-head gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and that they were directing their course towards the ship. They had, without question, been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse, killed a few days before, which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They

proved to be a she bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still left, upon the ice. These the old bear carried away singly; laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and dividing it gave each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was taking away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally.

It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds to mark the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh which she had fetched away, and placed it before them. Seeing that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up. It was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off; and, stopping when she had gotten to some distance, she looked back and moaned. When she found that she could not entice them away, she returned, and smelling around them began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before; and, having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and, with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round one, and round the other, pawing them and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and growled at the murderers, who then shot her with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

THE LION.

In the forest he prowls, where the hyena howls,
And the tiger in ambush lies,
And you see by his air that he's fully aware
Of the might of his basilisk eyes!
Though his ravenous jaws, and the strength of his paws,
Are dreaded wherever he goes,
You discern by his look that his spirit can brook
The malice of all his foes.
So the mind that is fraught with superior thought
Looks down more with pity than spleen;
On those things of a day who their anger display,
By their haughty and petulant mien!

As he winds through the wood, you perceive
By his mood
He's the monarch of all things there;
For the sweep of his tail makes the boldest quail,

In spite of their arrogant air!
The tiger, though bold, don't dare to behold,
The flash his eyes emit;
But flies from his sight, by day and by night,
Like a bird that is slightly hit;
So the dunce will shrink from those who think
Before they begin to talk;
For he dreads their jeers of his asinine ears,
And their murderous tomahawk!

When he lies in his lair, what animal there,
Save the jackal, would dare to intrude?
Not the elephant's power would save him an hour.

If thence by the lion pursued.
However sublime they may seem in their clime,
The boldest and strongest fly,
When he puts forth his might, and maintains his right,
By the glare of his dreadful eye.
So Genius, at times, may tolerate rhymes,
Of poets, all vapour and show,
But one dash of its pen can humble such men,
And lay their presumption low.

NEW USE FOR QUILTED NIGHTCAPS.

(For the FLY.)

One Monsieur de P., a resident of a town in the department of the North, not material to name, was in the habit of paying frequent visits to a stranger, who had fixed his abode in that quarter. He was a person of rank, and kept open house. This gentleman and his friends, growing tired of the small talk and twaddle of M. de P., it was proposed that each should furnish himself with a white cotton nightcap, to draw over his head when the troublesome guest should annoy them. The plan was agreed to, and by this means the party were proof to the long-winded stories and trifling of M. de P. Twice did the Frenchman visit the stranger, and twice at the end of an hour were the heads of the company enveloped in quilting and cotton; for such was the order. It was a dolorous looking party, 'fore Gad, and seemed only awaiting the hangman.

Now, what do you think M. de P. did? You might guess for a month, and not hit it. Why he, too, came with his *bonnet de nuit* in his pocket, without any surmise or misgiving, and drawing it over his pate like the rest, was more at his ease than any one else. The good man imagined it was a fashion just imported to France by the stranger, so he thought it good taste to adopt it.

MORAL.

On ne se connait jamais soi-même.

"A fool is wise in his own conceit."

And I question if Mason, with his knowledge of self and self-knowledge together, could give us a better.

F. E.

Mildness of the Season.—On Wednesday morning last early, in a garden at Peckham, a couple of robins were singing with all the lustiness of Midsummer.

WILL NOTHING LOVE ME?"

(Continued from page 23.)

Miss Garvan was standing—her eye angry—her cheek flushed—her whole mien disordered. Notwithstanding the sanguine temperament of our friend in black, he felt his heart fail him; but he remembered the expression that had so much touched him, "Will nothing love me?" and it seemed to him like a key to her character; so he began hoping again. In fact, it would have been impossible for him to have survived more than five minutes of despair; he had such a trick in his character of always hoping the best.

Miss Garvan's countenance was by no means encouraging; he was in some measure confederate with the luckless dog who had so heinously provoked her displeasure; but after a moment or two passed in mutual observation, filled up by a sort of side-play on the part of our friend in black, a certain kind and urbane expression in his countenance, and a sort of gentle gentlemanliness in his deportment, seemed rather to mollify her nature, and she motioned him to a seat, but seeing that he demurred to take one whilst she remained standing, she condescended to place herself very uneasily in an easy chair, and desired to know the purport of his visit.

Whereupon the gentleman in black commenced his tale of grievances. Now, it was a curious fact, that, although he had taken his journey from London to Bath for the express purpose of laying his complaint against the tyrannous steward at the feet of his mistress, yet when he was actually in her presence, he passed over all the obnoxious part of that steward's conduct, and contented himself with relating his dilemma, and urgently requesting a little time to enable him to arrange his affairs.

While Miss Garvan listened, her attitude lost its stiffness, and she sank back in her easy chair. There was a little pause after our poor friend in black had finished his narrative, and then she asked,

"Did my steward authorise your application to myself?"

"He did not, madam."

"Did he encourage it?"

"He did not even encourage it."

"And did you take this journey on the bare possibility of finding me more accommodating than my steward?"

"I was earnest, sanguine, confident in your kindness."

"Kindness!" repeated Miss Garvan with some bitterness; "pray, sir, had you heard any character of me in London?"

The gentleman in black blushed crimson deep: "he could not deny that he had heard Miss Garvan's character spoken of."

"And against?" said the lady with some scorn: "nay, you need not deny it. And since you have arrived in our neighbourhood, doubtless you have made other inquiries?"

The poor gentleman in black was getting dreadfully embarrassed.

"And you have seen that I can be vindictive and angry even without my dog. You know that from your own observation; and now tell me,

with all these deterring marks of my unkindness of heart, how you can have the temerity to ask favours at my hands?"

"I will answer you frankly," replied Mr. Meredith; "all that I had heard of you I believed to be exaggerated; and what I have seen this morning only convinces me that a wounded sensibility takes the semblance of unkindness; that it is the very tenderness of your nature which makes you so easily wounded."

"And this is your opinion of me?" said the lady.

"It is," replied the gentleman; "and since I first met with you this morning, and became the unfortunate occasion of your displeasure with your dog, I have done nothing but grieve that you should not have more worthy objects for such rich affections."

"Where are they to be found?" half murmured Miss Garvan.

We cannot of course tell of what the lady was thinking, but certainly a rich blush empowered the fallow hue of her complexion.

We suppose that there must be something contagious in blushing, for the infusion spread over the face of her visitor. We imagine it to have been some sudden twinge that caused the flush, and that prevented him from offering himself as a proper object for the lady's affections. Being very modest, he only gently said he wished his own five dear children were near enough to her, both in place and relationship, to receive and to return her love.

The lady blushed more deeply still; she was actually embarrassed. Then came a little pause, and then natural feeling triumphed. When the heart is full of one subject, a word even from a stranger often proves the key to unlock its fulness. In the saddest tone imaginable the lady said, "Nothing will ever love me! My relations, my friends, my servants, are all unkind, ungrateful, unfaithful!"

"Will you permit me," said our friend in black, "to ask you one question?"

"Ask it," replied the lady.

"Do you love them?"

The lady was startled, but after a moment's pause she said, "I do not."

"Then forgive me if I say that you must not hope for their affections. Love always anticipates its own return."

"Does it?" replied the lady, with another blush; "well, I will think of what you say, and in the mean time, as I presume you are disengaged, will you dine with me at five?"

Positively the gentleman in black felt his heart beat at this gracious invitation; he professed his grateful willingness.

"And perhaps you will also execute a little commission for me in the town, and allow me five minutes to prepare it."

To both of these clauses Mr. Meredith politely assented.

So the lady left the room, and our hero employed the short term of her absence in pondering over all that had passed. The all-important object of his journey was yet undecided, but he felt that he could not again allude to it—no, though beggary, were the consequence.

Miss Garvan's absence was short; she re-

turned long before our poor hero had arranged his ideas, bearing in her hand an unsealed letter.

"You will do me a favour," she said, "if you will drop this into the post. I have left it unsealed, because I wish you to read what I have written—nay, no thanks."

The thoughts of our poor friend in black outran her words. The letter which she held in her hand was directed to that odious Renschall; he knew in a moment that it was written for his sake, and in an emotion of gratitude would have kissed the hand that presented it. A slight remnant of common sense interposed in time to check him, however, but not before Miss Garvan had seen the impulse.

"Do not forget that I shall expect you at five," said the lady.

"I could as soon forget my own existence," said the gentleman.

There was a pause. The lady evidently expected the gentleman to go, but he lingered.

"There is something more that you would ask me?" said the lady.

"Your little Mignon," said the gentleman, "paid me the compliment of a sudden affection, and I should be ungrateful to leave him under his lady's displeasure without a single intercession."

"I suppose I must forgive Mignon her sudden passion for you," said the lady with a smile, but now she is yours." I cannot resume my gift; however, I will take care of her for you."

No sooner had the gentleman in black fairly emerged from Miss Garvan's residence, than he availed himself of her permission to read the epistle entrusted to his charge. It was a short peremptory command to withdraw every legal proceeding against any of her tenants instantly on the receipt of that letter, but making Mr. Meredith's the most immediate. The gentleman in black, with a grateful emotion, turned his eyes towards the mansion he had just left. The sun was dancing on the windows—the birds were singing—the breeze was sighing, and our friend sighed too, though his heart was full of kindly aspirations for the happiness of the lady who dwelt therein.

Our readers may be quite sure that the gentleman in black was punctual to his appointment. He found Miss Garvan dressed both in smiles and a very becoming cap—her complexion many shades brighter, and looking full ten years younger. How we wish that we had room to tell all that the gentleman looked and said on the strength of two or three glasses of wine, and all that the lady thought and felt. But no, we have filled as many of the leaves of this book as we dare venture to appropriate, so we must omit all the gallantry of the wine and walnuts, and merely state the matter of business which the lady and the gentleman contrived to arrange just before they separated at night. It was only this, that, as the gentleman had been accustomed to India House accounts, he must of course understand farming accounts; and that, therefore, he would be an excellent person to investigate the books both of her town and country stewards, and that he should enter on this office the very next day.

Six weeks after this dinner the gentleman in—no, *not* in black—he had on a blue coat with gold buttons—was rolling along the London road in a handsome dark green travelling carriage, with a lady seated by his side, dressed in a white bonnet, a rich blond fall, and a few little orange blossoms. We are particular in these things, because they may serve to elucidate the free and easy sort of style in which they took the liberty of addressing each other.

"Do put Mignon down," said the lady, "I am jealous of him."

"But I am grateful to Mignon," replied the gentleman, "because he first introduced me to you; if Mignon had not excited your feelings, perhaps I might never have known them."

"And then?" said the lady with a fond, foolish smile, such as silly women are particularly liable to bestow on their husbands.

"Why then I should have gone back after a bootless errand, and a miserable wretch into the bargain, instead of the happy fellow you have made me."

"And could I have known what I should have lost, what a far more miserable wretch I should have been!"

"I should have lost," interrupted the gentleman, "the kindest heart that ever beat within human bosom, and all that that kind heart delights to bestow—but which I am almost ashamed to mention—I should have lost the gifts of her unlimited generosity, affluence, respectability, and a mother for my children."

"And I should have lost," interrupted the lady in her turn, "the only heart that had kindness enough to think kindly of mine. Indeed and indeed you must have been made to snatch me out of the dreadful pit I was so industriously digging for myself. That very hopefulness and trustfulness of your nature shamed me out of the narrowness and suspicion of mine. The virtues of your character serve to neutralise and counterbalance the sins of mine. And indeed I was very miserable—unloving and unloved. Is not that the condition of the lost ones? and that was mine. I suspected every body—hated every body—myself most!"

"You say that you suspected every body, and yet when I came to you on a mercenary and selfish errand, I found your heart open as day to melting charity."

"Ah! but how you flattered me!"

"Flattered you! O no! I disclaim that. On the contrary, I presumed to speak to you the honest truth."

"Ah! but the circumstances were all flattery, feeling as I then felt. It was flattery to trust to my generosity in the face of so many condemning facts. It was flattery to come all the way from town to ask a favour at my hands, when you had heard me stigmatised as all that was unwomanly and unfeeling—flattery still to ask it when you saw me passionate and cruel; and flattery, more than all, to dare to speak the truth to me. This was the way you won me: now shall I tell you how I won you?"

The gentleman's face flushed over.

"Ah!" she hastily resumed, "you are

thinking that the world will say it was my money; but never mind the world—hear what I say. And indeed, dear, I was a little cunning: but you taught me how to win you when you said 'that love always anticipates its own nature;' and so then I began to love you directly as fast as ever I could, on purpose that I might earn a large return. You do pay me pretty well, but you know that you owe me a great deal more."

"I do! I do!" exclaimed the gentleman, "and my whole life shall be spent in paying you."

We verily believe there was a tear in the corner of his eye, but we suppose we must be wrong, because we know that there was a smile upon his lips.

Just at that moment the carriage stopped at the identical door which the poor gentleman had left six weeks before. The children were at the windows straining their little necks which should see them first; and there he was—there was papa; and he had brought them all, and more than all, that he had promised—two sacks of pears, and two half dozens of new frocks, and the very identical Italian greyhound, and a new mamma, who began to love them directly with all her heart, and they loved her in return fondly and fervently: indeed so did every body except the cross servant, but the more cross the cross servant grew the kinder grew the lady, so that by the time the whole family returned to the country, which was as soon as ever the gentleman out of black could arrange his affairs—and that he found not the least difficulty in doing, now that he had plenty of money—by the time, we say, that they had all got back into the country, why the cross servant loved the lady who had made them all so happy, and brought them to such a beautiful home, as well as she could love any thing in the world.

BARFIELD'S DIAMOND PLATE POWDER.

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Agents wanted for every Town in the Kingdom.

N.B.—Plate cleaned with this Powder will not again tarnish. Price 6d. per Box.

He who exercises a constant independence of spirit, and yet seldom gives offence by the freedom of his opinions, may be presumed to have a well-regulated mind.

Lord Castlereagh and his Duel.—"We are glad to learn," says a contemporary, "that Lord Castlereagh has completely recovered from his wrist wound, received in the duel with M. Melci, by a steady use of Holloway's Ointment." And we have much pleasure in recording that also in glandular complaints, gout, rheumatism, paralysis, scrofula, and cancer, this ointment is a truly admirable application.



BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS. Cure of Rheumatism, of Forty Years' standing, at Malmesbury, Wilts. (To Mr. Prout, 229, Strand, London.)

Sir,—I feel that I am performing a duty to acknowledge publicly the very great benefit which I have derived from taking Blair's Gout and Rheumatic Pills, after having been afflicted with Rheumatism in my left hip, thigh, shoulders, head, and arms for forty years—for a long period the pain was so great that I frequently started up in bed—in fact, for seven years before taking Blair's Pills, I had little or no rest night or day, although I had the best medical advice, both in and out of the army. I now am happy to say that I am free from this painful disease, and have been so for three months. These Pills were recommended to me by my brother in Bath, who has been cured by them of Gout and Rheumatism of long standing, and advised me to lose no time in applying for them to your agent, Mr. Walker, druggist, Malmesbury, which I did, and after taking five boxes am completely cured. Witness my hand this 22d of February, 1838,

HENRY WILKINSON,

Upwards of 17 years of the Royal Marine.

Mr. Walker, chemist, Malmesbury, will testify respecting the authenticity of this letter.

The above is another proof of the great efficacy of this excellent medicine, which has called forth the grateful thanks and approbation of all classes of society. From many of the highest branches of the nobility to the poorest peasant, they have happily been the means of giving a degree of health and comfort which in most cases have not been enjoyed for years; they effectually relieve the most acute fit of Gout in a few hours, and seldom fail to enable the patient to resume his usual avocation in 2 or 3 days, and if taken on the first symptoms, the patient is frequently left in doubt as to the reality of the attack. And there is another most important effect belonging to this Medicine—that it prevents the disease flying to the brain, stomach, or other vital part.

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Ask for Blair's Gout and Rheumatic Pills; and observe the name and address of "Thomas Prout, 229, Strand, London," impressed upon the Government Stamp, affixed to each box of the genuine medicine.

Published for JAMES GLOVER, at Water-lane, Fleet-street.

John Cunningham, Printer, Crown-court, 73, Fleet-street.



BURNS & HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

*How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk
How rich the Hawthorn blossom
As underneath its fragrant shade,
I clasped Her to my bosom;*

*The golden hours on Angels wings
Flew o'er me and my dearest
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.*

THE FLY.

"UNI MEL,  IBI MUSCA."

No. 8—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT of "Robert Burns and Highland Mary," which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

THE FLY'S PICTURE GALLERY.

ROBERT BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

"How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk
How rich the hawthorn blossom,
As underneath its fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom;
The golden hours on angel's wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary."

MEMOIR OF ROBERT BURNS.

There are few individuals who have not heard of the name of Burns. No poet ever lived more constantly and more intimately in the hearts of his countrymen. With their mirth or with their melancholy, how often do his native "wood-notes wild" affect the sons of poverty and toil, till their hearts overflow with feelings which render them happier than the opulent and proud, and more than reconcile them to the condition assigned them in life by Providence. In his poetry they see, with pride, the reflection of the sentiments and manners of their own order. Supported by this elevation of mind, the poor envy not the rich. They exult to know and to feel that they have had treasures bequeathed to them by one of themselves, treasures of the intellect, the fancy, and the imagination, of which the possession and the enjoyment are one and the same, as long as they preserve their integrity and their independence. The poor man, when he speaks of Burns, considers him as one who transcribes the griefs and joys, the hopes and fears, of his own breast. A tender thought of "Highland Mary,"—an heroic impulse of "Scots wha hae,"—and a convivial recollection of "Auld lang syne," alternately came across him; and he surrenders himself by turns to the emotions which they inspire.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a cottage near the river Doon, about two miles from Ayr, and in the immediate vicinity of the ruins of the kirk of Alloway. His father, William Burns, was the son of a farmer in Kincardineshire, and was thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large; when, after many years of wanderings and sojournings, he at last settled as gardener to a worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood of Ayr, and in December, 1757, married Agnes Brown, who brought him seven children, of whom Robert was the eldest. In this situation he acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of his master, that, with the view of promoting his interest, he leased him a small farm on his own estate. His wife managed her family and little dairy; and in this state of unambitious content they continued for several years.

Burns was sent to school in his sixth year, where he was taught to read and write; and by the time he was ten or eleven, he was a critic in substantives, verbs, and participles.

At this time he was frequently entertained, by an old woman who resided in the family, with tales and songs concerning witches, ghosts, giants, dragons, and enchanted towers. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry in his mind; and had a powerful effect on his imagination.

The earliest composition that afforded him real delight was "The Vision of Mirza," and a hymn of Addison's, one half stanza of which was music to his boyish ear:—

"For though on dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave—"

He next read the life of Hannibal, and the history of Sir William Wallace. Hannibal gave his young ideas such a turn, that he used to strut in raptures after the recruiting drum and bagpipe; while the story of Wallace poured a flood of patriotism into his veins.

At the age of thirteen, he assisted in thresh-

ing the crop of corn, and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm; for his father had no hired servant, either male or female. While employed in this manner—uniting the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing moil of a galley slave—he unconsciously fell in love with a bewitching creature, a year younger than himself. He did not know why he liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from their labours; why the tones of her voice made his heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why his pulse beat such a furious rattan when he looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which he attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. Thus with him began love and poetry.

He spent his nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, some distance from home, at a noted school, to study the lower branches of the mathematics, in which he made considerable progress. Scenes of riot and dissipation were at this time new to him; and, as he was no enemy to social life, he learned to fill his glass, and to mix without fear in convivial orgies. In his twenty-third year, wishing to set about doing something in life, he joined a flax-dresser in Irvine, to learn his trade. This employment, however, agreed neither with his health nor his inclination. At the end of six months, as he and his partner were giving a welcome carousal to the new year, the shop took fire, and burnt to ashes; and he was left, like a true poet, not worth sixpence.

In the mean time his father's generous master died. The farm proved a ruinous concern, for the soil was the poorest in a state of cultivation; and, to heighten the misfortune, the factor was insolent and tyrannical. His father, however, struggled on till he reached the freedom in his lease, when he entered on

a larger farm, about ten miles further up the country. For four years the family lived comfortably here; but a difference happening with the landlord as to terms, a law-suit was commenced, during which his father was carried off by a consumption. After his death, his all went among the hell-hounds that prowl in the kennel of justice.

Before and the rest of the family, however, made a shift to collect a little money amongst them; and, to keep them together, he and his brother took a neighbouring farm. He entered on it with a full resolution to be wise. He read agricultural books, calculated crops, and attended markets; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, half the crops were lost. This overthrew all his wisdom; and his anticipations of success as a farmer were at an end.

He now began to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of his productions that saw the light was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in "The Holy Fair." With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause. "Holy Willie's Prayer" next made its appearance, and alarmed the authorities of the kirk to such a degree that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, to ascertain whether any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers. Unfortunately, a circumstance shortly afterwards occurred which placed him within reach of their heaviest metal.

He had a strong attachment to a young woman named Jean Armour. His love was tender and sincere, and if he was hurried by its ardour beyond the limits of propriety, he was anxious to shield his partner from the consequences of their imprudence. It was, therefore, agreed between them, that they should make a legal acknowledgment of a private marriage; that he should go to Jamaica to push his fortune; and that she should remain with her father till it was in his power to support a family. Her father, however, refused his assent to this arrangement; for, notwithstanding her unfortunate situation, he thought she might still look to a better connexion than that of a friendless and unhappy poet. Burns was obliged to yield to his wishes, but his feelings on the occasion were of the most distracting nature.

In this state of mind, he wished to leave the country as soon as possible. He gave up his part of the farm to his brother, and made what little preparation was in his power for Jamaica. But before leaving his native land, he resolved to publish his poems. He weighed them as impartially as was in his power; he thought they had merit; and it was to him a delicious idea, that his abilities should be applauded, even though the applause should never reach his ears.

He threw off six hundred copies, of which he had procured subscriptions for three hundred and fifty, and was highly gratified by the reception they met with from the public. As soon as they appeared, old and young, high and low, grave and gay, were alike delighted, agitated, and transported. They found, by

turn, satire to gratify malignity; ridicule of fanaticism to captivate the masses of the profane; and even hymns for the pious, in which the language of devotion came with fresh inspiration from his pen. After defraying all expenses, he cleared twenty pounds. When he was master of nine guineas, the price of a passage to the torrid zone, he took a place in the steerage of the first vessel that was to sail from the Clyde, for

"Hungry ruin had him in the wind."

In the mean time, he was skulking from covert to covert under the terrors of a gaol, as the emissaries of the kirk had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at his heels, to make him find security for the maintenance of the twin-children, whom his future father-in-law would not permit him to legitimate. He had taken the last farewell of his few friends; his chest was on the road to Greenock; and he had composed the last song which he thought he should ever measure in Caledonia, "The gloomy night is gathering fast," when a letter from Dr. Blacklock opened new prospects to his view. The doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause he had not dared to hope; and he expressed an opinion that he might meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition. This hint changed his intention of going abroad; and he set out for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction.

He arrived there in November, 1786. In a few days he became an object of general curiosity and admiration. His society was courted by men of all ranks; and had their liberality been equal to their ostentation they might have rendered him independent for life. But their sordid minds were incapable of rewarding the merit they acknowledged. They knew not how to call genius from obscurity, and place it where it might profit and delight the world.

The new edition of his poems was attended with considerable success; but no one interposed to prevent him from returning to the plough. He was invited to the tables of the great, not as a man of genius, but as a prodigy. They solicited his company that they might enjoy the spectacle of his inebriation, and afterwards reproach him with the intemperance which they had urged. Burns, at first, was not aware of this; but he soon discovered the nature and extent of their kindness. "When the hollow-hearted wretch," says he, "takes me by the hand, the feeling spoils my dinner; and the proud man's wine so offends my palate that it chokes me in the gullet."

In February, 1788, after settling with his publisher, he found himself in possession of four hundred pounds, including one hundred for copyright. With this sum he hastened to Ayrshire, and immediately advanced one hundred and eighty to his brother, who was struggling to support their aged mother, a younger brother, and three sisters, on the farm which he had previously relinquished. His generous heart next turned to the object of his attachment; and he entered into a permanent union with her by a regular marriage. But before he was admitted to the fellowship

of the kirk, he was obliged, along with his wife, to passance on the *Book of Repentance*.^{*} And his own words—

Before the congregation wide,
I passed the master stilly;
My handsome Jeanie by my side,
We gat our duty rarely.

With little more than two hundred pounds he again entered into the humble and laborious pursuits of agriculture, without any other prospect than constant personal exertion, and a frugality approaching to extreme penury. He was in consequence occasionally subject to a depression of spirits. "At the heart of the man," said he, "and the fancy of the poet are the two great considerations for which I live. If miry ridges and dirty dunghills are to engross the best part of the functions of my soul immortal, I had better been a rook or a magpie at once; and then I should not have been plagued with any ideas superior to breaking of clods and picking up grubs; not to mention barn-door cocks and mallards, creatures with which I could almost exchange lives at any time." He endeavoured, however, to withdraw his mind from his cheerless situation by composing songs for Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum," then in the course of publication.

(To be continued.)

War in the East.—Ranjit Sing, though not a tributary to the East India Company, has nevertheless agreed to furnish a contingent of 50,000 men to repel the insidious designs of Russia upon Afghanistan and Northern India. Some people wonder at this—but can Ranjeet Sing ever forget the advantage to his wounded followers, derived from Hollo-way's Ointment, which was first received by him, with other presents, from the East India Company? It is well known that the Company now supply all their surgeons with this invaluable preparation.

Penetration.—Many people pretend to this quality who never made a fortunate guess into character in their life. They who possess great penetration into character, who can trace the secret springs of action, and peep behind the curtain of manoeuvring and affectation, do not enjoy the drama of human life half so much as the ignorant spectator, who merely gazes on the stage, and admires the passing splendour of the show.

Parsley.—In the hieroglyphic language of flowers, the gift of parsley implies a wish of the person's death to whom it is presented; for parsley has ever been the herb with which the Greeks decorate their graves and tombs; and hence to want parsley was an expression applied to a person in his last extreme agony.

* This stool was fashioned like an arm-chair, and raised on a pedestal, nearly two feet higher than the other seats, directly facing the pulpit. Here the culprit was exposed and admonished for three Sundays successively, during the service. The rigour of this penalty has of late years been relaxed; and in many places it is now commuted for a small fine and private admonition.

THE JOURNAL OF A LADY.

"To yield to remedies is half the cure."

(For the FLY.)

"Let me read over again," said Eugenia, "those letters dictated by love, taste, friendship, caprice, and what besides I know not. Let us make a review of my *secrétaires*. Perhaps I may find some secret remembrancer. Perhaps my thoughts, looking back to brighter days, may enable me to indulge a moment in that happiness which fled before I could well call it by that name."

She seated herself, opened a drawer, and the first letters of the friend of her youth caught her eye. One was filled with lamentations on the death of a favourite bird; at this spot a tear had fallen on the paper and blotted out a word.

"Happy times," said Eugenia, and her smile was faint and melancholy; "a romance in manuscript. Poor Augustus!" said she, "he knew not one note of music. We must, however, give him credit for his complaisance; I shall keep the romance. A volume of parentheses; are these my title deeds? Let us read: '*Imprimis*, &c.' It is my marriage contract; many letters; my portrait in verse. If I may credit the author, I was handsome, with good eyes, a light graceful figure, and an easy air. The writer was gallant at least. My account-book when a young lady. A rose-coloured crape dress; how handsome it was. A wagger of *petits gateaux* (confectionary) at Felix's; lost to Ernestine; a benefaction to a young girl who maintained her mother, and then wanting work. My extracts of Grecian history; with what enthusiasm I expatiated upon these noble figures of the antique. Pah! What a smell of amber! The perfumed notes of that *petit maître* whose words escaped at the ends of his mouth; 65 years, and yet amorous! I remember that visit, when all the stores of art had been lavished upon his person. A friend of my mother's at that time was staying with me. 'Ah! sir,' said she, 'what an age it is since I saw you.' It was at those balls in the Marais that our acquaintance began; you were then a famous dancer; it was in '96. Poor man! to call back his feats so anterior to those he meditated. His forehead was more wrinkled than usual; his mouth affected to smile, and made a most shocking grimace. I never saw him afterwards. A letter with black edges and seal, a note accompanying it. 'My first friend—tears, sad recollections, and a heart that will never cease to remember her! This is all she has left me,' taking up a portrait: the head of a young woman is leaning on her hand; in the other she holds a lock of hair, which the note enclosed. 'Dear, dear Ernestine!' murmured she; 'those locks were once crowned with flowers, and now they are moistened by my tears,' and she wept.

A drawer was looked, it was the only one so fastened; the hand of Eugenia trembled—the drawer contained nothing more than a withered rose. She took it up with emotion. "The day you were given me by him," said she, "I was truly happy. In the midst of a large assembly and dancing, attracted by attention

and homage, I felt nothing but the pleasure of being near him; I saw nothing but his looks, looks of regard and tenderness. He was beloved in return. I should bury in oblivion all traces of his passion; thou alone art preserved. In thy freshness thou wert placed on my heart, it was there that thy soul's faded. The beauty of the flower endured but for a moment, like my happiness; neither was destined to outlive the morrow." Eugenia no longer wept, but her countenance expressed a deep and settled grief. A box forming part of the writing table, enveloped a great quantity of letters; these were separated from the rest, and arranged with order. "Ah! my mother," said she, hastily placing her hand upon one of them, "thy Eugenia suffered indeed, and had need of her mother;" she read this sheet so tender and consolatory, it relieved the bitterness of her heart, she again found her tears, and was able to weep. "What have I gathered from the past?" said she, "the days of my childhood are gone, and early recollections have all lost their charms; Ernestine is no more, and my dear mother, alas!" then casting her eyes once more on the flower, "from my youth," added she, "I have preserved one *souvenir*, painful and wearing; and a rose faded like it." F. E.

THE SON TO HIS MOTHER.

BY S. LOVER, ESQ.

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales did tell;
And gentle words, and fond embrace, were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place, upon my mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good night!" she softly said,
And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of ev'ry time;
When doubt or danger weigh'd me down, then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven that bent my mother's knee!

And can I this remember, and e'er forget to prove
The glow of holy gratitude—the fulness of my love?
When thou art feeble, mother, come, rest thy arm on me,
Add let thy cherish'd child support the aged mother's knee.

By speaking truth to the really beautiful, we learn to flatter other women.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

(For the FLY.)

It was at Munich, in the midst of fetes and rejoicings, that the Emperor received intelligence of the entry of the English into Naples. Queen Caroline had declared war against France the moment the *grande armée* inundated the Austrian provinces. Napoleon, without loss of time, marched his troops upon Naples. He had an old grudge against the Queen, because he had so often cause to complain of her acts and duplicity; so when the news was brought, he said in vastly bad humour to those about him, "Upon that score nothing surprises me. But have a care; if I go to Naples, that woman will never put her foot there again." In after times, when the court took up her cause, he contented himself with saying, in his dry, caustic way, "She has finished her reign."

At the end of January, Napoleon quitted Munich to return to St. Cloud, at which time the Court was in all its splendour and attraction. He even manifested some intention himself of directing the balls, concerts, spectacles, and all those amusements which for five years made the Imperial Court, of all others, the most surprising and sumptuous in Europe. He only stopped at Strasbourg, where he remained twenty-four hours, and from thence he purposed going direct to St. Cloud, without enforcing on the postillions that rapidity which four months previously he exacted when travelling with the Empress. No incident particularly occurred on the journey; only, on his arriving at Meaux, and while the carriage leisurely ascended the hill, and he himself wholly absorbed with Montaigne's Essays, which he had brought with him purposely, as he said, "to minister to his mind *en route*," and paying no attention to what was passing around him. On a sudden, and in spite of the rather feeble efforts that were opposed by the officer belonging to the escort, a young female of singular beauty opened the chaise door, made her way into the carriage, and crouched herself down at his knees. Confounded at seeing himself, so to express it, "taken by assault," he endeavoured to disengage himself, and cried out, "What the d—l does this crazy woman want here?" But immediately calling to mind the countenance of the young person—"How, Mademoiselle, is it you come again?" rejoined he in a menacing tone, and seizing her two delicate hands in his own, as if to restrain her within bounds of respect, added, with greater composure, "Now, Mademoiselle, will you let me be quiet, and do me the pleasure to descend, *tout de suite*?"

But she, without being alarmed at this sort of reception, though not without shedding a power of tears, remained at Napoleon's feet, who again became restless and agitated, for the position was not in truth the most easy for him.

"Sire," said she, "it is the favour of once more changing my father's prison, that I implore your Majesty to grant me," replied the beautiful pleader.

"No, Mademoiselle, this time it is impossible," returned the Emperor, ensconcing himself doggedly in the corner of the chaise: "besides, that no longer concerns me—descend!"

Now it did appear as if Napoleon, after giving vent to these words, reproached himself in some sort for having addressed the poor girl who came to solicit a boon not for herself—a refusal so short and harshly expressed, for he instantly resumed, and in a mild tone of voice, without looking upon her, "Where have they shut up your father this time?"

"Sire, at the chateau d'Iff, where the damp and bad air from the lake injures his health daily. If your Majesty will not grant this petition for him, do it at least for my poor mother's sake, to whom you have given permission to share in his exile, and who will finish her days before him, if your Majesty remains deaf to my prayer."

"But where would you have me remove him?" replied the Emperor bluntly, crossing his arms over his breast.

"Sire, to the citadel at Strasbourg."

"To Strasbourg!" cried the Emperor; "in a place of war! You do not consider this, Mademoiselle: it is altogether impossible. Now I hope that you are going to take yourself away." F. E.

(To be continued.)

THE WIDOWED "ONE."

I cannot love another, I cannot cast aside
The dark weeds of a widow for the bright
robes of a bride;

I never more may listen to love's beguiling
voice,

The sad heart of the mourner can make no
second choice.

Oh! offer nought but friendship, and I will
be your friend;

Speak only of the lost one, and mark how I'll
attend.

His portrait hangs above us, dare not to
breathe love's name,

Those dark eyes, could I listen, would frown
upon my shame.

And see my child clings to me, and looks up
in my face,

He has no other parent to fondle and em-
brace;

Unconsciously his finger my wedding ring
he's prest,

As if it were to chide me for smiling on my
ghost.

Bon-mot of Napoleon.—The Emperor one day speaking of a man who all his life long was unlucky, said—"Had he fallen on his back, I verily believe he would have broken his nose."

There is a kind of ugliness which is not disagreeable to women. It is that which is connected with the expression of strong but bad passions, and implies spirit and power.—*Hartt.*

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ROBERT BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

"How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn blossom,
As underneath its fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom;
The golden hours on angel's wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary."

MEMOIR OF ROBERT BURNS.

(Continued from page 30.)

When his affairs became embarrassed, he was advised to solicit the interest of some of his friends, to get him a place in the excise. But his applications, instead of stirring them up to obtain a more honourable provision for him, only procured an employment which required the strongest efforts of virtue to neutralise its contagion. "I am now," said he, "a poor rascally gauger, condemned to gallop at least two hundred miles every week to inspect dirty ponds and yeasty barrels!"

His proud nature, however, like the unfortunate hero of Paradise Lost, could not sink into a station so ignoble and degrading without a feeling of bitterness and disdain. "I have bought," said he, "a pocket Milton, which I carry perpetually about with me, in order to study the sentiments—the dauntless magnanimity—the intrepid, unyielding independence—the desperate daring, and noble defiance of hardship, in that great personage—Satan. The many ties of acquaintance and friendship which I have, or think I have, in life—I have felt along the lines—and, damn them, they are almost all of them of such frail texture, that I am sure they would

not stand the breath of the least adverse breeze of fortune."

His situation in the excise produced fifty pounds per annum; and his conduct having met the approbation of the Board of Commissioners, he was appointed to a new district, the emoluments of which rose to seventy. Hoping to support himself and his family on this humble income till promotion should reach him, he removed to a small house in Dumfries, about the end of the year 1791.

But circumstances occurred which prevented the fulfilment of this anticipation. The early events of the French Revolution interested his feelings; and, in common with others, he imagined that superstition and tyranny were about to terminate their career. He spoke of the happiness which seemed dawning upon mankind with a freedom incompatible with his dependant situation. Even after the transitory illusion had passed away, and the reign of anarchy and blood had commenced, he could not immediately withdraw his partial gaze from a people who had so lately breathed the sentiments of liberty and peace.

Information of this was given to the Board of Excise, with the exaggerations so general in such cases; and had not Mr. Graham interfered, he "would have been turned adrift," as he himself observes, "without so much as a hearing, or the slightest previous intimation, to all the horrors of want."

This circumstance made a deep impression on his mind. Fame heightened his misfortune, and represented him as actually dismissed from his situation; and this report induced Mr. Erskine, of Mar, to propose a subscription in his favour. He refused the offer in a letter to that gentleman, of great elevation of sentiment, in which he defends himself against the imputation of disloyalty, and the calumny of having made submissions for the sake of his office, unworthy of his character. "The partiality of my countrymen," said he,

"has brought me forward as a man of genius, and has given me a character to support. In the poet I have avowed manly and independent sentiments, which I trust will be found in the man. Reasons of no less weight than the support of a wife and family, have pointed out as the eligible, and, situated as I was, the only eligible, line of life for me, my present occupation. Still my honest fame is my dearest concern; and, a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of those degrading epithets that malice or misrepresentation may affix to my name. Burns was a poor man from birth, and an exciseman by necessity; but I will say it, the sterling of his honest worth no poverty could debase, and his independent British mind oppression might bend, but not subdue."

During the remaining three years of his life, his leisure was gratuitously devoted to the success of a musical publication, projected by George Thomson, of Edinburgh. The songs which he furnished include nearly all he wrote during this period, and many of his happiest efforts in this species of composition.

In 1795, when the state of public affairs was supposed to call for a general arming of the people, he entered the ranks of the Dumfries Volunteers, and employed his influence in stimulating their patriotism.

Though by nature of an athletic form, his constitution now began to decline. The hard labour and sufferings of the early part of his life produced a depression of spirits which disappointment afterwards contributed to augment. He was no longer capable of those incessant mental exertions which he had hitherto made; and he reposed for a few months from the unprofitable drudgery of composing for musical collections. This suspension of his labours alarmed Mr. Thomson; for he had already received seventy of his exquisite lyrics. "Am I never," said he, "to hear from you again? I know and I lament how much you

have been afflicted of late, but I trust that returning health will now enable you to resume the pen; and delight us with your musings. I have still about a dozen Scotch and Irish airs that I wish "married to immortal verse."

In January, 1796, he was confined to his bed by a severe attack of rheumatism. His appetite began to fail; his hand shook; and his voice faltered on any exertion or emotion. His pulse became weaker and more rapid, and pain in the large joints, and in the hands and feet, deprived him of the enjoyment of refreshing sleep.

In this distressing situation he employed his intervals of ease in writing to those who professed themselves his friends, not to solicit assistance, but to inform them that he must shortly die. But Burns had no friends. Although his illness, his poverty, and his wants were generally known, no one afforded him relief. Mrs. Dunlop, whom he had uniformly treated with filial tenderness, deserted him in his hour of need. Mr. Thomson, though overwhelmed with a load of obligation, felt no other emotion than that which was expressed by a cold wish for his recovery. When Burns implored him for five pounds, not on account of all that he had done, but of something more that he was willing to perform, he transmitted the paltry sum, with an assurance that he had been "ruminating for three months how to alleviate his sufferings, and that the amount requested was the very sum he proposed sending!" On the 4th of June, a lady, of a similar disposition, advised him, though on the brink of the grave, to go to the birthday assembly to show his loyalty. "Madam," replied he, "I am in such miserable health, as to be utterly incapable of showing my loyalty in any way. Racked as I am with rheumatism, I meet every face with a greeting like that of Balak to Balaam, 'Come, curse me, Jacob; and come, defy me Israel.' Would you have me, in such circumstances, to copy you out a love song?"

It had been hoped by some of his friends, that, if he could live through the months of spring, the succeeding season might restore him; but they were disappointed. He was advised to try the effect of sea-bathing; and for that purpose he went to Brow, in Annandale, ten miles east of Dumfries.

On the 5th of July, Mrs. Riddel, of Glenriddel, who resided in the neighbourhood, and with whom he was formerly acquainted, invited him to dinner; and, as he was unable to walk, she sent her carriage for him. As he entered her apartment, she perceived the stamp of death imprinted on his features. His first salutation was, "Well, Madam, have you any commands for the other world?" He ate little, and complained of having entirely lost the tone of his stomach. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness and feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon. His anxiety for his family hung heavily on his mind; and when he alluded to their approaching desolation, his heart was touched with grief.

On the 7th, he found it necessary to write to Mr. Cunningham to exert his influence to prevent him from losing half his income.

"Alas! my friend," said he, "I fear the voice of the bard will soon be heard among you no more. You actually would not know me if you saw me. Pale, emaciated, and so feeble as occasionally to need help from my chair—my spirits fled! fled! The deuce of the matter is this, when the exciseman is off duty, his salary is reduced to thirty-five pounds instead of seventy. What way, in the name of thrift, shall I maintain myself, and keep a horse in country quarters, with a wife and five children at home, on thirty-five pounds? I mention this, because I had intended to beg your utmost interest, and that of all the friends you can muster, to move our Commissioners of Excise to grant me the full salary. If they do not grant it me, I must lay my account with an exit truly *en poete*. If I die not of disease, I must perish with hunger?"

At first he imagined that bathing in the sea had been beneficial to him. The pains in his limbs were relieved; but he was afterwards seized by a new attack of fever.

On the 18th, when brought back to his house in Dumfries, he was no longer able to stand upright. The destitute situation of his wife and family preyed deeply on his spirits, and imparted incessant shocks to a frame already exhausted. Yet he alluded to his poverty, at times, with something approaching to gaiety. "What business," said he to Dr. Maxwell, "has a physician to waste his time on me? I am a poor pigeon, not worth plucking. Alas! I have not feathers enough to carry me to my grave."

At this time a tremor pervaded his frame. His tongue was parched; and, when not reposed by conversation, his mind sunk into a kind of torpor. On the two following days the fever increased, and his strength diminished. On the 21st he expired, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

He left a widow and four sons. The ceremonial of his interment took place on the 28th of July.* It was accompanied by the Volunteers of Dumfries, the Fencible Infantry of Ayrshire, and the Regiment of Cavalry of the Cinque Ports. On the same day, Mrs. Burns was delivered of a fifth child, who did not long survive his father. Burns was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, bespoke uncommon capacity. His eyes were large, dark—full of ardour and intelligence. His face was well formed, and his

* "The day was a fine one," says Allan Cunningham; "the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell, from dawn to twilight. I notice this—not from my concurrence in the common superstition that 'happy is the corpse which the rain rains on,' but to confute a pious fraud, of a religious magazine, which made Heaven express its wrath at the interment of a profane poet in thunder, in lightning, and in rain. I know not who wrote the story, and I do not wish to know; but its utter falsehood thousands can attest. It is one proof, out of many, how divine wrath is found by dishonest zeal in a common commotion of the elements, and that men whose profession is godliness and truth, will look in the face of Heaven, and tell a deliberate lie."

countenance uncommonly interesting. His physiognomy had an expression of calm thoughtfulness, approaching to melancholy.

His manner and address, bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents. His conversation was extremely fascinating: rich in wit, humour, whim, and occasionally in serious and apposite reflection. In the society of men of taste he was eloquent and impressive. But it was in female circles that his powers of expression displayed their utmost force. The late Duchess of Gordon declared, with characteristic *naivete*, that "no man's conversation ever carried her so completely off her feet as that of Burns;" and an English lady, particularly acquainted with the most distinguished characters of the day, remarked that there was a charm about him in his social hours that she had never seen equalled.

He was no less amiable in the relations of private life. Although so poor as frequently to be on the brink of ruin, looking forward, now to the situation of a foot-soldier, now to that of a common beggar, as no improbable consummation of his evil fortune, he was as proud and independent as if he possessed a princely revenue. Neither the influence of the low-minded crowd around him, nor the privations which he endured, ever led him to incur the burden of pecuniary obligation. No chicanery, no sordidness ever appeared in his conduct. Through the whole of his life he had to maintain a hard struggle with care, and often laboured under those depressions to which genius is subject; yet his spirit never stooped from its high career, and to the very end of his warfare with himself and with good fortune, he continued strong in his integrity.

It is melancholy to reflect, that, though Burns possessed a candour which led him to view all the actions of others on the brightest side, the purest of his own have been either overlooked or distorted. His virtues have been denied, and the tenderness of his heart depreciated. But prejudices will pass away, and men of feeling and sentiment will do justice to his memory. They will turn aside with loathing from the venom of his enemies; and rejoice, that, while the names of Scott and Jeffrey are rotting in the charnel-house of oblivion, that of Burns will continue to increase in lustre, and to gather fresh laurels in its progress to immortality.

There are those who never offend by never speaking their minds; as there are others who blurt out a thousand exceptionable things without intending it, and because they are actuated by no feelings of personal enmity towards any one.

Mental cowards are afraid of expressing a strong opinion, or of striking hard, lest the blow should be retaliated. They throw themselves on the forbearance of their antagonists, and hope for impunity in their insignificance.

The *Mississkowi Standard* records the inveiglement of Miss Mary Elvira Spoon by Mr. Heary Bowl! Old marvels are enacted anew. The dish runs away with the spoon.—*Montreal Gazette*.

SUSPENSION EXTRAORDINARY.

On Friday evening last, a daring fellow entered an outhouse at Audrick (Pas de Calais) and stole thereout a hog, weighing upwards of ten stone. Having contrived to muzzle the animal, he next tied his four feet together, and, throwing the fat companion of St. Anthony over his shoulder, he marched off, thinking no doubt of spare-ribs, puddings, and jambon. The body of the hog was at the back of the robber, while the four trotters, secured by a cord, were held fast on his breast. Wearied after a time, and quite spent with fatigue, he could hold up no longer; so, stopping a moment, he rested his prize against a strong iron railing that lay in his way. But oh, fatality! on a sudden the animal alighted down behind, and the culprit still holding the cord (the surplus of which somehow got hampered around him) he found himself secured by the neck, and so firmly attached was he to the spikes of the railing, that next day he was found strangled, and in that very position.

A THUNDERSTORM.

There is a blackness on the plain,
There is a fury in the sky,
There is a madness in the rain,
The blust'ring wind is hurling by.

The demon clouds are met in Heaven,
Loud rolls their crash the skies along,
Like chaff before the wild wind driven,
The leaping fire has onward sprung!

The winds have burst their gloomy cell,
The elements in madness jar,
As if the echoing caves of hell
Resounded to the demons' war.

Old ocean rears his billows high,
Wild bursts the thunder of his ire,
A flash now kindles in the sky—
Now stains his hoary breast with fire.

White plunge the billows on the flood,
The lightnings hurl their blaze beneath;
Tinging the bubbling foam with blood,
Like the lone battle-field of death.

Soft Nature's face is dark with rage,
Nor checks she her fast rising wrath,
As bursting from his iron cage,
The swift-winged Tempest rushes forth.

And who can mark her altered form,
With heedless eye and careless mind?
Or view the grandeur of a storm
Unmov'd by that which woke the mind?

Go! gaze on many a shatter'd tower
Yon blast has levell'd with the sod,
And know the mightiest whirlwind's power
Is but the breath of God!

Those only deserve a monument who do not need one; that is, who have raised themselves a monument in the minds and memories of men.

THE BONNIE ENGLISH ROSE.

Let Britain's patriots tune the lyre,
And raise the lofty song,
Let freemen fan the sacred fire,
And swell the chords along:
While British hearts prolong the theme,
And loud the chorus flows,
The glory of our youthful Queen—
Our bonnie English rose.

Around Britannia's throne of state
Are bowed the brave and gay—
The proud, the high, the good, the great,
Alike their honours pay:
But who amid the princely ring,
With many a gem that glows
Can vie with Britain's royal Queen,
Our bonnie English rose.

Oh, ever may her spotless fame
Glitter from east to west;
Long may our lov'd Victoria's name,
Adorn her country's crest:
While the soft light of virtue's beam
Brighter and brighter glows,
And Britons triumph in their Queen—
Their bonnie English rose.

A nation's prayers ascend for thee—
Their own, their noble flower;
They raise the heart, they bend the knee,
In mansion, cot, and bower:
They bow before the Great Unseen,
And oft as zephyr blows,
Claim Heaven's rich blessings for their
Queen,
Their bonnie English rose.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE OF THE
EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

(For the FLY.)

(Continued from page 32.)

"Ah! sire, mercy at least for my poor mother! She is innocent of the crime with which my father is accused."

"Of which they have accused your unhappy father?" repeated Napoleon with energy, advancing his face close to that of the young person's, who was attempting in vain to suppress her sobs: "Well, I indeed thank you," said he, in a tone of irony, accompanied with a bitter smile. "A man who I pardoned after trying *de me faire sauter en l'air* (to blow me up), and who then made an attempt to assassinate me, which I also passed over, and who in spite of all this carries on evil designs with my most inveterate foes. Come, this is too much. No, no, I tell you; I should be always reproached for my weakness. To show myself kind to bad people, is to be unjust to the good. Were I even to grant your request to-day, I should by no means be sure that before a week you would not ask something more; you would then be again at my heels; there's no end of all this. I know, besides, what you are capable of, therefore, I cannot consent."

During this strange dialogue the carriage had reached the top of the hill, near the post-house, where it stopped. The poor young

creature still continued to entreat the clemency of the Emperor with words to melt a heart of stone, and worthy of a better cause. But Napoleon, wearied by her persistence, and little used to find himself so assailed, took her by the arm, which he shook gently, at the same time calling out with a decided and angry voice, "Now, will you allow me peaceably to continue my journey? Descend, Mademoiselle, directly, or I must order my guides to remove you from this."

However well, persevering, or eloquent one may be in pleading for one's father, or defending one's mother, the Emperor had pronounced the monosyllable "No," and that word for the most part was deemed irrevocable. It was then that this young person, so mild and humble, raising herself on the instant (for till this time she had constantly clung to the feet of Napoleon) said to him with an energy and accent that no one could have thought her capable of,

"Sire! I will spare your Majesty the reproach that would be always recurring to your Majesty should violence be employed, in order to get rid of me. I am a weak girl, having only the courage to endeavour to snatch from destruction a father and a mother, whose untimely fate I could not survive. But I appeal still to your own heart, sire; you also have a mother, whom you cherish: may Heaven pardon you one day those tears you have caused mine to shed. As for me I will no longer weary you with my supplications, and humbly ask pardon of your Majesty for the boldness of my proceedings."

Having thus said, she hastily withdrew herself from the feet of the Emperor, and descended from the carriage, covering her face with both her hands, and going to some distance off, kneeled down by the side of the road. Meanwhile, Napoleon, again taken by surprise at the words so filial and truly heroic which he had just heard, enveloped himself in his warm *polonoise* cloak, and wriggled back into his seat, saying, in the tone of a scholar whose master had thoroughly tutored,

"Eh, Mademoiselle, do just what you please. *Parbleu!* it is quite the same thing to me, provided you only let me alone, and never more show your face here."

The horses meantime having been changed, the carriage drove off with the rapidity of lightning.

During this scene, which had lasted scarcely as long as we have taken in telling it, the officers of the Imperial house, who had mounted the hill on foot, perceiving by the road side a young female, simply but handsomely attired, in a kneeling posture, and appearing absorbed in the deepest sorrow, went immediately to her assistance, and, raising her up, asked with great interest who she was, and what was the cause of her grief. It was Mademoiselle Lajolais, who the greater part of these officers had seen at the chateau of St. Cloud two years before. All most sincerely pitied her condition; but no one imparted his reflections, with which all seemed to be in like manner impressed, to another.

Now, how shall we explain this inflexible severity of the Emperor, who, on most occa-

sions, was so kind and good—so forgetful of injuries on the part of his enemies—at a moment too when his heart was especially alive to calm and gentle emotions! A chapter of Montaigne was of itself enough to still the angry passions,

"And lay the meddling senses all aside."

The cause of this seeming moral paradox was this. Upon two memorable occasions, General Lajolais was compromised with the Emperor: first, in that affair of the infernal machine; and, secondly, in the conspiracy of Moreau and Georges Cadoudal. Twice was the General condemned to die, and twice was he pardoned by Napoleon. Upon the second occasion, the penalty of death was changed to four years' detention at Fort de Joux; and this, owing to the powerful and gracious interference of Josephine, seconded by her daughter, Hortense de Beauharnois, both warmly interesting themselves in the case, on account of their attachment to Mademoiselle Lajolais.

It appeared that in his prison the General had found means to carry on a correspondence with a person of the Faubourg St. Germain, well known for the hatred he bore the Emperor and the Imperial Government. A letter, it was said, moreover, had been intercepted by Fouché, the personal enemy of Lajolais, and sent to Napoleon while he was yet staying at Schœnbrunn.

"What was to be done?" had been asked by the Minister of Police.

"Nothing at all," was the Emperor's answer. "Let it fall to the ground;" adding at the same time, with a remarkable bitterness of expression, and shrugging his shoulders, "It is true, there are some incorrigible beings whom one must leave *pourrir en prison*, in order to ensure peace and tranquillity."

However, to justify his own conduct, Fouché had taken upon himself to remove Lajolais from the Fort de Joux, in Franche-Comté, to the chateau d'Iff, near Marseilles, without informing Napoleon of this change in the prison department. Whether the unhappy General was guilty or not to the full extent, certain it is that on seeing Mademoiselle Lajolais all the angry feelings and wrongs of Napoleon, so long stifled in his breast, broke out afresh. However, there is no doubt but that the prisoner ultimately would have recovered his liberty, if it had not so happened that the day before his confinement ended, the unfortunate man had died.

Be the case as it may, Mademoiselle Lajolais will never be considered in after times otherwise than a bright example of virtue, courage, and filial piety. F. E.

There are persons, not only whose praise but whose very names we cannot bear to hear.

There are people who cannot praise a friend for the life of them. With every effort and all the goodwill in the world, they shrink from the task through a want of mental courage; as some people shudder at plunging into a cold bath from weak nerves.

TO A WATER-FOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last step of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue

Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chaf'd ocean-side.

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil-shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer-home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone! the abyss of Heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

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Sir,—I feel that I am performing a duty to acknowledge publicly the very great benefit which I have derived from taking Blair's Gout and Rheumatic Pills, after having been afflicted with Rheumatism in my left hip, thigh, shoulders, head, and arms for forty years—for a long period the pain was so great that I frequently started up in bed—in fact, for seven years before taking Blair's Pills, I had little or no rest night or day, although I had the best medical advice, both in and out of the army. I now am happy to say that I am free from this painful disease, and have been so for three months. These Pills were recommended to me by my brother in Bath, who has been cured by them of Gout and Rheumatism of long standing, and advised me to lose no time in applying for them to your agent, Mr. Walker, druggist, Malmesbury, which I did, and after taking five boxes am completely cured. Witness my hand this 22d of February, 1838,

HENRY WILKINSON,

Upwards of 17 years of the Royal Marines.

Mr. Walker, chemist, Malmesbury, will testify respecting the authenticity of this letter.

The above is another proof of the great efficacy of this excellent medicine, which has called forth the grateful thanks and approbation of all classes of society. From many of the highest branches of the nobility to the poorest peasant, they have happily been the means of giving a degree of health and comfort which in most cases have not been enjoyed for years; they effectually relieve the most acute fit of Gout in a few hours, and seldom fail to enable the patient to resume his usual avocation in 2 or 3 days, and if taken on the first symptoms, the patient is frequently left in doubt as to the reality of the attack. And there is another most important effect belonging to this Medicine—that it prevents the disease flying to the brain, stomach, or other vital part.

Sold by Thomas Prout, 229, Strand, London; and by his appointment by all respectable medicine venders throughout the United Kingdom. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

Ask for Blair's Gout and Rheumatic Pills; and observe the name and address of "Thomas Prout, 229, Strand, London," impressed upon the Government Stamp, affixed to each box of the genuine medicine.

Published for JAMES GLOVER, at Water-lane, Fleet-street.

John Cunningham, Printer, Crown-court, 72, Fleet-street.



HUMMING BIRDS.

THE FLY.

"UBI MEL,



IBI MUSCA."

No. 10—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 9.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT of "Humming Birds," which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

THE DEMAND IN MARRIAGE.

(For the FLY.)

I was in the daily habit of seeing at the Marchioness of L——'s a young doctor who was attached to her suite, during the sojourn she made last summer at N——, on the borders of the Mediterranean. The company, besides ourselves, was composed of two foreign ladies, friends and visitors of the Marchioness—the one probably about forty years of age, and the other, Mademoiselle Caroline, who had scarcely attained her fourth lustre. The person of the last, without being strictly handsome, was very agreeable; for an animated and pleasing countenance not unfrequently has a preference over of more regular features, so at least I have heard it remarked by those of the other sex. An education duly attended to, joined to agreeable talents, made her the pride of a fond mother, without, in the smallest degree, exciting her own, and the rather delicate state of the young lady's health, did not prevent her occupying herself praiseworthy and unceasingly. We shall pass over in silence the many delightful and truly happy hours enjoyed by this interesting party. The Marchioness read charmingly, and amused us otherwise by a hundred lively traits of character. She was, moreover, a very amiable and accomplished young woman. It was really amusing to see our young Esculapius, Doctor G——, doing penance—for that was the word amongst ourselves—in a house agreeable as this was. An only son, and heir to a fine fortune, he, youth-like, had found means of dissipating, in the course of two years, very considerable sums of money. His father, a sensible and prudent man, and loving him tenderly, had insisted, under pain of his heavy displeasure, that for the next twelvemonth the estate should be free from all charges whatsoever, excepting such as were consis-

tent with his station in life, and the habits of a gentleman. This parental restriction, *bon gre, mal gre*, was fulfilled to the letter. Still it may be a question whether the nice distinction of Milton,

"Commands are no restraint. If I obey them
I do it freely——"

were fully in accordance with the young man's sentiments upon the subject. Be this as it may—his appointments at the Marchioness's were sufficient for all personal expenses in a place where the opportunities of running oneself seemed so few, that by comparison all fortunes seemed great. True, he no longer possessed the same handsome horses as at Paris; but then he hired others which yielded nothing in appearance to our magnificent Borro's.* What hearty laughs often did our rides create among the mounted party! Charming picturesque sites—ravishing prospects and country; blue skies and balmy zephyrs might, perchance, dispose a solitary pedestrian to a fit of the "blues;" but a cavalcade of eight or ten persons always promotes gaiety, by the contrast alone of tastes and character. It would happen, sometimes, that these ladies, to amuse themselves, and for raillery sake, would say to me, "How much Mr. G—— loves you!"

Little conversant with the world, and possessing a heart that any new objects might divert, I might have been well inclined to put faith in the sentiments of Mr. G——; but it merely happened that I contented myself with merely replying to the ladies, "that I too had a high opinion of him, and that his attentions bestowed on the Marchioness, marked him in my eyes as a young man of very amiable character." Here I thought the subject would

* A general name in the Mediterranean for the ass, of which the finest are produced in Malta and Sicily.

drop; but no, a repetition of the same thing, and more of it followed, as "no, but in earnest, he really does love you. If you are absent only an hour, he looks ten times at the clock, and betrays, in various ways, the impatience he feels at your absence."

"Now I comprehend," said I, "friendship expresses itself in high tone of voice openly—Love is a poor starveling thing that says nothing, or speaks in so low a key as not to be heard." However, one evening as we came out of the opera, Mr. G—— offered me his arm, and without saying a word, instantly hurried me off to some distance from the company.

"*Mademoiselle*," said he, in broken accents and low tone of voice, "it is long since I desired to speak to you in private, but could never summon fortitude enough to ask your permission."

"You are really to blame in depriving yourself of a thing, which one never refuses to those who possess our esteem," said I to him with a calm, but confident air. Our colloquy was very short, and ended here; he having first requested an interview for the next day at seven in the evening, which was granted him.

I thought it was only six, when the house clock, and the gate bell together, reminded me that the time of our audience was come. I quitted the drawing rooms, without letting any part of my work fall in the way, and went to seat myself in a small boudoir, adjoining my sleeping room. Poor G——, trembled from head to foot, while I amused myself in eating some excellent *pralines* (crisped almonds), which looked most inviting in a crystal cut dish on the table. I offered him some to recruit him, but he was too far gone to heed what I said. At length, when he was able to speak, "*Mademoiselle*," said he, "my proceedings may appear rash and presumptuous, but pardon me on account of the motive which would

seem almost to warrant them. Do not reject my petition, I beseech you."

"How, sir, can you suppose I should condemn you unheard?" I had time to eat two or three more *pralines*, before the poor young man, who for the most part was not deficient in sense, could take up the thread of his speech.

"For some time you may have remarked"—

"Your ready attentions to the Marchioness!"

"No, *Mademoiselle*, that is not it at all. You have, doubtless, perceived——"

"That your good spirits are perceptibly and daily improving," said I to him, in all the simplicity of my honest heart.

"On the contrary," replied Mr. G——, "I suffer, I languish, I am in love to distraction;" and here he paused for an instant, and then added, "with Miss Caroline, and I entreat of you to solicit her mother's consent to our union."

What does this prove, gentle reader? Why, that it is prudent not to believe a man's love protestations told to the world, until he has made them known to yourself. F. E.

THE GLOW-WORM.

Beneath the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray;
That shows by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of might,
That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a modicum of light,
Proportioned to his size.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant,
By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller as he went,
Be careful where he trod:

Nor crush a worm whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendour too.

RECIPE FOR A SERENADE.

Take a "light" or "wild" guitar;
Let it rhyme with "evening star;"
Paint your sky the very blue
Of the *real* sapphire hue.
Let the moon be high and bright,
Shedding lots of "tender light;"

Then go on with "myrtle bowers,"
"Pearly dew-drops," "perfumed flowers;"
"Fanning zephyrs"—just awake—
"Gondolets," and "glassy lake;"
"Balmy odours," "orange grove,"
To chime with "dove," or "love," or "rove."
And, above all, pray don't forget
The lady's locks of gold or jet,
"Swan-like neck," of Alpine snow,
Such "fairy form" as sylph might show;
Let her blooming cheeks and lips
Rose and coral far eclipse;
Then her eyes (of course) must be
Like diamonds—choice simile!

Vow thy constant, doting heart,
Aches, and quakes, and breaks to part;
That death alone can ease your pain,
If she list not to your strain.

Arrange your cloak in graceful fold,
Never dream of catching cold,
Take your station, sound the key,
Two flats are proper, "Major E."

And when all these essentials mingle
In one smooth, soft, mellifluous jingle,
I'm sure you'll find that thus is made
A most delightful serenade.

Women and Waterloo.—"Pray Mr. Life-Guardsman," said a lady, addressing the soldier who is frequently seen describing to the visitors the several objects and prominent points of the field of Waterloo, as laid down on the model now exhibiting, "where did the Duke of Wellington take his stand?" The man in red pointed to a particular spot with his wand. The next question by the fair querist was, "Where the Marquis of Anglessey's leg was buried?" The place was indicated in a similar way by the soldier. The third inquiry was somewhat irrelevant to the subject. "Pray Mr. —, is the talking canary bird to be seen here, or up-stairs?" The man of war, seemingly rather chary of speech himself, was completely struck dumb by the question.

A gentleman not long since was occupied in reading an account of the Battle of Waterloo to a couple of ladies seated at their work-table. At that point of the narrative which the Duke of Wellington in one of his letters so emphatically describes as a "regular pounding match by all parties," the gentleman's attention was drawn off from his book by one of the ladies in a low gentle whisper asking the other, "Sophia, my dear, have you seen my needle?"

Right Feeling.—One of the *corps dramatique* who was employed by the late Mr. Macready, when he was manager of the Glasgow Theatre, has for several years past been suffering from disease in this city (Glasgow), and is consequently in very distressed circumstances. This having come to the knowledge of Mr. Macready, of Covent-garden Theatre, London, son of the late Glasgow manager, he immediately sent him a very sympathising letter, enclosing a handsome sum for his relief.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM!

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial plate, (if we may credit the fable,) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise: the weights hung speechless: each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage: and I am willing for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking."

Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life, but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. It happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to-tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you above there, can give me the exact sum."

"The minute-hand, being quick at figures," presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, I think I to myself, 'I'll stop.'"

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:—

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself, should have been overcome by this sudden action. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all; and are likely to do; which, although it

may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favour to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum, "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, 'that though you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in.'"

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up, as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

MORAL.

A celebrated modern writer says, "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves."

This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well-doing," from the thought of having much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with, in any sense; the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the moment is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we should still have to set but one step at a time, and this process continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or to encounter all its crosses, at once. One moment comes laden with its own little burdens, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last:—if one could be borne, so can another and another.

Even looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labours, the trials to temper and patience, that may be expected. Now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon one. Let any one resolve always to do right now, leaving then to do as it

can; and if he were to live to the charge of Methuselah, he would never do wrong. But the common error is to resolve to do right after breakfast, or after dinner, or to-morrow morning, or next time; but now, just now, this once, we must go on the same as ever.

It is easy, for instance, for the most intemperate person to resolve that the next time he is provoked, he will not let his temper overcome him; but the victory would be to subdue temper on the present provocation. If without taking up the burden of the future, we would always make the single effort at the present moment; while there would, at any one time, be very little to do, yet, by this simple process continued, every thing would at last be done.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, then will be now. This life passes away with many, in resolution for the future, which the present fulfils.

"It is not thus with those, who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honour, and immortality." Day by day, minute by minute, they executed the appointed task, to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labours, and their works follow them.

Let us then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, remembering that now is the proper and accepted time."

We do not like our friends the worse, because they sometimes give us an opportunity to rail at them heartily. Their faults reconcile us to their virtues. Indeed, we never have much esteem or regard, except for those that we can afford to speak our minds of freely; whose follies vex us in proportion to our anxiety for their welfare, and who have plenty of redeeming points about them to balance their defects. When we "spy abuses" of this kind, it is a wiser and more generous proceeding to give vent to our impatience and ill-humour, than to brood over it, and let it, by sinking into our minds, poison the very sources of our goodwill.

Solar Influence.—The genial and invigorating glow that moderate solar heat produces has ever been considered as tending to prolong our life. To enjoy this reviving influence the ancients had terraces on their house-tops, called *solaria*, in which, to use there, they took a solar air-bath; they fancied that when the sun rose diseases declined. Aristotle records the case of an innkeeper of Tarentum, who, although able to attend to his business by day, became insane as soon as the sun had set. The moderns relate many similar instances of derangement, brought on by the absence of solar influence. Daily practice shows us that the paroxysms of fever and various maladies are under a similar influence, and the evening gun in our garrisons is often the signal of severe exacerbation in certain febrile cases, while the *revivelle* develops febrile aggravation in others. Sydenham and Fluctus have observed that the gout and asthma were usually ushered

in after our first sleep, and I have noticed, that, during the prevalence of the cholera, the invasion of this fatal disorder generally occurred towards day-break. It has been observed in intermittent fevers, the paroxysms of the quotidian recur in the morning, the tertian at noon, and the quartan in the afternoon; and in no instance do they occur at night. One of the most serious results of exposure to solar influence is the *terre lotis*, the *coup de soleil* of the French. This attack is, in general, sudden, and the patient falls down as if struck with a blow on the head. Troops on a march, and labourers in the field, frequently are the victims of this solar power. On a hot day's march in Portugal I lost six men in a brigade under my charge. A great number of greyhounds perished on the same march, but no other species of dog, although we had many pointers and spaniels with us. Horses, mules, and cattle were also exempt from the attack, though it proved fatal to some weak donkeys who were following the troops.—J. G. Millingen, M.D.

The Plantagenets.—Fulke, Earl of Anjou, having been guilty of some crime, was enjoined, by way of penance, to go to the Holy Land, and submit to castigation. He acquiesced, habited himself in lowly attire, and as a mark of his humility, wore a sprig of broom in his cap. The expiation being happily finished, Fulke adopted the name of Plantagenest, from the Latin name of the broom, *Planta genesta*. His descendants continued the name, and many successive nobles of the line of Anjou distinguished themselves by decorating their helmets with this plant. The arms of Richard I. were "two lions combattant." Crest, a plantagenista, or broom sprig. Upon his great seal, a broom sprig is placed on each side of his throne.—*Sandford's Genealogical History.*

THE WINTER'S WOSDED.
What nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is decked with a smile.
See Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flowers have the charms of the
spring.
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

These plants are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.
See how they have safely arrived
The towns of early snows are off
Such Mary's treasures, that has lived
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the date blooming rose
Seem greeted with a joyful hue;
And the winter's snows, which once were
The truth of a friend such as you, could

THE MODERN PATRIOT.

Rebellion is my theme all day;
I only wish 'twould come.
(As who knows but perhaps it may?)
A little nearer home.
You roaring boys, who rave and fight
On't'other side th' Atlantic,
I always held them in the right,
But most so when most frantic.
When lawless mobs insult the court,
That head shall be my toast,
If breaking windows be the sport,
Who bravely breaks the most.
But oh, for him my fancy culls
The choicest flowers she bears,
Who constitutionally pulls
Your house about your ears.
Such civil broils are my delight,
Though some folks can't endure them,
Who say the moblars mad outright,
And that a rope must cure them.

A rope, I wish we patriots had
Such strings for all who need 'em.
What I hang a map for going mad
Then farewell British Freedom.

TO THE TRADE.

A reprint of the eighth number of the New Series, will be ready on Monday, the 11th of March, accompanied by impressions from new drawings of "Burns and his Highland Mary," executed in consequence of the very increased demand for that deservedly popular production of the lithographic art.

Elegant specimens of the print to be gratuitously presented with the eleventh number have been prepared, and may be secured by an early application to the various publishers.

Owing to repeated requests, from shopkeepers, who think fifty dozens too great a quantity for them, the Proprietors of "The Fly" are induced to announce a reduction of more than Six per Cent. on the cost of a Gross of the Old Series. Purchasers of the fifty dozen lots save Twelve and a Half per Cent.!!

The Proprietors have great pleasure in announcing their intention of persevering in the plan they have adopted with the New Series, as by giving very superior plates of the most interesting and popular description, and securing talented articles for the pages of their work, they not only have the satisfaction of knowing that their labours are duly appreciated by the public, but also the pleasure of announcing "The Fly" as the most extensively circulated periodical of the day.

OUR LAST AND BEST LIKENESS OF THE QUEEN.

The first impressions from each of the drawings prepared for the 11th number of the "Fly," were worked on imperial paper, with great care, and may be had, price 6d. each, plain; or 1s. coloured. Order the New QUEEN, published by Glover, at the "Fly" office.

THE FLY'S LETTER-BOX.

"Richard III."—Colley Cibber you mean; be more particular, pray.
"A Lover of Literature."—Your question is rather inappropriately addressed to "The Fly." We agree with you that much rational enjoyment is to be experienced in a well-appointed coffee-room, in which the taste of the mind is considered as second only to bodily appetite; and being a bachelor, we often feel grateful for the comforts, corporeal and mental, afforded us in these excellent improvements on the taverns of elder times. The establishment which we think most likely to meet the wishes of our correspondent, "A Lover of Literature," and where he will find an abundant store of "matter for his love to doat upon," is the Café Souterrain, near St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-street, which being close to our publisher's office, we frequently resort to. It is an elegantly fitted, admirably conducted place, with as good a selection of newspapers and literary productions as could be wished.
"S. Walthamstow."—Our advice to you is—secure the numbers as they appear, and then you will not experience the disappointment you complain of.
* * * All letters must be post-paid. One bearing the Yeoval, and another the Coventry post mark have been rejected lately, owing to this request not being attended to.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE "FLY" IN MANCHESTER AND ITS VICINITY.

In consequence of the great demand for, and the high value set upon the beautiful plates given with this paper, and in order to their better display and preservation, T. Carlile begs to inform the public he has had made a quantity of Rosewood Frames (half an inch), which he can offer complete with glass and gilt moulding, altogether finished in a first-rate style, at the low price of 3s., being one-third less than is usually charged by framemakers.

Observe, T. Carlile, 220, Deansgate, nearly facing Peter-street, Manchester, of whom sets or odd numbers of the "Fly" may constantly be procured.

N.B.—Splendid engravings, portraits, &c., may be had (glass, &c., complete) at 4s., 4s. 10d., and 6s. the pair! Frames made to order of any pattern, at equally low prices.

MADAME VESTRIS.

The excitement caused by the hasty return from America, and re-appearance at the Olympic Theatre, of this beautiful and talented actress, induces Mr. Glover to re-announce his accurate portrait of her, which created such a sensation previous to her departure. It is a full-length drawing on stone, by the first artist in lithography of the day, and is printed on India paper, imperial size, for framing. Reduced price, 6d.; or 1s. coloured.

To speak highly of one with whom we are intimate is a species of egotism. Our modesty as well as our jealousy teaches us caution on this subject.

BARFIELD'S DIAMOND PLATE POWDER.

WARRANTED NOT TO WEAR THE PLATE.

This article instantaneously cleans all kinds of tarnish or rust, and, as if by magic, produces a most inimitable polish upon Gold, Silver, Plated Goods, Brass, Tin, and Copper, and makes British Plate, Zinc, or Pewter, look equal to the best Silver.

Sold wholesale and retail, at Hallet and Co.'s British Plate factory, 41, Ludgate-street; and at Wilson's, 87, Fenchurch-street; Thomas and Co., Old Kent-road; Birchmore, 4, New Kent-road; Thomas, Hammersmith; Kussel, 67, Whitechapel-road; Brown, Commercial-road; Parker, Bridge-street, Lambeth; Whitehead, Minorities; Bateman, Chemist to the Queen, 8, Castle Inn, Leicester-square; S. Chappell, 84, Lombard-street; and wholesale, at the Manufactory, 92, Fenchurch-street.

Agents wanted for every Town in the Kingdom.

N.B.—Plate cleaned with this Powder will not again tarnish. Price 6d. per Box.



TO THE SUFFERERS FROM BILIOUS AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.

THE Unexampled Success of FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH calls for particular attention. These Pills give immediate relief in all Spasmodic and windy complaints, with the whole train of well-known symptoms arising from a weak stomach or vitiated bilious secretion, indigestion, pain at the pit of the stomach, bilious or sick head-ache, heartburn, loss of appetite, sense of fullness after meals, giddiness, dizziness, pain over the eyes, &c. &c. Persons of a full habit, who are subject to head-ache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears, arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their immediate use. They are highly grateful to the stomach, create appetite, relieve languor and depression of spirits, gently relaxing the bowels without griping or annoyance, removing noxious accumulations, rendering the system truly comfortable, and the head clear. The very high encomiums passed upon them by a large portion of the public, is the best criterion of their merit, and the continual statements of their good effects from all parts of the kingdom, is a source of the highest gratification.

Sold by T. Probt, 229, Strand, London; and by the vendors of medicines generally throughout the kingdom, price 1s. 1½d. per box.

Ask for "Frampton's Pill of Health," and observe the name and address of "Thomas Probt, 229, Strand, London," on the Government Stamp.

Published for JAMES GLOVER, at Water-lane, Fleet-street.

John Cunningham, Printer, Crown-court, 22, Fleet-street.



THE WIDOW.

Presented GRATIS with N. H. G. N. New Series of the FLY!

THE FLY.

"UBI MEL, IBI MUSCA."



No. 11—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 16.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT of "The Widow," which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

THE FLY'S PICTURE GALLERY.

(No. XI—New Series.)

THE WIDOW.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

'And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts
in one delicious harmony united?
Is to joy one joy, and think both one thought
Give both one life, and therein double life?'

CHAPMAN.

They are all bubbles; our thoughts, wishes, hopes, anxieties, and fears. For a brief time they either glitter in the sunshine, or tremble in the storm, and then, mingling with thin air, float away, and are seen no more. So thought the once gay and still beautiful Mary Myrvin, the widow of a Scottish clergyman, the mother of two animated and affectionate children, who, with the happy thoughtlessness of youth, sat at their mother's feet, and beneath the shadow of their father's picture, blowing bubbles, and laughing as they burst, or floated round the chamber.

There has ever been to me something of rising sadness in the dress and appearance of a young widow, but I never thought it so until I knew Mrs. Myrvin; yet there was nothing peculiar in her story. It is an every-day occurrence in woman's life. She had been young and married. Her husband, always in the best of health, at length fell a victim to consumption. Her means were limited, but she did not repine; a murmur was never heard to escape her lips. She became both preceptor and servant to her two children; and so admirably did she attend to the duties of each, that it would be difficult to determine which she performed best; her life was one con-

tinued precept of excellence, without the pedantry which accompanies precepts spoken by the lips, and in which the heart has often little share. She lived in the small and picturesque village of Lilyburn, not far from Paisley, and many a prudent, sensible "auld wife" wished from the heart that their sons might be fortunate enough to meet with "sae prudent and well-favoured a body as Mary Myrvin." I cannot say the fame of her beauty, but rather that the reputation of her industry and good sense, was often the subject of conversation among the rich and poor of Lilyburn, all of whom were anxious to contribute towards Mrs. Myrvin's enjoyment. Her cottage garden was filled with the finest plants; and the poor labourers, to whom she had often read and expounded the precious Gospel, if they could bestow nothing else, would come in the early morning, weed, and plant, and train her flowers, or cultivate her vegetables; so that her garden was always neat and productive.

Mary was but two-and-twenty when her husband died; and she had been three years a widow before even village gossip ventured to say it was likely she would ever again become a wife. At last the rumour ran that no less a person than David Gordon, a rich and wealthy baillie, was deeply enamoured of the fair widow of Lilyburn, and would undoubtedly make her an offer. He was a handsome, portly man, with a certain air of importance which said, "I'm a baillie of Paisley;" and there was united to this a rough and rude good nature which rendered him popular with all the children of all his acquaintances; he had given little Jenny Myrvin a beautiful China bowl, in which to manufacture her bubbles, and bestowed upon Johnny a ball—such a ball as made him the envy of all the boys in the village. And yet the people prated of this matter under their breath as if it was almost a profanation to think of Mary's bridal. She had ever been so faithful to the dead—so

constant, and yet so unassuming in her constancy, that though they knew that to the generality of women gold and land are great temptations, something whispered that the heart of sweet Mary Myrvin was in the grave, and that she would never again be linked with aught but the clay that mouldered in his coffin.

"Sandy, gude mon!" exclaimed the greatest gossip in Lilyburn, "make haste and come here, and tell me what ye see."

Sandy, a stern, quaint, old labourer, moved to the door in obedience to his wife's command, and lifting his hand to his bonnet so as to shade the evening sun from his eyes, replied,

"I see Baillie Gordon on his bay mare stopping at Mrs. Myrvin's cottage, and the laddie Johnny is aye glad to see him there."

"Sandy, gude mon, d'ye think there's ere another body glad to see him there forbye Johnny?"

"Deed is there, woman; just then, little Jenny; the baillie is kind-hearted."

"Hoot, mon! it is na' that; dinna ye see that the baillie is as bra' as a maid on her weddin' day? I wonder at his extravagance! There's as mickle as a piggin fu' o' gold chain donlin' from his watch!"

"Well, and what is that to you or me either—what devilry are ye speering at noo; canna a mon gang to a neebour's house, but ye maun mak evil o' it?"

"Evil! retorted the dame; 'whar is the evil? sure we a' ken that Madame Myrvin has been contented wi' little, but that doesna' say she is not be cantie wi' mair."

"A woman canna mourn for aye."

"Nae; not sic wives as you, Ally. Ay, Ally, Ally, if I war under the sod, auld as y'e are, ye'd be speerin' for anither Joe: nae, ye need na' whimper. But Madame Myrvin is anither sort, Ally woman. In the kirk-yard, where her bairns sleep, and she thinks that

none but the eye of God (and the old man lifted his bonnet reverently from his head as he spoke) is upon her, she steals out there in the night dew, and prays and weeps; and if there's any sense in y'er words, it's an ill day the baillie has chosen; for this day three years the minister died."

It turned out that both Sandy and Ally were right; for the baillie had gone to offer himself and his fortunes to the widow of Archibald Myrvin. He found her with her children, and saw that a gauze curtain shaded the portrait of her husband, which hung in its old place above the work-table. The baillie thought what an exceedingly pale, thin person Mr. Myrvin had been, and congratulated himself upon his own portly presence.

How impossible it is for a coarse or common mind to comprehend the delicacy and tenderness of a gentle spirit! He thought how delighted Mrs. Myrvin would be to exchange her cottage for his large red brick mansion; and, to do him justice, he also thought how pleased he should himself be to see Johnny mounted on the highest stool in his counting-house, and Jenny sitting bolt upright, practising "Blue Bonnets" on a piano-forte, which had been the first ever brought into the good town of Paisley. He dispatched Johnny to the garden to try the powers of a new top, and Jenny to see how the top spun; and then quietly asked the widow what she had been thinking of.

"The children were blowing bubbles," she replied, "and I was thinking how completely our hopes and fears, anxieties and wishes, are like the bubbles, which fly in the air, or float upon the stream."

"Very true, very true," said the baillie; "but my dear lady, you are no bubble, nor am I a bubble; and, really, I think you have indulged your sadness quite long enough."

The poor widow smiled and shook her head, but the smile was one of sorrow. Her eye also glanced at the crape-covered picture; but the baillie at that moment was thinking what he should say next, and did not note it.

"In short, Mrs. Myrvin, I think Johnny will make a clever man, and I shall be very happy by-and-by to bring him on in my counting-house."

Mrs. Myrvin warmly and sincerely thanked him for his promised kindness; "to see her children well off was all she now desired in this world."

The good baillie continued; and after a little more circumlocution got to the point—would she be Mrs. Gordon? At once the feelings which time and habitual self-restraint had pent up in her bosom broke forth, and she burst into an uncontrolled flood of tears.

The good man paused; and then spoke at intervals. "Jenny shall have a new piano if the old one will not do; and sure am I—who ought not to say it—that many will envy you. Well, it is better to be envied than pitied. You shall have the finest coach in Paisley, and such horses! and as to the house—"

Mary Myrvin raised her face from between her hands, which were dripping with tears, and the change that had passed over it was so

startling that the baillie stopped, and did not attempt to conclude his sentence.

"You meant me no wrong, baillie, you meant me no wrong; and yet, God forgive ye for having wounded the poor stricken heart! Did ye think I could forget him! Oh, God forgive ye, baillie, God forgive ye! Yes, there is one house I wish to share, but not yet;—one house."

"If it be in the town o' Paisley you shall have it," exclaimed the worthy man, striking the table in the fervour of his eloquence.

"It is not in the town of Paisley," she replied; "it lies under the left window of the same kirk where he preached Christ crucified, and a blessed resurrection: it is low, and narrow, and cold; but it will hold us both. The only house I will ever share is, my husband's grave!"

The baillie returned in sadness to his home, but he did not neglect his promise. Johnny Myrvin, in due time, was promoted to a seat in the baillie's counting-house; and it is not very long since the wish of Mary Myrvin was accomplished;—she shares her husband's grave!

BOADICEA.

AN ODE.

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought and died;
Dying hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

RECOLLECTIONS IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE.

AFTER AUSTERLITZ.

(For the FLY.)

We have already said that Napoleon, at the close of his interview with the Emperor of Austria, the day after the battle, had dispatched his aide-de-camp, Savary, to the headquarters of the Austrian monarch to obtain from the Emperor Alexander, his ally, a ratification of the verbal convention that had been agreed on. Savary rejoined the Emperor Francis at one of his domains, situated about a mile from Gœding, where he had halted for supper.

General Stutterheim having announced to his Imperial Majesty the arrival of Napoleon's envoy, gave orders that he should be well entertained, and in three quarters of an hour afterwards *this same* Stutterheim (word for word in the original) received instructions to conduct Savary to Holitzsch, where the Emperor Alexander intended passing the night. It was scarcely more than two leagues or two leagues and a half from Gœding to Holitzsch, but the state of the roads, completely broken up and in ruts, from the passage of artillery, waggons, &c., was such that the two messengers did not arrive at the chateau of Holitzsch, where the Czar had arrived the night before, (always attended by his aide-de-camp Dolgorowski), until four o'clock in the morning. Here they found the Emperor Alexander already risen, and again preparing for his departure, although the day had not broke, and the night still pitchy dark.

Alexander immediately, and first of all, received the Austrian General, who remained closeted with him for more than half an hour, and when he had retired, Savary was introduced in his turn. The Prince Dolgorowski having retired to some distance, the Emperor, in his usually courteous manner spoke first.

"I am very glad to see you again upon an occasion so glorious for you," said he to Napoleon's aide-de-camp. "The day of Austerlitz is worthy of the entire military career performed by your master, who really knows how to work miracles. Let him know that I return full of admiration of him, for he is predestined by Heaven. It would take my army one hundred years' campaigning and warfare to equal his—but tell me, can I now retire in safety?"

"Yes, Sir, if your Majesty ratifies the which the Emperors have already agreed upon?"

"What is that?" demanded Alexander, with a tone and look of surprise: "General

Stutterheim did not mention a word on the subject a minute ago."

"The army of your Majesty will retire by easy marches, the movements of which will be regulated by my master the Emperor, who will on his part immediately evacuate Germany and Poland. This condition being ratified, I have orders to repair to the French outposts, which have already turned your right flank, Sire, and to stop the further advancing of our troops; otherwise than especially to protect the departure of your Majesty, the Emperor, my master, desiring always to respect the ancient friend of the First Consul."

"And what guarantee will be required to ensure that?"

"Sire, nothing but your princely word."

"*Monsieur le General Savary*, I give it you readily," said Alexander, and with an air of lively satisfaction he added, "As surety for the same, there is my hand."

Savary took the proffered hand, and respectfully pressed it to his lips, and then the Emperor, immediately changing the subject, interrogated him upon some of the main objects of the battle.

"You were inferior to us in numbers," added he, "yet have you been conquerors on all the chief points of attack!"

"Sire, the deep and profound study of the art of war, and fifteen years of glory and experience, have brought about this result; this is the fortieth battle that the Emperor Napoleon has directed in person."

"It is most true," said the Czar, turning to the Prince Dolgorevski, whom Savary had not till this moment discovered, bidden as he was in the shade of that vast cabinet, and lighted by a single wax taper; "Your master is a great tactician in war: for my own part this is the first time that I have been under fire. I never had the pretensions to oppose myself to him: it is the Emperor of the Romans," for so Alexander designated the Emperor of Austria, "that forced me to it."

"When your Majesty shall have acquired more practical knowledge in the field of battle, probably your Majesty may."

The Czar left Savary no time to finish the sentence, for, interrupting him with a courtier-like smile, he replied with *bienveillance*,

"*Monsieur le General Savary*, should circumstances more auspicious for me bring you to St. Petersburg, I hope to be able to render our visit there agreeable to you. Adieu; report to your master all that I have verified re."

Savary took leave of the Emperor Alexander, and went to seek out General Stutterheim, who was waiting for him in one of the private apartments in the chateau.

It is worthy of remark that during this interview, which lasted nearly an hour, that when Savary had to speak of Napoleon, he never designated him otherwise than the Emperor, my master; whilst Alexander had always avoided even mentioning the name of Napoleon, much less was he disposed to give him the qualification of Emperor.

It must be confessed that this affectation of the autocrat, in not choosing to recognise in Napoleon a title which no power in Europe—

unless, indeed, it be England—no longer refused him, was one of those *grifts* which Buonaparte never failed to remember.

The two messengers repassed the little river of La Marche at Geeding, where they were obliged to wait the coming up of the Russian columns, who had beat a retreat, and were pressing forward for the opposite bank. This was a long detention for the envoys, who were forced to remain until all the troops had passed over. They had with them neither cannon, provisions, nor baggage, of any kind. Vast numbers of the soldiers, severely wounded, still kept their ranks, and marched on with courage and resignation. The greater part of them were without arms, and a small number only retained their haversacks; and this from a custom in the infantry of taking them off previously to their going into action, and leaving them on the ground; so that when they were repulsed or lost ground, as a matter of course, they lost their provisions into the bargain. It was not till 1806, at Jena, that the Russians fought as we do, with the haversack slung from the shoulder.

As soon as the Russians had all passed over, General Stutterheim took leave of Savary. This last crossed by himself the bridge, which the Russians immediately after blew up, so much were they in dread of being pursued. The aide-de-camp of Napoleon lost no time in repairing to the outposts of Davoust, to whom he recounted all that had passed relative to the mission entrusted to him by the Emperor.

Most *apropos*, indeed, was his arrival, for the Marshal was on the point of renewing the attack, not on the Russians who had gained on him in the retreat, but against an Austrian corps, who had approached unprepared, and without caution, near to Geeding. Almost at the same moment General Meerfeld was dispatched in all haste from the Emperor of Russia with a note, couched in these terms:—

"I authorise General Meerfeld to make known to the French general that the Emperors of Germany and France have yesterday concluded an armistice in that part of the territory where, at this time, the armies are situated; and that in consequence it is no longer expedient to sacrifice the lives of brave men.—December 4, 1805. ALEXANDER."

This billet, which in his precipitation the Czar had wrote in pencil, is deposited among the archives of the Minister of War, where we had an opportunity of seeing it last year. Davoust, in consequence, suspended further operation, and Savary set forward to meet his master the Emperor at the chateau of Kaunitz, where it will be remembered that a rendezvous had been named.

On his arrival there the evening before, the first care of Napoleon was to give authority to the Minister's proceedings by his own signature, which documentary papers were daily sent in, and returned by *estafette*. Then, with a sort of exultation and pride, he addressed a small number of those who were about him, always pacing to and fro, from angle to angle of the saloon, his arms crossed behind his back.

"Ah! ah! gentlemen, what a peace for the allies! For then it will be the break-up of

the grand Germanic Empire; the recognising of the Kings of Wurtemberg and Bavaria; their reunion to my kingdom of Italy; and consequently to the French empire of the duchies of Parma and Placentia, of Tuscany, of Genoa, and Venice: it will be the disgraceful return of that Russian army who in their advancing came shouting on with hurrahs of victory. What an unheard-of example of the irresistible power of battles! those old bands of Paul the First, who once formed in the school of the conquerors of Charles XII., have now passed under our yoke, like timid striplings or juvenile conscripts not six months under arms."

(To be continued.)

THE DOG AND THE WATER LILY.

The noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When 'scaped from literary cares,
I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs adorned with every grace
That spaniel found for me).

Now wanted lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
His lilies newly blown!
Their beauties I intent surveyed,
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far I sought
To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed considerate face,
And puzzling sat his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble finished, I returned;
Beau tottering far before,
The floating wreath again discerned,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed at the sight, the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed:
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed:

But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

"Oh! I pine in the narrow house for thee!
If thou wert laid in the dust with me,
Methinks I could better bear to feel
The worm and the beetle around me steal;
Methinks I could better bear the dew
That drenches the moonbeams, and then sinks
through,
Mixed with the vapours of this close cav,
A drooping down in the weary grave,
Though my wasting limbs I cannot raise
From the dew that falls, or the worm that
preys.

"Methinks when I hear the snow-winds'
might,
As it howls through the tombs on a winter
night,
And the death-pale faces more ghastly grow,
Lest the fallen angel from below,
Like a lion roaring for his prey,
Is come in their shrouds to bear them away;
Methinks if thou wert laid by me,
I'd fear neither fiend nor his agony,
Nor the horrible yell of each withering one,
When the tempest crashes the grey tomb-
stone."

THE FLY'S LETTER-BOX.

"A New Subscriber."—Portraits of the leading Tories were embodied in a print given with No. 13 of the Old Series of the "Fly." The *Whig* Ministers appeared in No. 12. The Coronation Numbers, so called from the lengthy and very accurate account they contained of that imposing ceremony, and the admirable pictures of the Interior and Exterior of Westminster Abbey, and a beautiful likeness of the Queen in her robes of state, are still on sale, and may be procured from any bookseller, by ordering Nos. 35, 36, and 37 of the old series.

A likeness of Macready as "Virginius," was given with Number 1; Edmund Kean as "Brutus," with No. 4; Charles Kean as "Hamlet," with No. 14; Macready and Charles Kean as "Macbeth" and "Richard the Third" (on one sheet), with No. 16; Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews (on one sheet), with No. 34; Mrs. Nisbett as "The Young King," with No. 55; Mrs. Honey as "Don Juan," with No. 57 of the Old Series.

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The excitement caused by the hasty return from America, and re-appearance at the Olympic Theatre, of this beautiful and talented actress, induces Mr. Glover to re-announce his accurate portrait of her, which created such a sensation previous to her departure. It is a full-length drawing on stone, by the first artist in lithography of the day, and is printed on India paper, imperial size, for framing. Reduced price, 6d.; or 1s. coloured.

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The Trade are informed that Nos. 1, 3, 6, and 8, have been reprinted during the last week, and may be had in any quantities at the office. The Proprietors do not intend to allow any of the numbers of the New Series to go out of print.

The following are the titles of the plates that have been *gratuitously* presented with the New Series:—

- With No. 1.—Her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.
2.—One, two, three! Kiss the dealer.
3.—The *beau* Window.
4.—Getting a Rope's-end.
5.—Where have you been all the day?—Highland laddie, soldier laddie.
6.—Old England's Queen, surrounded by Britannia, Hope, Peace, and Plenty.
7.—A sudden Squall.
8.—Robert Burns and his Highland Mary.
9.—A Special Pleader suing for *Half a Crown*.
10.—Humming Birds.
11.—The Widow.
12.—A beautiful Portrait of Robert Burns.
* * Every purchaser of a number of the "Fly" is entitled to a print *gratuitously*.

ROBERT BURNS.

So great was the excitement created by the appearance of the beautiful print, "Robert Burns and his Highland Mary," given with the 8th number of the "Fly," that the Proprietors are induced to announce an accurate portrait of that favourite of all classes, the "true Poet of Nature," which will be presented to all subscribers to the "Fly" on the 23d instant. It will form the first of a

GALLERY OF MODERN POETS, and will be followed at irregular intervals by portraits of BYRON, SCOTT, &c., &c. Specimens are issued to the Trade.

Fly Office, March 13, 1839.

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PILLS. Cure of Rheumatism, of Forty Years' standing, at Malmesbury, Wilts. (To Mr. Prout, 229, Strand, London.)

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HENRY WILKINSON,

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John Cunningham, printer, 72-court, 52, Fleet-street.



Robert Burns poet

*Born near Ayr. Jan^r 25th 1759
Died at Dumfries July 21st 1796.*

Presented GRATIS with N^o 12 of a New Series of the FLY!

THE FLY.

"UBI MEL,



IBI MUSCA."

No. 12—New Series.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 23.

[TWO PENCE.]

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THE FLY'S PICTURE GALLERY.

ROBERT BURNS.

(No. XII.—New Series.)

THE HEROINES OF BURNS.

It is generally known that the fine impassioned songs of Burns were mostly written with regard to real women—in some instances no great beauty in the world's estimation, and in most of very humble rank, but almost always genuine flesh-and-blood women of this world, whom the poet was pleased to admire at the time being. In this respect he was very different from the poets of a former age, with their supposititious Daphnes and Phillises with Burns, to quote a line of old MacLaurin, and Dreghorn,

—"Nelly, not Næra was her name."

in downright Annies and Nannies, and bies and Jeannies, they were every one of a. He was a great poet—more particularly a great lyrical poet—perhaps we may say very greatest that has ever lived; and, never he had been born, there was it certain that the women, whether in silk or drug-must have been made immortal.

He gave the poet's own authority, that the flame in his bosom was kindled in his 15th year by "a bonnie sweet sonsie lass," who assigned to him as his partner on the harfield. She was unwitting at first of the love she had acquired over him, and he himself did not know, as he tells us, "why he was so much to loiter behind with her, when sitting in the evening from their labours; the tones of her voice made his heart's thrill like an Æolian harp; and partly why his pulse beat such a furious rattan he looked and fingered over her little o' pick out the cruel nettle-stings and s." Love brought poetry to its aid, and he composed his first verses, beginning, "I loved a bonnie lass, and ay I love

her still"—a very poor set of rhymes truly, but curious as the first tunings of so sweet an instrument. Her name appears to have been Nelly Blair, and, like many of his subsequent flames, she was a house-servant. The daughter of an individual in whose house she at one time served, communicated, through a newspaper, a few years ago, her recollections of Burns's visits on the occasions when "rockings" were held in the house. These were meetings of the rustic youth of both sexes, at which the lasses plied their spinning-wheels (formerly their rocks—hence the name) and the lads knitted stockings, the entertainment consisting of songs, and a light supper of country fare. Often did this lady meet Burns at the head of a little troop, coming from a distance of three or four miles, to attend these meetings, with the spinning-wheel of some lass over his shoulder, and a hundred jokes in his mouth to keep the party in merriment. Often had the lady of the house to find fault with her damsels next day, for their lack of alacrity, the result of Burns's too late sitting at his courtship with Nelly Blair.

Another of his very early Dulcineas was a certain Isabella Steven or Stein, who lived near his father's farm of Lochlee. He was then about 17. But, alas! she was an heiress—her father a laird; that is to say, the proprietor of probably twenty acres of moor-land, with a cot-house and garden. She therefore looked high, and the consequence was that the poet had occasion to write his song—

"Oh, Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye wadna been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I carena by.
Yestreen I met you on the muir,
Ye spakna, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geek at me because I'm poor,
But flent a hair care I," &c.

His next serious fit of passion took its rise while he was studying mensuration at Kirkos-

wald. The fair maid's name was Peggy Thomson, and he celebrates her in his song, "Now westlin win's and slaughtering guns:" she became the wife of a person named Neilson, and long lived in Ayr.

About the time when he was two or three and twenty, his attachments came in such thick and rapid succession, that there is no individualising them. Scarce a lass existed in the happy parish of Tarbolton who had not been a transient object of worship to Robert Burns. There was one whom he celebrates under the name of Montgomery's Peggy. To this girl, who had been reared in rather an elegant way, he made love, merely to show his parts in courtship: he got really in love, and was then refused. "It cost me several heart-aches," he says, "to get rid of the affair." Another, named Anne Roland, the daughter of a farmer, is said to have been the "Annie" of his lively song of "the Rigs o' Barley." The heroine of "My Nannie O," that most exquisite of songs, was Agnes Fleming, the daughter of a farmer at Caldcrothill, near Lochlee, and at one time a servant:—

"Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O."

At about four-and-twenty, while still assisting his father in the small poor farm of Lochlee, he became acquainted with the young woman whom he addresses in several of his published letters as "My dear Eliza." From these letters he appears to have at first made sure of obtaining the young woman's hand, but to have been finally rejected. It is probable that this person was the heroine of his song, "From thee, Eliza, I must go," which seems to have been written when he contemplated leaving her for a distant clime. The letters are in surprisingly pure English, and of a more moderate and rational com-

plexion than the most of his compositions of that class, while the song ranks with his best.

"Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore;
A boding voice is in my ear,
We part to meet no more.
The latest throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh."

This brings us to Highland Mary, the most interesting of all Burns's heroines. He was now the joint tenant with his brother of the little farm of Moasglie, in the parish of Mauchline. Mary Campbell, for such was her name, was as lowly a lass as any whom he ever admired, being the dairy-woman at Col. Montgomery's house of Coilsfield. There is a thorn near the house, beneath whose boughs the poet lover often met his simple mistress. He celebrates her charms, and the happiness he enjoyed from these stolen interviews, in the song of "the Highland Lassie."

"Nae gentle dames, though e'er so fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care,
Their titles a' are empty show,
Gie me my Highland lassie, O."

"Oh, were yon hills and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine,
The world then the love should know,
I bear my Highland lassie, O."

The design of going in search of fortune to the West Indies was still upon him, and he is found asking this mistress if she will accompany him:—

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore,
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic's roar!"

At length he resolved to marry her, and endeavour to remain contented at home; and they met on the banks of the Ayr, "to live one day of parting love," previous to a visit which she was to pay, in anticipation of her marriage, to her relations in Argyleshire. In the song of "Highland Mary," the history of this precious day is written in immortal light. Mary, as is well known, sickened and died at her father's house in Greenock, leaving to the poet an image which never forsook him in all his after days, whether of joy or sorrow. Six or seven years afterwards, when a married man at Ellisland, he observed the anniversary of her death in a way which showed the depth of his feelings respecting her. In the evening he retired to his stack-yard, in a state of apparent dejection, and threw himself on a mass of straw, with his face upturned to the sky. There he lay for hours, notwithstanding the kind remonstrances of his wife. When he came into the house, he wrote down, with the facility of one copying from memory, the grandly melancholy hymn beginning,

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray."

We have treated Highland Mary shortly, for her story has been often told. We shall afford more space to the lady who next presided over the imagination of the bard—the celebrated Jean Armour. The father of this young woman was a master mason or builder, of some substance, in the village of Mauch-

line. She was rather above the middle stature, of dark complexion, and irregular features, but of a fine figure, and great gentleness of nature, and a very agreeable singer and dancer. According to her own story, she and Burns first saw each other as she was one day spreading out clothes on the green to be bleached. As he passed by, his dog ran over some of the clothes; she called to the animal in no gracious terms, and requested his master to take him off. The poet made a sportive allusion to the old saying of "Love me, love my dog," and some badinage was interchanged. Probably neither knew on this occasion who the other was; but their acquaintance was not to stop short here.

The subsequent history of this pair is well known. Jean ultimately became the poet's wife, and the partner of all of weal or woe which befel him during the Ellisland and Dumfries periods of his life. It is rather remarkable, that, excepting two or three passing allusions, Jean was not the subject of any poetry by Burns during the early period of their acquaintance, nor till they were seriously and steadfastly married. He then, however, made up for his former silence. It was during the honeymoon, as he himself tells us, and probably while preparing a home for her on the banks of the Nith, that he composed his charming song in her praise:—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lves,
The lassie I lo'e best;
Though wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Yet day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean."

I see her in the dewy flowers,
See lovely, fresh, and fair,
I hear her in the tunefu' birds
Wi' music charm the air;
There's no a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

Not long afterwards he infused his love for her into the still more passionate verses beginning, "Oh, were I on Parnassus' hill!" of which one half stanza conveys a description certainly not surpassed, and we are inclined to think not even approached, in the whole circle of British poetry—the vividness and passion rising in union from line to line, until at the last it reaches a perfect transport, in which the poet involves the reader as well as himself:—

"I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips and roguish e'en—
By heaven and earth I love thee!"

Mrs. Burns is likewise celebrated in the song, "This is no my ain lassie," in which the poet describes himself as meeting a face of the fairest kind, probably that of some of the elegant ladies whom he met in genteel society, but yet declaring that it wants "the witching grace" and "kind love" which he found in his "own lassie;" a very delightful song, for it takes a fine moral feeling along with it. Of "Their Groves o' Sweet Myrtles" we are not so sure that Mrs. Burns was the heroine;

though, if the wives of poetical husbands always had their due, she ought to have been so. Jean survived in decent widowhood for as long a time as that which formed the whole life of the poet, dying so lately as March, 1834. She was a modest and respectable woman, and to the last a good singer; and, if we are not greatly mistaken, also a tolerable dancer. She had been indulgent to her gifted though frail partner in his life, and she cherished his memory when he was no more.

THE DOVES.

Reasoning at every step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way,
While meaner things whom instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wandered late,
And heard the voice of love;
The turtle thus addressed her mate,
And soothed the listening dove:

Our mutual bond of faith and truth
No time shall disengage,
Those blessings of our early youth
Shall cheer our latest age:

While innocence without disguise
And constancy sincere,
Shall fill the circles of those eyes,
And mine can read them there;

Those ills, that wait on all below,
Shall ne'er be felt by me,
Or gently felt, and only so,
As being shared with thee.

When lightnings flash among the trees,
Or kites are hovering near,
I fear lest thee alone they seize,
And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,
And press thy wedded side,
Resolved an union formed for life
Death never shall divide.

But oh! if fickle and unchaste,
(Forgive a transient thought)
Thou could become unkind at last,
And scorn thy present lot.

No need of lightning from on high,
Or kites with cruel beak;
Denied th' endearments of thine eye,
This widowed heart would break.

Thus sang the sweet sequestered bird,
Soft as the passing wind,
And I recorded what I heard,
A lesson for mankind.

—COWPER

We find those who are officious and trouble some through sheer imbecility of character. They can neither resolve to do a thing, nor let it alone; and by getting in the way wherever perhaps they meant to help. To refuse a service, and shrink from the performance, is to prevent others from undertaking. *Haslitt.*

HOPE TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour,
Oh! then thy kingdom comes,—Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the Phoenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-ey'd herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze.
On Heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bricking wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought:
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Turb the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!

So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And, o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!
CAMPBELL.

RECOLLECTIONS IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE.

AFTER AUSTERLITZ.

(For the FLY.)

(Continued from page 43.)

"I desire that the arts should perpetuate a fact which shall be immortalised in the history of the people. I will have a column raised in the centre of the Place Vendôme of my good city of Paris, like the column of Trajan, and faced with bronze from the cannon captured from the enemies of France. I desire, moreover, that this bronze should represent by bas-relief, of spiral form, all that this campaign has achieved of glory and honour for the country, from the breaking-up of the camp at Boulogne, till the time of the treaty which I purpose signing at Vienna. This is not all. I must now testify my gratitude to all my brave fellow-soldiers in arms." Then, addressing himself to the Major-General, "Berthier, sit yourself down," said he, "and write the decree that I shall dictate:—'Napoleon, by the grace of God, &c. &c.' Here follows a list of pensions to all officers and soldiers severely wounded in the campaign of 1804-5; as also of gratuities and pensions to widows and children of such also as were slain in the campaign of the above date. Further and more minute details are given respecting the plan, style, and cost of the column, with other important but less interesting matters at this time. The whole being concluded, it was dated, and signed Napoleon. From my camp at Austerlitz, December 4, 1805."

The same decree united in one single fête—which was fixed for the first Sunday in December—the anniversaries of the coronation and the battle of Austerlitz: two very important incidents in the life of that very remarkable and great man.

In this manner the Emperor passed a great part of the night from the 3d to the 4th of December, and thus it was that the activity of the camp was succeeded by the activity of the Cabinet.

When Savary arrived at the Emperor's tent about 1 p.m., he there found Murat in attendance. Napoleon had been scolding his brother-in-law for having caused him to lose, in consequence of a faulty report, and misdirected, three hours of precious time, which he was forced to employ himself in stopping a movement commenced upon the road to Ulmutz. However, as this incident was the only one that vexed him, and having had reason to be content with every thing, he dismissed the King of Naples (of after time) in good humour.

"What I have been saying to you," said he, "was but in the way of teaching. When one cannot depend upon those vested with im-

portant trusts, the only cure for the evil is to do the work oneself. In this way I proceeded, and all things have gone well. *Apropos, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur,*" said Napoleon in a frank lively way to Savary, as soon as Murat was gone out, "How have you acquitted yourself of your mission? Have you at last brought me the ratification of the Emperor of Russia? It seems to me that you have been a long time away." Then having made the aide-de-camp repeat word for word, twice or thrice over, the conversation with Alexander, he replied,—
"And so he gave you his word?"

"Yes, sire."

"*Parole de Russe!*" said Napoleon, shaking his head with a movement of incredulity.

"Sire, I found his Majesty the Emperor of Russia such as a man of sense and feeling ought to be."

"I should have liked better a word under his hand," said Napoleon archly; "besides, it would be more according to form. These Russians, these Russians, are no others now than what the Greeks of the *Bas-Empire* were formerly. However, for the rest we shall see. And you say that this Dolgorowski was there also?"

"Yes, sire, but he took no part in our discourse."

"*Parbleu!* that was because he had better things to do. I shall never forget the insolence of that young man: on the eve of the battle to dare bring me a note from his master, with this superscription, 'To the Chief of the French Government.'"

In repeating these words, Napoleon (his hands all the while crossed behind his back) shrugged his shoulders as he paced slowly up and down the Cabinet. A moment after, he observed,

"I leave Austerlitz to-morrow morning; Savary, you will attend me: it is well. I am satisfied with you; now go and refresh yourself."

The Emperor that same night quitted Austerlitz, and went to establish himself at Brunn. There he remained a few days only, during which time he divided his army into cantonments, and made a disposition for repairing in part those losses which he had sustained. He sent aide-de-camps to visit the hospitals, and transmitted on his own account a Napoleon of twenty francs to each of the wounded men. Some time afterwards, he sent another gratification of 3000 francs to such of the general officers as were wounded, and successively 2000, 1500, and 500 francs to the officers, according to rank, who found themselves in a similar case. One may imagine in many instances how acceptable these presents were, and if all had not cause to bless the hand that so freely bestowed them.

The evening of his departure for Vienna, Napoleon had an interview with the Archduke Charles; an interview which that prince had demanded of him. The Emperor, willing to give the Archduke a proof of his high esteem, had some time prior to this dispatched a letter containing an order to Lepage, his cutler, to send him from Paris a complete set of arms; that is to say, a box containing a sword, a pair of holster pistols, a carbine, and a hanger.

Lepage had transmitted to Napoleon a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind: nothing could exceed the elegance of the sword, and the pistols were the *ne plus ultra* of admirable workmanship. But, displeased with the pretensions which the Prince showed in demanding much more than he could flatter himself would be granted, Napoleon kept back the present. One of his new aide-de-camps, General Moreton, who had been in extacies that morning on inspecting the Prince's "outfit," could not withhold, though in presence of the Emperor, from pitying the Archduke, who had unadvisedly deprived himself of so rich a gift.

"*Que voulez-vous, M. le General,*" said Napoleon, who overheard him; "there are people who are not satisfied with holding their hand out, but must hold out their hat too!"

(To be continued.)

CHARACTERISTICS.

There are people who praise you behind your back, who will not, on any account, do so to your face. Is it that they are afraid of being taken for flatterers? Or, that they had rather any one else should know they think well of you than yourself; as a rival is the last person we should wish to hear the favourable opinion of a mistress, because it gives him most pleasure?

To deny undoubted merit in others, is to deny its existence altogether, and consequently our own. The example of illiberality we set is easily turned against ourselves.

Magnanimity is often concealed under an appearance of shyness, and even poverty of spirit. Heroes, according to Rousseau, are not known by the loftiness of their carriage; as the greatest braggarts are generally the merest cowards.

Men of the greatest genius are not always the most prodigal of their encomiums. But then it is when their range of power is confined, and they have in fact little perception, except of their own particular kind of excellence.

It is hard to praise those who are dispraised by others. He is little short of a hero, who perseveres in thinking well of a friend who has become a butt for slander, and a by-word.

We admit the merit of some, much less willingly than that of others. This is because there is something about them that is at variance with their boasted pretensions, either a heaviness importing stupidity, or a levity inferring folly, &c.

Envy is a littleness of soul, which cannot see beyond a certain point, and if it does not occupy the whole space, feels itself excluded.

However we may flatter ourselves to the contrary, our friends think no higher of us than the world do. They see us with the jaun-

diced or distrustful eyes of others. They may know better, but their feelings are governed by popular prejudice. Nay, they are more shy of us (when under a cloud) than even strangers; for we involve them in a common disgrace, or compel them to embroil themselves in continual quarrels and disputes in our defence.

Envy, among other ingredients, has a mixture of the love of justice in it. We are more angry at undeserved than at deserved good fortune.

THE FLY'S LETTER-BOX.

The contribution of a Manchester correspondent is very carelessly put together, and his jokes are *Wellerisms* of very old acquaintance.

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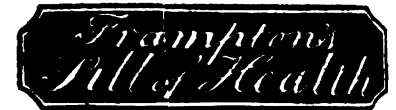
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RECOLLECTIONS IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE.

AFTER AUSTERLITZ.

(Continued from page 48.)
(For the FLY)

The Emperor passed through Vienna during the night, and went direct to Schönbrunn. There, the day after his installation, he gave audience to M. le Hougwitz, the same who had come to pay his compliments on the part of the King of Prussia, the evening of the battle. This Minister, who had been some days at Vienna, where he negotiated with M. de Talleyrand, and the Austrian Minister found himself, it must be owned, in the most critical position that a diplomatist could be placed. Napoleon, raised by his victory to the most brilliant situation he could possibly arrive at, treated the Prussian Baron with *koutour*, if not severity. However, at the commencement of the audience, there was no sort of accusation made against him, but as the Emperor proceeded, and was proving that in no wise was he a dupe to the motives which had induced those ministers to send M. de Hougwitz on his message, he grew warm—spoke of the passage of the Russian army at Varsova, and of its arrival at Breslau, where it still was. At length, when he came to inquire of the ambassador what was meant by that other Russian corps which was in Hanover, and communicated through Prussia with the Austrian army, he spoke so loud and vehemently, that he was distinctly heard in the room adjoining his cabinet, expressing himself in the following terms:—

"Is it just or frank on the part of your master towards me? It would have been more honourable in him to have declared war, although there might be no object in doing so. You would at least have served your pre-

tended allies, for I should have looked twice before I decided on giving battle. But you would be the allies of all the world. I understand that is more convenient. However, the thing is impossible. In the times we live in, you must choose between them and me. If you take part with these gentlemen, I do not oppose it. But if you make show of remaining with me, I must have proofs of your faith, or I break with you. At all times I prefer an honest foe to a false friend. If you are not strong enough to argue this point, put yourselves in condition, *en attendant*, I will keep mine, by marching against my enemies, whomsoever they be, and in striving to crush them (*les écraser*), wheresoever I find them. Should they be even on the heights of Montmartre, I need only reply then from the canon's mouth to their diplomatic notes."

In finishing these words, Napoleon, in a *brusque* way, turned his back upon M. de Hougwitz, to whom he scarcely gave time to recover himself. The arrival of Rapp, whose wound was beginning to heal, caused a diversion by changing those feelings of exaltation and discontent to which Napoleon was then a prey. He received this aide-de camp in the most gracious way possible, and after inquiring after his health with the greatest solicitude, "*Apropos*," said he, "the last time I saw you, I forgot to tell you that I had named you General of Division. Go now, and add one star more to thy epaulettes."

Rapp bowed in token of thanks, and was preparing to leave the room, when the Emperor stopped him.

"That is not all, *mon brave*," replied he: "endeavour not to get hurt in every affair you have on your hands; that is ridiculous. You resemble Murat; you go heedlessly on, like a blind man—*tu vas! tu vas!* And then you are a prisoner to your bed? Are you yet in a fit state to travel a little?"

"I am always in condition to obey your

Majesty's orders, and to prove myself grateful."

"In that case, go and recount the details of the battle of Austerlitz to Marmont: it will make him so mad, that he was not come up—that, too, will relieve you, and then you may judge what effect this news will have had on the Italians. You shall leave here this evening. *Au revoir, Monsieur le General de Division*, Rapp! continue to look to your health; it is what I expect from you before any thing else:" and the Emperor, taking him by the hand, which he shook heartily, added, with a tone of feeling quite particular, "*Adieu, Rapp; adieu, mon brave!* I shall presently send your instructions: wait for them in the *saloon de service*."

An hour afterwards the General received with his instructions (dictated by the Emperor himself) the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, to which was joined the *brevet de dotation* of twelve thousand francs, conditionally, *sur le mont de Milan*. F. E.

THE MISERIES OF WAR.

Though the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are all hastening to our long home, yet at each successive moment, life and death seem to divide between them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the larger share. It is otherwise in war: death reigns there without a rival, and without control. War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph of Death, who glories not only in the extent of his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at the best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here they are the vigorous and the strong.

It is remarked by the most ancient of poets, that in peace children bury their parents, in

war parents bury their children : nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely, indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow, which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects. Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, every thing but the capacity of suffering: her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

But, to confine our attention to the number of the slain would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy; since they are exempt from those lingering diseases, and slow torments, to which others are liable. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger, or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment: every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

In these last extremities we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene then must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe! If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles, for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death! Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust?

We must remember, however, that as a very small proportion of a military life is spent in actual combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword: confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches, and perpetual alarms; their life is a continual scene of hardships and dangers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads amongst their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

We have hitherto only adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the pro-

fession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scene of hostilities. How dreadful to hold every thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword! How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except as far as it is dimly decyphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power!

Conceive but for a moment the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our own neighbourhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors? Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages of peasants are given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves, but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil! In another part you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin!

THE MISADVENTURES OF A SAVANT.

"Et isti
Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum."

HORACE.

(For the FLY.)

In giving you the history you are about to read, do not suppose I desire to turn science into contempt, or those even who give themselves up entirely to study. Such is by no means the case. One should, on the contrary, treat with respect and consideration all those who by knowledge painfully acquired have become the guides of society, and opened the way to intelligence and industry, under whatsoever circumstances they may have reached us.

Of all objects which contribute to our wants, or even to our pleasures,—of all that is needful to our existence, or necessary to our recreation, nothing is compassed without pains and trouble. Certain it is, then, that to such as have secured to us something which adds to our happiness, or the duration and well-being of life, instead of awarding them insult and mockery, the very reverse of this should be the return for their labours, if we would not subject ourselves to the epithets of base-minded and ungrateful. But sometimes an excessive pre-occupation so estranges such

men from the world and its habits, that one would think them indifferent to all that was passing around them, and to all appearance as if they had lost the faculties of both sight and hearing. One cannot help deploring this state of things which leaves them without help or reflection, a butt to a thousand accidents which equally excite our laughter and our pity. It is against this sunken rock that we would raise a beacon to forewarn them. Science is so desirable, and so proud a gift, that one cannot but regret whatever tends to lessen it in the eyes even of those who cannot appreciate either its advantages or its merit.

The learned Professor M—— was become almost as famous for his absence of mind, and disregard of worldly objects, as he was celebrated for the many valuable discoveries he had made in the mathematical and other exact sciences. He taught them in one of our first schools; that from which so many able and distinguished men have belonged—the Polytechnic School. His scholars loved him: full of veneration for the great talents and the immense *savoir* possessed by their master. They cherished in recollection the urbanity and simplicity of his character, and descended with peculiar pleasure on the many amiable traits exhibited by him in his social intercourse with them. M. M——, arrived at the age of 45, had still preserved many of his early habits and childish propensities; so that he seemed often to require some careful person to remind him of what next he had to perform. To how many ills and mischances would he not have been subject, if Heaven had not placed by his side an angel who watched his path, and spied out all his ways, with the solicitude of a mother. After being married two years, the Professor lost his wife, and of that short union one daughter alone remained. Emma (for that was the name of this charming girl), deprived at an early age of the care which had directed her first steps, she comprehended, although still a child, that her attentions to herself must be increased, in order to replace her whom death had taken from her. Alas! poor Emma soon discovered that a mother's watchful care is never to be replaced: at least, she was always forced to act for herself, though alone and friendless, on account of her father's occupations, as if her mother saw all her actions, heard every thing she said, and read her most inward thoughts. Nor was this all; for she had soon perceived that her father was unfit for taking a part in any thing beyond what related to science, which he cultivated as a passion. She considered it, therefore, a duty to exercise towards him an active vigilance, and her filial affection, moreover, rendered her observant and clear-sighted. Thanks, then, to this daughter, and the respectful tenderness his scholars bore towards him, the excellent M. M—— made some overights the less, but the number of his mischances exceeded belief. He might have been likened to a blind man whose dog and staff save him probably one-half of his *faux pas*.

When M. M—— was prepared to go out, Emma passed on him what she laughingly called her inspection. She turned and re-

turned him in every sense of the word. She looked at him from all sides, for it happened sometimes that M. M—— would dispense with his cravat, or forget his tie-wig, or put it on the wrong way. One day he had left home without putting a coat on, and exhibited himself in the street *en robe de chambre*. Upon this occasion the little blackguards of the town ran crying after him, as after a *masque*, and Emma herself was forced to go seek her father, and bring him back to the house, well scolding him for it, in spite of her inclination to laugh, from which she could hardly refrain. He was going to dine in the town, and I will only just ask you what sort of a figure he would have made in a drawing-room?

From that time Emma never allowed M. M—— to quit home without examining him from head to foot, to assure herself that nothing was wanting to his toilette.

(To be continued.)

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

The nymph must lose her female friend,
If more admired than she—
But where shall fierce contention end,
If flowers can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene,
Appeared two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of queen,
The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon reddened into rage,
And swelling with disdain,
Appealed to many a poet's page,
To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,
A fair imperial flower;
She seemed designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate
The goddess chanced to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of her parterre;

Yours is, she said, a nobler hue,
And yours the statelier mien;
And, till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deemed a queen.

Thus soothed and reconciled, each seeks
The fairest British fair;
The seat of empire is her cheeks,
They reign united there.

RELATIVE VALUE OF GOOD SENSE AND BEAUTY IN FEMALES.

Notwithstanding the lessons of moralists, and the declamations of philosophers, it cannot be denied that all mankind have a natural love, and even respect, for external beauty. In vain do they represent it as a thing of no value in itself, as a frail and perishable flower; in vain do they exhaust all the depths of argument, all the stores of fancy, to prove the worthlessness of this amiable gift of nature. However persuasive their reasonings may ap-

pear, and however we may, for a time, fancy ourselves convinced by them, we have in our breasts a certain instinct, which never fails to tell us that all is not satisfactory; and though we may not be able to prove that they are wrong, we feel a conviction that it is impossible that they should be right.

They are certainly right in blaming those who are rendered vain by the possession of beauty, since vanity is at all times a fault; but there is a great difference between being vain of a thing, and being happy that we have it; and that beauty, however little *merit* a woman can claim to herself for it, is really a quality which she may reasonably rejoice to possess, demands, I think, no very laboured proof. Every one naturally wishes to please. To this end we know how important it is that the first impression we produce should be favourable. Now this first impression is commonly produced through the medium of the eye; and this is frequently so powerful as to resist for a long time the opposing evidence of subsequent observation. Let a man of even the soundest judgment be presented to two women, equally strangers to him, but the one extremely handsome, the other without any remarkable advantages of person, and he will, without deliberation, attach himself first to the former. All men seem in this to be actuated by the same principle as Socrates, who used to say, that, when he saw a beautiful person, he always expected to see it animated by a beautiful soul.

The ladies, however, often fall into the fatal error of imagining that a fine person is, in our eyes, superior to every other accomplishment, and those who are so happy as to be endowed with it, rely, with vain confidence, on its irresistible power to retain hearts as well as to subdue them. Hence the lavish care bestowed on the improvement of exterior and perishable charms, and the neglect of solid and durable excellence; hence the long list of arts that administer to vanity and folly, the countless train of glittering accomplishments, and the scanty catalogue of truly valuable acquirements, which compose, for the most part, the modern system of fashionable female education. Yet so far is beauty from being in our eyes an excuse for the want of a cultivated mind, that the women who are blessed with it have, in reality, a much harder task to perform than those of their sex who are not so distinguished. Even our self-love here takes part against them; we feel ashamed of having suffered ourselves to be caught like children, by mere outside, and perhaps even fall into the contrary extreme.

Could "the statue that enchants the world"—the Venus de Medicis, at the prayer of some new Pygmalion, become suddenly animated, how disappointed would he be if she were not endowed with a soul answerable to the inimitable perfection of her heavenly form? Thus it is with a fine woman, whose only accomplishment is external excellence. She may dazzle for a time; but when a man has once thought "What a pity that such a masterpiece should be but a walking statue!" her empire is at an end.

On the other hand, when a woman, the

plainness of whose features prevented our noticing her at first, is found, upon nearer acquaintance, to be possessed of the more solid and valuable perfections of the mind, the pleasure we feel in being so agreeably undeceived, makes her appear to still greater advantage: and as the mind of man, when left to itself, is naturally an enemy to all injustice, we, even unknown to ourselves, strive to repair the wrong we have involuntarily done her, by a double portion of attention and regard.

If these observations be founded in truth, it will appear that though a woman with a cultivated mind may justly hope to please, without even any superior advantages of person, the loveliest creature that ever came from the hand of her Creator, can hope only for a transitory empire, unless she unite with her beauty the more durable charm of intellectual excellence.

The favoured child of Nature, who combines in herself these united perfections, may be justly considered as the masterpiece of the creation—as the most perfect image of the Divinity here below. Man, the proud lord of the creation, bows willingly his haughty neck beneath her gentle rule. Exalted, tender, beneficent is the love that she inspires. Even Time himself shall respect the all-powerful magic of her beauty. Her charms may fade, but they shall never wither; and memory still, in the evening of life, hanging with fond affection over the blanching rose, shall view, through the veil of lapsed years, the tender bud, the dawning promise, whose beauties once blushed before the beams of the morning sun.

THE MUTUAL RELATION BETWEEN SLEEP AND NIGHT.

The relation of sleep to night appears to have been expressly intended by our benevolent Creator. Two points are manifest; first, that the animal frame requires sleep; secondly, that night brings with it a silence, and a cessation of activity, which allow of sleep being taken without interruption, and without loss. Animal existence is made up of action and slumber: nature has provided a season for each. An animal which stood not in need of rest, would always live in day-light. An animal, which, though made for action, and delighting in action, must have its strength repaired by sleep, meets, by its constitution, the returns of day and night. In the human species, for instance, were the bustle, the labour, the motion of life upheld by the constant presence of light, sleep could not be enjoyed without being disturbed by noise, and without expense of that time which the eagerness of private interest would not contentedly resign. It is happy, therefore, for this part of the creation, I mean that it is comfortable to the frame and wants of their constitution, that nature, by the very disposition of her elements, has commanded, as it were, and imposed upon them, at moderate intervals, a general intermission of her toils, their occupations, and their pursuits.

But it is not for man, either solely or princi-

pally, that night is made. Inferior, but less perverted natures, taste its solace, and expect its return, with greater exactness and advantage than he does. I have often observed, and never observed but to admire, the satisfaction, no less than the regularity, with which the greatest part of the irrational world yield to this soft necessity, this grateful vicissitude; how comfortably the birds of the air, for example, address themselves to the repose of the evening; with what alertness they resume the activity of the day.

Nor does it disturb our argument to confess, that certain species of animals are in motion during the night, and at rest in the day. With respect even to them, it is still true, that there is a change of condition in the animal, and an external change corresponding with it. There is still the relation, though inverted. The fact is, that the repose of other animals sets these at liberty, and invites them to their food or their sport.

If the relation of sleep to night, and in some instances, its converse, be real, we cannot reflect without amazement upon the extent to which it carries us. Day and night are things close to us; the change applies immediately to our sensations; of all the phenomena of nature, it is the most obvious, and the most familiar to our experience: but, in its cause, it belongs to the great motions which are passing in the heavens. Whilst the earth glides round her axle, she ministers to the alternate necessities of the animals dwelling upon her surface, at the same time that she obeys the influence of those attractions which regulate the order of many thousand worlds. The relation, therefore, of sleep to night, is the relation of the inhabitants of the earth to the rotation of their globe: probably it is more; it is a relation to the system, of which that globe is a part; and, still further, to the congregation of systems, of which theirs is only one. If this account is true, it connects the meanest individual with the universe itself; a chicken, roosting upon its perch, with the spheres revolving in the firmament.

The Gloss on Silk.—How much are we not indebted to chance for many of our great discoveries in the arts, and in trade especially! Here follows a notable instance of the fact, as it regards the latter. Octavio Mey, one of those enterprising foreigners who in the 17th century transferred from Italy to Lyons the industry of the silkworm, and had seen a fortune of many thousands dissipated in futile and vain speculation—this man, while musing on the banks of the Seine upon the means of repairing his losses, and almost sunk in despair, was unconsciously chewing a few shreds of silk, to which the action of the teeth gave an uncommon lustre. Mey, observing this, conceived the notion, that, by a process at once simple and mechanical, the silk might be made to acquire that glossiness of character which we now find to be a principle in the manufacture of the article, in all climates and all places where the trade is encouraged. This discovery, trifling as it may seem, not only saved the inventor from certain bankruptcy, but in the end tripled his fortune.

BALLAD.*

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow,
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sat alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying!

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed;
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted!

Oh! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow;
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow!

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chaunted meetly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

* The woman, in whose character these lines are written, supposes her child stolen by a fairy. We need not mention how prevalent the superstition is in Ireland, which attributes most instances of sudden death to the agency of these spirits.

CHARACTERISTICS.

A copy is never so good as an original. This would not be the case indeed, if great painters were in the habit of copying bad pictures; but, as the contrary practice holds, it follows that the excellent parts of a fine picture must lose in the imitation, and the indifferent parts will not be proportionably improved by any thing substituted at a venture for them.

A grave blockhead should always go about with a lively one—they show one another off to the best advantage.

A lively blockhead in company is a public benefit. Silence or dulness by the side of folly looks like wisdom.

The number of objects we see from living in a large city amuses the mind like a perpetual raree-show, without supplying it with any ideas. The understanding thus becomes habitually mechanical and superficial.

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Sweet solemn Venice! o'er thee fade
Eve's latest hues of glory,
While by yon shadowy colonnade,
Near Balbi's palace hoary,
A youth, with passion-kindled lip,
And taste's harmonious hand,
Must still devote a vigil keep
Invoking beauty bland.

"Appear, my ladye love, appear—
Look from thy latticed bower,
And bless his sight who watches here
The livelong twilight hour.
The stars are out, and why shouldst thou,
My peerless one, delay
To flash upon me from thy brow
A far diviner ray?

"But others gaze upon thee now,
And drink thy glorious smile,
And make thy spirit mindless how
Mine maddens here the while.
Ah! truant, why should their dull praise
My sacred hour consume?
Look forth, and with one gracious gaze
Make gladness of my gloom.

"Lo! jealous eye and ear are far,
And fast the evening flies;
Then loiter not, thou lovely star,
Young moon of beauty rise.
Or is thy faith, like flower spray, broke,
And"

God! that leaping start!
Keen, sudden, home—the poniard's stroke,
Has split his very heart.

While on the air his song yet gushes,
Life's stifled fountain stops;
Dead on the rebeck that he crushes,
The young Battista drops.

And ere his murderer's skulking shade
Has left the moonbeam bare,
Damp in the soiling dust are laid
Those curls of chestnut hair.

Forth from her bower the maiden wended,
At love's victorious call,
Where broad the marble steps descended
Upon the blue canal.
A sudden brightness with her bringing,
As though from out the main;
Its light the vanished day was flinging
Through sunset's gate again.

"By yonder shaft he leans to hide,
The proud impatient boy—
I'll steal upon his song!" she cried,
In girlhood's rosy joy.
And glancing on like cushat fleet,
She gain'd the sad moonshine:
By Heaven, she stumbles! and her feet
Are plashing—not in wine.

One look—but come, we'll leave her there,
To madness and the moon;
A sweet lute shivered by despair,
With every string in tune.
A glorious bud from vernal earth,
Snapt as its bloom was blown—
A grace in beauty's bounding mirth,
Struck instantly to stone!

VISIT TO THE FALLS OF MISSOURI.

As Captains Lewis and Clark approached the mountains, and had got considerably beyond the walls already described at the meridian nearly of 110° , and the parallel of about $47^{\circ} 20'$, the same almost as that of the station of Mandans, there was a bifurcation of the river, which threw them into considerable doubt as to which was the true Missouri, and the course which it behoved them to pursue. The northernmost possessed most strongly the characters of that river, and the men seemed

all to entertain no doubt that it was the stream which they ought to follow.

The commanders of the expedition, however, did not decide, till after they had reconnoitred the country from the higher grounds, and then determined to follow the southern branch. On the 11th of June, 1806, Captain Lewis set out on foot with four men, in order to explore this river. They proceeded till the 13th, when, finding that the river bore considerably to the south, fearing that they were in an error, they changed their course, and proceeded across the plain.

In this direction Captain Lewis had gone about two miles, when his ears were saluted with the agreeable sound of a fall of water, and as he advanced, a spray, which seemed driven by the high south-west wind, rose above the plain like a column of smoke, and vanished in an instant. Towards this point he directed his steps; and the noise increasing as he approached, soon became too tremendous to be mistaken for any thing but the great falls of the Missouri.

Having travelled seven miles after hearing the sound, he reached the falls about twelve o'clock. The hills, as he approached, were difficult of access, and about two hundred feet high. Down these he hurried with impatience, and seating himself on some rocks under the centre of the falls, he enjoyed the sublime spectacle of this stupendous contract, which, since the creation, had been lavishing its magnificence on the desert.

These falls extend, in all, over a distance of nearly twelve miles; and the medium breadth of the river varies from three hundred to six hundred yards. The principal fall is near the lower extremity, and is upwards of eighty feet perpendicular. The river is here nearly three hundred yards wide, with perpendicular cliffs on each side, not less than one hundred feet high. For ninety or one hundred yards from the left cliff, the water falls in one smooth

even sheet, over a precipice at least eighty feet high. The remaining part of the river precipitates itself also with great rapidity; but being received, as it falls, by irregular and projecting rocks, forms a splendid prospect of white foam, two hundred yards in length, and eighty in perpendicular elevation.

The spray is dissipated in a thousand shapes, flying up in high columns, and collecting into large masses, which the sun adorns with all the colouring of the rainbow. The fall just described must be one of the most magnificent and picturesque that is any where to be found. It has often been disputed whether a cataract, in which the water falls in one sheet, or one where it is dashed irregularly among the rocks, is the finer object. It was reserved for the Missouri to resolve this doubt, by exhibiting both at once in the greatest magnificence.

There is another cascade, of about forty-seven feet, higher up the river, and the last of all is twenty-six feet; but the succession of inferior falls, and of rapids of very great declivity, is astonishingly great; so that, from the first to the last, the whole descent of the river is three hundred and eighty-four feet. "Just below the falls," says Captain Lewis, "is a little island in the river, well covered with timber. Here, on a cotton-wood tree, an eagle had fixed her nest, and seemed the undisputed mistress of a spot, to invade which neither man nor beast could venture across the gulf that surrounds it; while it is further secured by the mist that rises from the falls. This solitary bird has not escaped the observation of the Indians, who made the eagle's nest a part of their description of the falls which they gave us, and which proves now to be correct in almost every particular, except that they did not do justice to their height."

The river above the falls is quite unruffled and smooth, with numerous herds of buffaloes feeding on the plains around it. These plains open out on both sides, so that it is not improbable that they mark the bottom of an ancient lake, the outlet of which the river is still in the act of cutting down, and will require many ages to accomplish its work, or to reduce the whole to a moderate and uniform declivity. The eagle may then be dispossessed of her ancient and solitary domain.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A TASTE FOR NATURAL HISTORY.

When a young person, who has enjoyed the benefit of a liberal education, instead of leading a life of indolence, dissipation, or vice, employs himself in studying the marks of infinite wisdom and goodness which are manifested in every part of the visible creation, we know not which we ought most to congratulate—the public, or the individual. Self-taught naturalists are often found to make no little progress in knowledge, and to strike out many new lights, by the mere aid of original genius and patient application. But the well-educated youth engages in these pursuits with peculiar advantage. He takes more comprehensive views, is able to consult a greater variety of authors, and, from the early habits of his mind, is more accurate and more me-

thodical in all his investigations. The world at large, therefore, cannot fail to be benefited by his labours; and the value of the enjoyments, which at the same time he secures to himself, is beyond all calculation. No tedious vacant hour ever makes him wish for he knows not what—complain, he knows not why. Never does a restless impatience at having nothing to do compel him to seek a momentary stimulus to his dormant powers in the tumultuous pleasures of the intoxicating cup, or the agitating suspense of a game of chance. Whether he be at home or abroad, in every different clime, and in every season of the year, universal nature is before him, and invites him to a banquet richly replenished with whatever can invigorate his understanding, or gratify his mental taste. The earth on which he treads, the air in which he moves, the sea along the margin of which he walks, all teem with objects to keep his attention perpetually awake, excite him to healthful activity, and charm him with an ever-varying succession of the beautiful, the wonderful, the useful, and the new. And if, in conformity with the direct tendency of such occupations, he rises from the creature to the Creator, and considers the duties which naturally result from his own situation and rank in this vast system of being, he will derive as much satisfaction from the anticipation of the future, as from the experience of the present, and the recollection of the past. The mind of the pious naturalist is always cheerful, always animated with the noblest and most benign feelings. Every repeated observation, every unexpected discovery, directs his thoughts to the great Source of all order, and all good; and harmonises all his faculties with the general voice of nature.

" ——— The men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan,
And form to his the relish of their souls."

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

Dearest infant, smile again,
There's a charm in that sweet eye,
Europe's wealth might strive in vain
From thy mother's arms to buy.

What to her the purest pearl,
Sent from ocean's fairy cave?
So you're still her blue-eyed girl,
Ocean's pearls let others have.

On thy cheek the rose of Spring
Blushes bright and fair bestows;
Lilies o'er thy forehead fling
All their wealth of floral snows.

True, the time may come when each
Rose and lily fade away;
Grief and care e'en thee may reach,
Ere beams forth life's summer day.

Still while green its vernal bower,
Prematurely why complain;
Pleasure gilds the present hour,
Dearest infant smile again.

THE MISADVENTURES OF A SAVANT.

" *Hi isti
Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.*"
HORACE.

(For the FLY.)

(Continued from page 51.)

One afternoon, in company with some friends, while walking on the banks of the Seine, he picked up a *flint*, on which he thought he perceived some new properties: at the moment a neighbouring clock struck the hour, M. M—, desiring to compare the time, drew out his watch, and having attentively looked at it, he returned the stone into his fob, and threw the watch into the water. He never found out his mistake until night, on going to bed. Another time, on hearing one of the scholars his lesson, he had to multiply the two numbers 53 and 59, the one by the other. He hesitated a moment, and then called out,

"Three times nine make nineteen—no, no, I am wrong; it makes twenty-two!" and yet M. M— was one of the clearest accountants of his day.

On one occasion he had invited a party of friends to dinner; it was the anniversary of Emma's birth-day. He entirely forgot the invitations he had sent out, and at an early hour he went with his daughter into the country; so, when the guests arrived at his house, they found the door locked, and nobody there. Were I to tell you of all the mischances that befel our unlucky *savant*, I should never end. But I have now arrived at that day which of all others may be called perhaps the most disastrous of his life. The Head Master of the University, M. de Fontanes, had assembled at his house all the academical corps. M. M—, member of the Academy of Sciences, could not be absent from this assembly. He was, therefore, punctual to the time appointed. He had for the occasion selected his grand costume, black coat *brodè de palmes certes*; his dress sword, moreover, was not forgotten. Arrived at the drawing-room of M. de Fontanes, M. M— perceived that he was the only one that had thought fit to keep on his sword. His natural timidity was much alarmed at this very awkward and singular circumstance, which had drawn upon him all the eyes of the company. He began now to think of some way of disengaging himself from this most unlucky weapon. By dint of thought, and looking about for a place of refuge for his sword, he determined on lodging it under the cushion of the large sofa. Nothing could be better imagined. In the evening, however, Madame de Fontanes came to do the honours of the drawing-room, and went and seated herself upon the sofa. The circle formed around her. The company was brilliant and animated. M. M—, however, hardly uttered a word. He was evidently a prey to some sudden abstraction; nobody for a moment suspected the cause—he was thinking of his sword. At eleven o'clock the company began to break up. M. M— still kept his seat. M. de Fontanes had requested and obtained permission to retire to his own room. His lady, therefore, could not well leave the saloon so

ing as any of the guests remained. She strove in the politest way possible to make M. M.— understand that it was now time to allow the example of the rest of the company. To this he made no answer. Fatigued, enervated, probably also, Madame de Fontanes finished by going to sleep. M. M.— thought the moment favourable for regaining his word. He accordingly stretched out his arm, and slipped it under the bolster. He got to the scabbard, he touched it; at last he gripped at the handle, and grasped it firmly; and now thought he had brought his troublesome adventure to an end. Alas! and death to her hopes. The shock that he gave the life in drawing towards him the fatal sword awakened Madame de Fontanes. M. M.—, surprised and ashamed, recovered his position, leaving in his hand the naked blade only, which had slid out of the sheath. At sight of its singular figure, and the drawn sword, Madame de Fontanes uttered a piercing shriek. M. de Fontanes ran to his wife's assistance. The domestics seized hold of M. M.—, accusing him at the same time of having tempted the life of Madame de Fontanes, and it was not till a long half hour had elapsed that he succeeded in explaining the fact, amidst a volley of threats and imprecations visibly heaped upon him, which were suddenly changed into vociferous mirth, and loud bursts of laughter. Terrified and almost out of his wits by this awkward dilemma, he made his escape with the utmost precipitation, and ran off to his house. Arrived there, he entered, hurried up stairs, and in his confusion, mistaking a flight, he opens a door, proceeds, and knowing whither he is going, and without making a word: he sees a bed, undresses himself (there being no one to stop him) and runs in all haste, as if seeking shelter from himself and the whole world besides. It is the bed of a good old lady quietly resting there, and who, awoke in a fright, was now in return calling loudly for help. Emma, who was waiting for her father, alarmed by the cries of their lodger, repaired instantly to the spot, and after some time made her father listen to reason, and succeeded at length in bringing him away to his room, though scarcely half dressed, amidst the taunts and derisions the whole house, whom the noise and disturbance had brought together. Nor was it the next day that Emma learnt from her father the cause of all the uproar that had taken place the night before. M. M.—'s head has been a good deal disordered by these severe and excessive commotions. Three days afterwards, while experimentally engaged at the faculty of sciences, had before him two glasses, one containing a preparation of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), the other was filled with sugar and water. The unhappy man mistook the liquids, and thinking to refresh himself drank off at a draught the sulphuric acid. He fell senseless on the floor. Imagine poor Emma's feelings when they brought in her father, whom they thought to be dying? Nevertheless, the accident was not fatal, nor yet attended with any consequences: M. M.— being at this day in perfect health.

A short time since half Paris was diverted by one of those laughable traits attendant upon his habitual distractions. He went out coiffed in Emma's new rose-coloured hat, which he had mistook for his own. Happily, it was *le mardi gras*—the last day of the carnival. What could Emma have thought of this? Emma was occupied in seeing the masks pass.

There is no human mind exempt from distractions of some kind or other: let us look well to ourselves, and bear in mind the maxim of our fathers, *Il faut faire ce qu'on fait*—Let us strive to do well what we are pledged to perform. F. E.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE.*

Colter came to St. Louis in May, 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri, a distance of three thousand miles, which he traversed in thirty days. I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Lewis and Clarke's party; one of these, for its singularity, I shall relate.

On the arrival of the party at the head waters of the Missouri, Colter, observing an appearance of abundance of beaver being there, got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country from St. Louis to the head waters of the Missouri alone. Soon after, he separated from Dixon, and trapped in company with a hunter named Potts; and, aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day.

They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals, but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes, and they proceeded on.

In a few minutes afterwards their doubts were removed by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe; and, at the moment of his touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who was a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at

him, and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded!" Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at the Indian, and shot him dead on the spot.

This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effect of sudden but sound reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use Colter's words, "he was made a riddle of." They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were at first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at, but the chief interfered, and seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast.

Colter, who had been some time amongst the Kee-katso or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those armed Indians: he therefore cunningly replied that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him "save himself if he could." At this instant the horrid war-whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which himself was surprised.

He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than one hundred yards from him.

A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter; he derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him; for he exerted himself to such a degree that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him.

Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop, but, exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavouring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground, and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the

* This account of a perilous adventure of John Colter, is taken from Bandbury's Travels in the interior of North America; a publication, says M'Diarmid, of great merit and interest.

pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the Cotton-tree wood, on the borders of the Fork, through which he ran and plunged into the river.

Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper part of which a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and, after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he rescued himself, when the Indians arrived on the river screeching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, "like so many devils." They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night, when, hearing no more of the Indians, he dived under the raft, and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance, where he landed, and travelled all night.

Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful: he was completely naked, under a burning sun—the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear—he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him, and was at least seven days' journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Big-horn branch of the Yellow-Stone river. These were circumstances under which almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired. In seven days, however, during which he subsisted upon a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, he arrived at the Fort.

THE PLEASURES OF A CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

The attention of young persons may be seduced, by well-selected works of fiction, from the present objects of the senses, and the thoughts accustomed to dwell on the past, the distant, or the future; and in the same proportion in which this effect is, in any instance, accomplished, "the man," as Dr. Johnson has justly remarked, "is exalted in the scale of intellectual being." The tale of fiction will probably be soon laid aside with the toys and rattles of infancy; but the habits which it has contributed to fix, and the powers which it has brought into a state of activity, will remain with the possessor, permanent and inestimable treasures, to his latest hour.

Nor is it to the young alone that these observations are to be exclusively applied. Instances have frequently occurred of individuals in whom the power of imagination has, at a more advanced period of life, been found susceptible of culture to a wonderful degree. In such men, what an accession is gained to their most refined pleasures! What enchant-

ments are added to their most ordinary perceptions! The mind awakening, as if from a trance, to a new existence, becomes habituated to the most interesting aspects of life and of nature; the intellectual eye "is purged of its film;" and things the most familiar and unnoticed disclose charms invisible before.

The same objects and events which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul: the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked for an acquisition. What Gray has so finely said of the *pleasures of vicissitude*, conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man, who, after having lost in vulgar occupations and vulgar amusements his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced at last to a new heaven and a new earth:—

"The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

The effects of foreign travel have been often remarked, not only in rousing the curiosity of the traveller while abroad, but in correcting, after his return, whatever habits of inattention he had contracted to the institutions and manners among which he was bred. It is in a way somewhat analogous that our occasional excursions into the regions of imagination increase our interest in those familiar realities, from which the stores of imagination are borrowed. We learn insensibly to view nature with the eye of the painter and the poet, and to seize those "happy attitudes of things" which their taste at first selected; while, enriched with the accumulations of ages, and with "the spoils of time," we unconsciously combine with what we see all that we know, and all that we feel; and sublime the organical beauties of the material world, by blending with them the inexhaustible delights of the heart and of the fancy.

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almost beside himself; "*Eh! oui, Monsieur,* the present is even quadrupled."

"The Dey would send you simply a fine lioness, and you have in addition three charming whelps!"

The poet was seized with a brain fever, which lasted two months, and when he got well he turned shoemaker. F. E.

THE CHURCHYARD.

First Voice.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!

With the howls of the storm-wind, the creaks of the bier!

And the white bones all clattering together!

Second Voice.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep: Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,

And flowerets perfume it with ether.

First Voice.

There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,

And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,

And snakes in its nettle weeds hiss.

Second Voice.

How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb;

No tempests are there—but the nightingales come

And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave:

'Tis the vulture's abode—'tis the wolf's dreary cave,

Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice.

There the cony at evening disports with his love,

Or rests on the sod—while the turtles above, Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath,

And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death:

The trees are all barren and bare.

Second Voice.

Oh, soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,

And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume, With lilies and jessamine fair.

First Voice.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears, Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,

He is launched on the wreck-covered river;

Second Voice.

The traveller outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,

Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,

And sweetly reposes for ever.

KRAMSIN.

CHARADE.

Before the Lord I always stand,
I'm in each field on every land;
In palaces and halls I'm found,
And in all parallels abound;
The world without me could not be,
'Twould be a mere word, as you'll see.

I'm with the lion and the lamb,
The lynx, the jackall, there I am;
The whale, that monster of the deep,
I'm always with him, e'en in sleep:
I'm with the leopard in his lair,
Yet dare not touch a single hair.

Without me hell could not exist,
If ta'en from there I should be miss'd;
In the midst of England I am seen,
Yet ne'er in Europe have I been;
On hill, in dale, my form you'll trace,
But ne'er on mountains show my face.

I live in Ireland, Scotland, Wales,
I' the midst of all their pleasant vales;
I ne'er did Adam or Eve see,
Yet Abel liv'd and died with me.
I could a thousand more things tell,
Of where I'm found, and where I dwell;
But if you wait a week you'll see
Me, with the head of "Charade B."

Brighton.

S. BANNISTER.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL LIKENESS OF THE QUEEN IN NO. 1. OF THE "FLY."

"That's not amiss," said A to B,
" 'Tis the prettiest I have seen: "

"Indeed it is a-Miss," said B.,
"For she has never married been!"

Brighton.

S. BANNISTER.

ON EARLY RISING.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of every flower that blows. Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps
Soon as the sun departs: why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite, ere the still moon
Her oriental veil puts off? Think why,
Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed
That nature boasts, to night's unkindly damp.
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous stream

Of midnight theatre, and morning ball.
Give to repose the solemn hour she claims;
And, from the forehead of the morning, steal
The sweet occasion. O! there is a charm
That morning has, that gives the brow of age
A smack of youth, and makes the lip of youth
Breathe perfumes exquisite. Expect it not,
Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
Indulging feverish sleep, or, wakeful, dream
Of happiness no mortal heart has felt,
But in the regions of romance. Ye fair,
Like you it must be wooed or never won,
And, being lost, it is in vain ye ask
For milk of roses, and Olympian dew.
Cosmetic art no tincture can afford,
The faded features to restore: no chain,
Be it of gold, and strong as adamant,
Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The following anecdote of England's illustrious portrait painter is not generally known. The picture to which the story has reference is the "Puck" of Sir Joshua seated on a fungus, illustrative of his great archetype, Shakspeare.

"This is one of those subjects," says a modern writer, "which, however felicitous or rather fortuitous its coming to light was, must still be considered as exclusive—all attempts at a copy having hitherto failed." The merry imp is the portrait of a child which was painted without any particular aim as to character. When Alderman Boydell saw it he said, "Sir Joshua, if you will make this pretty thing into a Puck for my Shakspeare gallery, I will give you one hundred guineas for it." The President smiled, and said little, as was his custom. A few hours' happy labour made the picture what we see it. This bijou was in the possession of the late Lord de Tabley at his death.

F. E.

FOREST TREES.

I have paused more than once in the wilderness of America, to contemplate the traces of some blast of wind, which seemed to have rushed down from the clouds, and ripped its way through the bosom of the woodlands; rooting up, shivering, and splintering the stoutest trees, and leaving a long track of desolation.

There is something awful in the vast havoc made among these gigantic plants; and, in considering their magnificent remains, so rudely torn and mangled, hurled down to perish prematurely on their native soil, I was conscious of a strong movement of sympathy with the wood nymphs, grieving to be dispossessed of their ancient habitations. I recollect also hearing a traveller of poetical temperament expressing the kind of horror which he felt in beholding, on the banks of the Missouri, an oak of prodigious size, which has been in a manner overpowered by an enormous wild grape vine. The vine had clasped its huge folds round the trunk, and from thence had wound about every branch and twig, until the mighty tree had withered in its embrace. It seemed like Laocoön struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the monster Python. It was the lion of trees perishing in the embraces of a vegetable bog.

I am fond of listening to the conversation of English gentlemen on rural concerns, and of noticing with what taste and discrimination, and what strong, unaffected interest they will discuss topics, which in other countries are abandoned to mere woodmen or rustic cultivators. I have heard a noble earl descend on park and forest scenery with the science and feeling of a painter. He dwelt on the shape and beauty of particular trees on his estate with as much pride and technical precision as though he had been discussing the merits of statues in his collection. I found that he had gone considerable distances to examine trees which were celebrated among rural amateurs; for it seems that trees, in

horses, have their established points of excellence, and that there are some in England which enjoy very extensive celebrity from being perfect in their kind.

There is something nobly simple and pure in such a taste. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and free-born, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade, nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.

Indeed, it is the nature of such occupations to lift the thought above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The ancient and hereditary groves, too, that embower this island,* are most of them full of story. They are haunted by the recollections of the great spirits of past ages, who have sought for relaxation among them from the tumult of arms, or the toils of state, or have wooed the muse beneath their shade.

It is becoming, then, for the high and generous spirits of an ancient nation to cherish these sacred groves that surround their ancestral mansions, and to perpetuate them to their descendants. Brought up, as I have been, in republican habits and principles, I can feel nothing of the servile reverence for titled rank, merely because it is titled. But I trust am neither churl nor bigot in my creed. I see and feel how hereditary distinction, when it falls to the lot of a generous mind, may elevate that mind into true nobility. It is one of the effects of hereditary rank, when it falls thus happily, that it multiplies the duties, and, as it were, extends the existence of the possessor. He does not feel himself a mere individual link in creation, responsible only for his own brief term of being. He carries back his existence in proud recollection, and he extends it forward in honourable anticipation. He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity. To both does he consider himself involved in deep responsibilities. As he has received much from those that have gone before, so he feels bound to transmit much to those who are to come after him.

* This piece, though it is the production of an American, was written in England.

His domestic undertakings seem to imply a longer existence than those of ordinary men. None are so apt to build and plant for future centuries, as noble spirited men who have received their heritages from foregoing ages.

I can easily imagine, therefore, the fondness and pride with which I have noticed English gentlemen, of generous temperaments, but high aristocratic feelings, contemplating those magnificent trees, which rise like towers and pyramids from the midst of their paternal lands. There is an affinity between all natures, animate and inanimate. The oak, in the pride and lustiness of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man.

With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct toward heaven; bearing up its leafy honours from the impurities of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious sunshine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman *should be*; a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, a defence for the defenceless; warding off from the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power. He who is *this*, is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who is *otherwise*, abuses his eminent advantages; abuses the grandeur and prosperity which he has drawn from the bosom of his country. Should tempests arise, and he be laid prostrate by the storm, who would mourn over his fall? Should he be borne down by the oppressive hand of power, who would murmur at his fate? "Why cumbereth he the ground?"

IRVING.

TO MISS S*****.

O, there was none in that bright throng,
Who met in festive glee,
In sprightly talk, and mirthful song,
That look'd and smil'd like thee.

Of all the sparkling eyes that beam'd
With love's own fire divine,
There was not one whose glory seem'd
So beautiful as thine.

And not a sunny blush that glow'd
On lady's cheek that night,
And mutely—eloquently show'd
The heart's untold delight.

And not a tress whose graceful shade
O'er lady's brow was flung,
And not a magic word that play'd
On lady's witching tongue:

And not a tear, the unshed tear,
Which beams in beauty's eye,
Most bright when love and joy are near,
And youthful hearts beat high:

No tear but thine, no smile, no word,
No sigh, no blush could win;
No other voice than thine was heard,
No other glance was seen:

For thou wert loveliest e'en among
The lovely and the bright;
And none in all that festive throng
Shone out like thee that night.

Hanover-square, Feb. 6.

A. J. K.

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN.

So goes the world; if wealthy, you may call
This friend, that brother; friends and brothers
all;

Though you are worthless, witless, never mind
it;

You may have been a stable-boy—what then?
'Tis wealth, good sir, makes *honourable men*.
You seek respect, no doubt, and *you* will find
it.

But if you are poor, heaven help you! though
your sire

Had royal blood within him, and though you
Possess the intellect of angels too,

'Tis all in vain; the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score:—Why should it take the
pains?

'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
Witty and wise: he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. "Strange," cried I,
"whence is it?"

He walked on this side, then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried;
Some formally and freezingly replied,

And some

Said by their silence, "Better stay at home."

A rich man burst the door,

As Croesus rich, I'm sure

He could not pride himself upon his wit;

And, as for wisdom, he had none of it;

He had what's better; he had wealth.

What a confusion! all stand up erect:

These crowd around to ask him of his health;

These bow in *honest* duty and respect;

And these arrange a sofa and a chair,

And these conduct him there.

"Allow me, sir, the honour"—then a bow

Down to the earth. Is't possible to show

Meet gratitude for such kind condescension.

The poor man hung his head,

And to himself he said,

"This is indeed beyond my comprehension:"

Then looking round,

One friendly face he found,

And said, "Pray tell me why is wealth pre-
ferred

To wisdom?" "That's a silly question,
friend,"

Replied the other—"have you never heard,

A man may lend his store

Of gold or silver ore,

But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

KHEMNITZER.

THE CHINESE PRISONER.

A certain emperor of China, on his accession to the throne of his ancestors, commanded a general release of all those who were confined in prison for debt. Amongst that number was an old man, who had fallen an early victim to adversity, and whose days of imprisonment, reckoned by the notches which he had cut on the door of his gloomy cell, expressed the annual circuit of more than fifty years.

With trembling limbs and faltering steps he departed from his mansion of sorrow: his eyes were dazzled with the splendour of the light; and the face of nature presented to his view a perfect paradise. The jail in which he had been imprisoned stood at some distance from Pekin, and to that city he directed his course, impatient to enjoy the caresses of his wife, his children, and his friends.

Having with difficulty found his way to the street in which his decent mansion had formerly stood, his heart became more and more elated at every step he advanced. With joy he proceeded, looking eagerly around; but he observed few of the objects with which he had been formerly conversant. A magnificent edifice was erected on the site of the house which he had inhabited; the dwellings of his neighbours had assumed a new form; and he beheld not a single face of which he had the least remembrance.

An aged beggar, who with trembling knees stood at the gate of a portico, from which he had been thrust by the insolent domestic who guarded it, struck his attention. He stopped, therefore, to give him a small pittance out of the bounty with which he had been supplied by the emperor, and received, in return, the sad tidings that his wife had fallen a lingering sacrifice to penury and sorrow; that his children were gone to seek their fortunes in distant or unknown climes; and that the grave contained his nearest and most valuable friends.

Overwhelmed with anguish, he hastened to the palace of his sovereign, into whose presence his hoary locks and mournful visage soon obtained admission; and casting himself at the feet of the Emperor, "Great Prince," he cried, "send me back to that prison from which mistaken mercy has delivered me! I have survived my family and friends, and even in the midst of this populous city I find myself in a dreary solitude. The cell of my dungeon protected me from the gazers at my wretchedness; and whilst secluded from society, I was the less sensible of the loss of its enjoyments. I am now tortured with the view of pleasure in which I cannot participate; and die with thirst, though streams of delight surround me.

THE MICE.

A mouse, weary of living in the continual alarm attendant on the carnage committed among her nation by *Mitis and Rodilardus*, thus addressed herself to the tenant of a hole near her own:—

"An excellent thought has just come into my head: I read in some book which I gnawed a few days ago, that there is a fine country, called the Indies, in which mice are in much greater security than here. In that region the sages believe that the soul of a mouse has been that of a king, a great captain, or some wonderful saint, and that after death it will probably enter the body of a beautiful woman or mighty potentate. If I recollect rightly, this is called metempsychosis. Under this idea, they treat all animals with paternal charity, and build and endow hospitals for mice, where they are fed like people of consequence.

Come then, my good sister, let us hasten to a country, the customs of which are so excellent, and where justice is done to our merits." Her neighbour replied, "But, sister, do not cats enter these hospitals? if they do, metempsychosis must take place very soon, and in great numbers; and a talon or a tooth might make a fakir, or a king; a miracle we can do very well without."

"Do not fear," said the first mouse, "in these countries order is completely established; the cats have their houses as well as we ours, and they have their hospitals for the sick separate from ours."

After this conversation, our two mice set out together, contriving the evening before she set sail to creep along the cordage of a vessel that was to make a long voyage.

They got under weigh, and were enraptured with the sight of the sea, which took them from the abominable shores on which cats exercise their tyranny. The sail was pleasant, and they reached Surat, not like merchants, to acquire riches, but to receive good treatment from the Hindoos. They had scarcely entered one of the houses fitted up for mice, when they aspired to the best accommodation. One of them pretended to recollect having formerly been a Brahmin on the coast of Malabar, and the other protested that she had been a fine lady of the same country with long ears; but they displayed so much impertinence, that the Indian mice lost all patience. A civil war commenced, and no quarter was given to the two Franks who pretended to impose laws on the others; when, instead of being eaten by cats, they were strangled by their own brethren. From this it is evident that it is useless to go far in search of safety; as, if we are not modest and wise, we only go into danger; and, if we are so, we may be secure at home.

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LORD BYRON.

LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, had not only his own talents, but the pride of illustrious ancestry, to boast; for, even so early as the Conquest, his family was distinguished, not merely for their extensive manors in Lancashire and other parts, but for their prowess in arms.

The last Lord Byron but one had only one son, who held a commission in the army, and was killed in Corsica several years before the death of his father, which accelerated the succession of his present Lordship, as the infant grandson of the celebrated Admiral Byron, who was the eldest brother of the late Lord. This nobleman died on the 19th of May, 1791, by which means the author became entitled to the title and estates of his illustrious ancestry. His Lordship's father married first the Baroness Conyers, daughter of Lord Holderness, whom he had a daughter: and, after her demise, Miss Gordon of Gight, the mother of the noble lord.

His Lordship spent a considerable portion of his early life in Scotland, where the wild mountainous scenes which surrounded him contributed not a little to strengthen the mighty energies of his mind, and to imprint on his vivid imagination those powerful and beautiful images of natural grandeur and wildness which characterise all his writings. At times, his Lordship would exclude himself from his ordinary companions, and wander alone amid the majestic and sublime scenery of the Highlands, until his soul seemed tinged with those elements of real sublimity, and sought a species of inspiration from the mists of mountains, the wild waves of the ocean,

and the black adamant of its terrific boundaries.

The celebrated school at Harrow, and the University at Cambridge, had the honour of adding the polish of education to the innate powers of his mind, and several of his academic companions can relate not a few instances of his precocious talents and strange eccentricities. At this early period of his life he made many voluntary excursions to the Aonian Hill, and drank largely of the Castalian stream, which the work he published under the title of "Hours of Idleness, a series of Poems, original and translated," sufficiently proves; yet, premature as these poetic attempts might be considered, and notwithstanding the severity with which the editor of the "Edinburgh Review" handled them, there are numerous original beauties in many of the pieces, which proved the harbingers of the splendid galaxy that succeeded them.

These poems were published at Newark in 1805, when his Lordship was nineteen years of age; and, from the dates prefixed, it appears that the majority were written between his sixteenth and eighteenth year.

This critique elicited from his Lordship one of the bitterest and most powerful satires ever published. Lord Byron declares, towards the termination of his poem, that it was his intention to close, from that period, his connexion with the Muses, and that, should he return in safety from the "Minarets" of Constantinople, the "Maidens of Georgia," and the "sublime snows" of Mount Caucasus, nothing on earth should tempt him to resume the pen.

Happily for the republic of letters, this resolution was not persevered in, and the noble bard, with that generosity which usually accompanies true genius, has not only forgiven the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," but flatteringly alludes to him in one of his poems.

In more than one instance, Lord Byron exhibits his attachment to Scotland. His re-

membrances, or the scenes of his childhood, are recorded in an early poem on Loch na Gar, a mountain which he describes as "one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our Caledonian Alps." Though the verses were among his earliest poetical efforts, they have much poetical force, and are by no means devoid of harmony.

Among the early amusements of his Lordship were swimming and managing a boat, in both of which he is said to have acquired a great dexterity even in his childhood. In his aquatic excursions near Newstead Abbey, he had seldom any other companion than a large Newfoundland dog, to try whose sagacity and fidelity he would sometimes fall out of the boat, as if by accident, when the dog would seize him, and drag him ashore. On losing this dog, in 1808, his Lordship caused a monument to be erected, commemorative of its attachment, with an inscription, which will be given in the next number of the "Fly."

His Lordship, when very young, was placed under the guardianship of Mr. Whyte, an eminent solicitor, who, by a singular coincidence of circumstances, had likewise become the guardian of the accomplished Miss Chatworth, whose father had formerly fallen a victim to the deadly resentment of a very near relative of his Lordship.

To this lady, notwithstanding the family feud, it was the wish of their guardian that Lord Byron should be united; and there are pretty strong grounds for supposing that the inclinations of his Lordship were not at variance with the intentions of his guardian. The lady, however, from family circumstances, and perhaps still more from early-formed attachment to J. Masters, Esq., then honoured for his fashionable notoriety with the more familiar appellation of "the gay Jack Masters," was far from being a willing ward. His Lordship's pride would not suffer him to woo a reluctant fair one in *propria persona*, yet he

expressed the warmth of his feelings very frequently in his invocation of the Muses.

Mr. Masters was a pretty constant attendant upon Miss Chatworth, and, for the purpose of avoiding him, Mr. Whyte, his two sisters, Lord Byron, and the unwilling fair, were dragged in rapid succession from one watering place to another, throughout the country, while he followed in pursuit.

It was useless, however, contending with destiny. His lordship's fate was not to be united with that of Miss Chatworth, notwithstanding the ardency of his attachment, and the influence of their guardian.

The anguish produced by unrequited love and disappointed ambition on a mind like his Lordship's may be more easily conceived than described: fits of gloominess and gaiety, desperation and dissipation, alternately prevailed in rapid succession, until the Muses, the invariable confidants of intense passion, gently soothed the irritation of his heart, by presenting to his over-credulous imagination a bright perspective of poetical honours and perennial triumphs. He shortly afterwards published his *Minor Poems*. Their fate and its consequences have been already described. This last and long-cherished hope was apparently blasted for ever, and he could no longer look for consolation, under the extreme anguish of his feelings, to literary glory. This drove him to the verge of madness. His mind and conduct were entirely metamorphosed: naturally mirthful, he became suddenly melancholy; he shunned, despised, and hated every one; the sulkiness of his disposition was converted into the gall of misanthropy; and the conflicting passions, which, like vultures, preyed upon the tenderest fibres of his heart, goaded him to a determination to quit the scenes where circumstances and associations only served to awaken recollections which tortured his soul to madness.

On arriving at the age of manhood, Lord Byron took a long leave of his native country, in the view of making a tour in foreign lands; but, as the ordinary course of travelling through Europe was impeded, by the war which prevailed between England and France, he embarked from Falmouth for Lisbon. In 1809, he passed through Portugal and Spain, touched at Malta and Sicily, and proceeded to the Morea and Constantinople; during part of which tour he was accompanied by Mr. J. C. Hobhouse.

While the *Salsette* frigate, in which Lord Byron was a passenger to Constantinople, lay in the Dardanelles, a discourse arose among some of the officers respecting the practicability of swimming across the Hellespont—Lord Byron and Lieutenant Ekenhead agreed to make the trial; they accordingly performed this enterprise on the 3d of May, 1810.

After an absence of nearly three years, Lord Byron revisited his native shores, and exhibited the advantages of travelling in his "*Childe Harold*," the plan of which was laid at Albania, and prosecuted at Athens, where it received some of its finest touches and most splendid ornaments.

His Lordship published in rapid succession the "*Giaour*," the "*Bride of Abydos*," and

the "*Corsair*," the spirit and brilliancy of all which poems are very great.

On the 2d of January, 1815, Lord Byron married at Seaham, in the county of Durham, the only daughter of Sir Ralph Noel Milbank, Bart., and towards the close of the same year his lady brought him a daughter, for whom he always manifested the strongest affection. Within a few weeks, however, after that event, a separation took place, for which various causes have been stated. Within a few weeks after the separation took place, Lord Byron suddenly left the kingdom, with the resolution never to return.

He crossed over to France, through which he passed rapidly to Brussels, taking in his way a survey of the field of Waterloo. He proceeded to Coblenz, and thence up the Rhine as far as Basle. After visiting some of the most remarkable scenes in Switzerland, he proceeded to the North of Italy. He took up his abode some time at Venice, where he was joined by Mr. Hobhouse, who accompanied him in an excursion to Rome, where he completed his "*Childe Harold*."

His Lordship resided for some time at Pisa; and during his stay in Italy wrote numerous poetical productions, including his "*Don Juan*," "*Beppo*," "*Mazeppa*," three or four tragedies, and, in conjunction with Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Mr. Leigh Hunt, commenced the *Liberal*, to which he contributed some papers.

In most of his poems Lord Byron displays the most fond and ardent attachment to Greece, whose fate he beautifully describes in one of his poems.

He devoted himself to the redemption of that lovely and classic land from the bondage of the infidel, which so long entangled it. Lord Byron's personal influence reconciled the Greek chiefs, and banished discord from amongst them. He contributed largely from his private fortune to their wants, and his presence on those shores drew the attention of all Europe to the strife of the Christians against the Infidel crescent, and made the very Divan tremble.

The names of her modern heroes, by whose intrepid courage the Turkish bands have been so often scattered, would have been joined with the patriots of Platea and Thermopylæ; and, consecrated by the talents of Lord Byron, have gone down, in kindred memory, to succeeding days; but, unhappily for Greece, their champion has perished in the prime of youth, and in the midst of his exertions in her cause. This melancholy event took place at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April. On the 9th of that month, his Lordship, who had been living very low, exposed himself to a violent rain; the consequence of which was a severe cold, and he was immediately confined to his bed.

The disease terminated fatally on the 19th of April. His last words, before delirium had seized his powerful mind, were—"I wish it to be known that my last thoughts were given to my wife, my child, and my sister!"

Thus died Lord Byron, at the early age of 37, leaving behind him a name second only to that of the Emperor Napoleon, and a memory

which the sublime effusions of his muse will endure to all posterity.

His body was conveyed to England, and was buried in the next vault to his mother at the village church at Huchnall.

Besides his only legitimate child, he left another daughter in Italy, to whom he bequeathed five thousand pounds, on condition that she should not marry an Englishman.

The Greeks have requested and obtained the heart of Lord Byron, which will be placed in a mausoleum in the country for whose liberation it last beat.

About two years ago, Lord Byron wrote his own memoirs, which he presented to Mr. Moore, and Mr. Murray purchased the MS. for two thousand pounds, not to be published until the death of the noble poet; he has since given it up, and at the wish of some of Lord Byron's relatives, it is said to have been destroyed.

The death of Lord Byron is an event which was little expected. It falls on the public like a shock of deep, private misfortune. He has sunk to rest in the prime of his days, in the zenith of his fame; he has left the world when his services could ill be spared, and we may add with truth, when they cannot be supplied. A more calamitous event could not have happened to Greece; all his personal and pecuniary—all the energies of his body and of his mind, were but for the restoration of her freedom; to her cause his loss is irreparable.

Lord Byron's genius was of the very first order: he was one of those characters whose existence new eras date their commencement: that fresh career of society which is beginning in Europe wanted the stimulus of a mind like his to carry it onward to happiness and to glory; he was no lover of restrictions; he looked only to the improvement which the political condition of mankind was capable, by the diffusion of knowledge, and the just estimate of independence. It was with these views that he aided Greece to the utmost of his means to rescue herself from the claims of her oppressor, and rise again to and liberty.

Cut off in the very prime of life, and in the very summer of his mental power, his death on that account rendered additionally painful in itself; yet he certainly could not have died under circumstances more favourable to fame. He had already established a reputation as the great poetical ornament of his age, and he had acquired, in spite of the prejudice of rank and wealth, that honour and esteem from mankind which are ensured by a sensibility to their wrongs, and a vivid indignation against their oppressors. He was pursuing a career of glory, labouring hand and heart in the purest cause of modern times, the most illustrious soil in the world. His celebrity as a patriot was bidding fair to add to his reputation as a poet—a rare conjunction of honours! He had the fortune which thought Napoleon's reputation so much valued, when he reproached him with not dying in the field of battle.

Of the appearance and character of Lord Byron it is hardly necessary further to say.

He was naturally of a weak constitution, and had a slight malformation in one of his feet. His physiognomy, however, was eminently calculated to inspire a deep and sympathising interest, and his fine features excited in certain bosoms passions which neither prudence nor reason could control. He possessed a strong divinity of soul, which was sometimes obscured by the indulgence of sensual passion; but his integrity of heart was decided and irresistible.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yest of waves, which mar
Like the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.
Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage—what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or confused—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity: the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee—thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy,
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanted with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN NO. XV.

The Letter L.

CHARADE.

Out with the coach I always go,
In with the coach I come also;
The coach with me can do no good,
Nor without me pursue its road.

Brighton.

S. BANNISTER.

THE FAT ACTOR AND THE RUSTIC.

Cardinal Wolsey was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, Shakespeare says,
Meaning (in metaphor), for ever puffing,
To swell beyond his size and span:
But had he seen a player in our days
Enacted Falstaff without stuffing,
He would have owned that Wolsey's bulk ideal
Equalled not that within the bounds
This actor's belt surrounds,
Which is, moreover, all alive and real.

This player, when the peace enabled shoals
Of our odd fishes
To visit every clime between the poles,
Swam with the stream, a histrionic Kraken,
Although his wishes
Must not, in this proceeding, be mistaken;
For he went out professionally,—bent
To see how money might be made, not spent.

In this most laudable employ
He found himself at Lille one afternoon,
And, that he might the breeze enjoy,
And catch a peep at the ascending moon,
Out of the town he took a stroll,
Refreshing in the fields his soul,
With sight of streams, and trees, and snowy fleeces,
And thoughts of crowded houses and new pieces.

When we are pleasantly employed time flies;
He counted up his profits, in the skies,
Until the moon began to shine,

On which he gazed awhile, and then
Pulled out his watch and cried "Past nine!
Why, zounds! they shut the gates at ten."

Backward he turned his steps *instantly*,
Stumping along with might and main;
And, though 'tis plain
He couldn't gallop, trot, or canter,
(Those who had seen him would confess it)
he
Marched well for one of such obesity.
Eyeing his watch, and now his forehead mopping,
He puffed and blew along the road,
Afraid of melting, more afraid of stopping,
When in his path he met a clown
Returning from the town.
"Tell me," he panted, in a thawing state,
"Dost think I can get in, friend, at the gate?"
"Get in!" replied the hesitating loon,
Measuring with his eye our bulky wight,
"Why—yes, sir,—I should think you might;
"A load of hay went in this afternoon."

THE FLY'S LETTER-BOX.

The Gallery of Portraits has been unavoidably delayed. We have now the pleasure of announcing the portrait of Lord Byron this week.

"Mr. Balls" has been attended to.
"Veto." We cannot agree with you!
We call the attention of all lovers of lithographic drawing to a series of portraits of public characters (advertised in our pages to-day); they are beautiful specimens of the art, and surprisingly cheap.

Will Mr. Barfield, the proprietor of the Plate Powder, call on our publisher, and settle his little account?



The numbers of the "Fly" (old series) may be had on order of any bookseller. The plates, which are still presented *gratuitously* with any of the numbers, have in every instance been touched up or entirely re-executed, enabling every purchaser to possess specimens of the lithographic art equal to those that tended to make the "Fly" pre-eminent as an

ILLUSTRATED LITERARY PERIODICAL.

We particularise a few of the most popular plates. Amongst the Portraits will be found—

Mr. Macready as "Virginius;" No. 1.
Edmund Kean (a splendid steel engraving); No. 4.

Charles Kean as "Hamlet;" No. 14.
Charles Kean as "Richard III.," and Mr. Macready as "Macbeth" (a double picture); No. 16.

Madame Vestris and C. Mathews (a double picture); No. 34.

Mrs. Nisbett as the "Young King;" No. 55.

Mrs. Honey as "Don Juan;" No. 57.
A Group; containing portraits of Lord Melbourne, Lord J. Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Holland, and Mr. Spring-Rice; her Majesty's Cabinet Ministers; No. 12.

A Companion to the foregoing, containing portraits of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Sir R. Peel, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir F. Burdett, and Sir C. Wetherell, the leaders of the Opposition party; No. 13. The

LOYAL SKETCHES

CONSIST OF

The Queen, God bless her! or, nine cheers for the girl we love; No. 25.

Five Pictures in One; representing Victoria on the Throne; at the Opera; at a State Ball; at a Review; and in the Park, No. 39.

A most complete account of the Coronation was given in Nos. 35, 36, and 37, illustrated by a portrait of her Majesty in the Coronation Robes of State, with the Regalia, &c. &c.; an accurate representation of the Interior of Westminster Abbey during the ceremony; and an Exterior view, with the Departure of the Queen. These three numbers are truly Illustrated Historical Records, and should be in the possession of every one.

A SERIES OF

POLITICAL CARICATURES,

full of the richest humour, and unequalled since the days of Gilray, were given with Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, and 24.—Living pictures of the leading politicians will be found in them; and the delicacy with which the artist has introduced our gracious Queen, warrants the assertion that he has plucked the laurels from the brow of the renowned H. B.!

The grand feature in the "Fly" has been the lovely

FANCY SKETCHES

which have illustrated the romantic tales inserted in the work. The following are the principal:—

Make haste, Love; No. 3.

A Nice Young Man (a sketch from life); No. 15.

Love's Blind, they say; No. 17.

The Last Time of Asking; when shall we be Married? No. 20.

SCENES OF HAPPINESS: No. 1; Mamma's Pet, Dadda's Joy, No. 22.—No. 2, Mind, mind, you'll fall! No. 29.—No. 3, You can't Catch Me, No. 31.—No. 4, The Bridal Morn, No. 30.

The Appointment; why is he so late? No. 33.

The Sailor's Farewell, and the Happy Return (a pair); Nos. 26 and 28.

The Fairest Flower; No. 38.

Single-blessedness; No. 40.

The Wedding Ring; a Test of Love; No. 41.

Love or Money; or Two Strings to my Bow; No. 42.

The Widow; or, Shall I Try Again? No. 34.

My dee(ar); or, the Pet; No. 44.

The Pretty Ankle; No. 45.

What a rude Young Man! No. 46.

A Monk at his Devotions; No. 47.
Teaching the Young Idea how to Shoot; No. 48.

I wish I had a Comforter; No. 49.

The Awkward Stile; No. 50.

Gentle and Simple; No. 51.

An accurate representation of the Bayaderes, from a drawing made in their dressing-room at the Adelphi Theatre, by permission of F. Yates, Esq., expressly for the "Fly;" No. 52.

The Secret Discovered! No. 53.

Cupboard Love; No. 54.

A Student Passing his Examination; No. 56.

Nay, Charles, don't tease! No. 58.

The Rivals; No. 59.

The Soldier's Widow; No. 60.

The Sailor's Widow; No. 61.

The Departure from the Village; No. 62. and—

The Return; No. 63.

* * Owing to repeated requests from shopkeepers, who think fifty dozen too great a quantity for them, the Proprietors of the "Fly" are induced to announce a reduction of more than Six per Cent. on the cost of a Gross of the Old Series. Purchasers of the fifty dozen lots save Twelve-and-a-Half per Cent.!!

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"Dukinfield, March 21, 1839.

"Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the very spirited lithographic drawing you have published. *The Likeness I consider more correct than the Engraved one!* You have done me much honour in deeming me worthy of such supporters as you have placed by my side—the Youth of England, both the fair and the brave.

"Though I have done nothing to entitle me to wear the laurels you have placed around and over me, I hope always—however feeble my efforts—to aspire to the character of 'The People's Friend,' and beg to subscribe myself, Sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"JOSEPH RAYNER STEPHENS.

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LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

THE FLY.

"UBI MEL,



IBI MUSCA."

No. 17—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 27.

[TWO PENCE.

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT of "Love and Jealousy," which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

RECOLLECTIONS IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE.

(For the FLY.)

Upon that day, at five o'clock in the morning, many of the inhabitants of Paris were at their windows, hardly half-dressed, and coiffed in their peaceful nightcaps. One would have been tempted to laugh at certain grotesque figures who made themselves conspicuous amongst others, if the roaring of cannon heard at a distance in the direction of the canal de l'Ourcq, and the terror spread over the population since the last evening, had not turned the thoughts of every one to that great event preparing, which infallibly must decide the fortunes of the empire. But the noise of the drums of the National Guard beating the assembly through the streets, mixed with the booming of cannon, which became more and more distinct, had not closed every window, and this with the greater haste, as the atmosphere was very gloomy and very cold. During this time endless groups were passing to and fro in the streets, the doors and shops of which were every where shut. You would have said that this eager multitude were impressed with but one sentiment—that of idle curiosity. No indication of fear was expressed upon the countenances of the people. The *frivolites* were gadding here and there as usual, talking loud, and coquetting with those who provoked them by their looks and gestures. Small bodies of citizen militia were repairing in haste to the places of their accustomed rendezvous. The greater part of the National Guards had their loaves, or rather their well-baked cakes, fixed to the ends of their bayonets, and made a show especially before their boy lasses of imitating the manners of our soldiers as closely as might be.

For the last eight days the capital had been without any official intelligence from Napo-

leon: it was, however, well known that he was at this time in the neighbourhood of St. Dizier, but his absence, and the removal of the army, damped the hopes of a large proportion of the Parisians, and made them despair even of being succoured in time. The departure of the Empress, and her son, the King of Rome, gave the finishing blow to this discouragement, and the flight of the Ministers and heads of Departments, ended by turning every thing into disunion and tumult.

As soon as the more wealthy of the inhabitants knew with certainty that the allies were in full march upon the capital, nothing was thought of but capitulation; but the less rich, and those who had nothing to lose, desired to fight, for they had their glory at stake, which had been bought at the price of their children's blood: thus the mechanics and workmen of the *faubourgs* had anxiously solicited for arms, which the others in especial took care should not be supplied them.

During this time Napoleon gave the enemy battle in the environs of St. Dizier. This last effort had the effect of rather hastening his downfall. Thinking he had sufficiently imposed upon the coalesced party, as to make them stationary for a time at least, he decided on leaving to his generals the care of covering Paris, while he himself undertook to manoeuvre on the rear divisions of Schwartzemberg. One intercepted despatch disclosed to the enemy his audacious and very bold project, and in consequence the allies lost no time in moving forward on Paris by forced marches, whither they had been invited by their agents, with whom they had kept up a constant correspondence.

On the 29th of March, being only a few days' march in rear of the enemy, he learnt at Doulevant, for the first time, by means of his scouts, of the danger with which Paris was threatened. He instantly ordered General Dejean, his aide-de-camp, to depart with all

speed to announce his arrival to his brother, Joseph Buonaparte. The General, besides his despatches, was the bearer of a private letter to King Joseph, together with several bulletins of the late events. In giving his instructions, Napoleon adds: "And, above all, recommend to my brother that all due precaution be had, lest my wife and child fall into the hands of the Cossacks." Then having chosen from among the best in his stables the fleetest horse, he set forward for Troyes, where he arrived at five o'clock, after having completed a journey of fifteen leagues, without having once unbridled his steed. On that day, and at that very hour, the battle was raging in all its fury under the walls of Paris.

The young soldiers of the Duke of Treviso (Mortier), and of Marshal Marmont, before giving up the capital to strangers, who were already in sight of it, were most desirous of making one last effort. A few thousand men formed the nucleus of the *dépôts* remaining in Paris; the pupils of the Polytechnic School formed in companies of artillery; the corps of sappers and miners, with five or six thousand brave Parisians, furnished from the National Guard, had gone out of the barriers that morning by break of day to take part in the combat. All these amounted to something less than 20,000, and yet not one amongst them despaired of making head against the enemy. The attack had begun upon the wood of Ro-mainville, by the advanced guard of the *corps d'armée* of Prince Schwartzemberg. The village of Pantin, taken and retaken several times, remained at length in possession of the French, and the allies had been so hard-pressed during the day as to be compelled to advance their reserves. The determined obstinacy and resistance of our troops multiplied the obstacles of the enemy to such a degree, that it was doubtful if the allies would gain possession of the heights that commanded Paris before nightfall.

From that time all was anxiety and speculation, for the approach of Napoleon, with his sudden presence among his troops (weak as they were), might still change the fortune of the day. But at twelve o'clock the plan of attack of the coalesced troops was entirely arranged and developed. Blucher arrived on the right, advanced with his Prussians along the plain St. Denis, directing his march on Montmartre; on the left the columns of Prince Wurtemberg were directing themselves upon Charron and Vincennes. From that moment our brave countrymen, surrounded on all sides, and more confined and restricted every hour, now lost all hope, and no longer fought but to die in the cause they had so well defended to the last. F. E.

(To be continued.)

LINES

WRITTEN BY LORD BYRON IN GREECE—BEING
THE LAST HE EVER COMPOSED.

Missolonghi, Jan. 23, 1824.

On this day I complete my 36th year.

"Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys,
Is like to some volcanic isle,
No touch is kindled at its blaze;—
A funeral pile.

The hopes, the fears, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain,
And power of love I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul;
nor now—

Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see;
The Spartan borne upon his shield—
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece! she is awake!
Awake my spirit! think through whom
My life-blood tastes its parent lake—
And then strike home!

I tread reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood—untwist thee,
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth—why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath.

Seek out—less often sought than found,
A soldier's grave, for thee the best,
Then look around and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest. BYRON.

CHILDE HAROLD'S ADIEU TO ENGLAND.

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild seamew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—good night.

"A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate:
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows rage?
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong;
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind:
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend save these alone,
But thee—and One above.

"My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
'Till I come back again."
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foe-man?
Or shiver at the gale?"
"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I am not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?"
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh fears will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves,
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native land—Good night!"

BYRON.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

Away with your fictions of flimsy romance;
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has
wove,
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing
glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first
kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy
glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the
grove;
From what blest inspiration your sonnets
would flow,
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss
of love!

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be disposed from your service
to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
And try the effect of the first kiss of love.

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art:
Though prudes may condemn me, and
bigots reprove,
I court the effusion that springs from the
heart,
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss
of love.

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical
themes,
Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can
move:
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams;
What are visions like these to the first kiss
of love?

Oh! cease to affirm that man since his birth
From Adam till now, has with wretched-
ness rove;
Some portion of Paradise still is on earth.
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures
are past,
For years fleet away with the wings of the
dove—
The dearest remembrance will still be the
last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss
of love. BYRON.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor'd art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,

Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,

Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.

Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one—and here he lies.

BYRON.

AWFUL STORM IN AUGUST, 1832.

PASSAGE IN THE SPITFIRE STEAMER FROM WEYMOUTH TO GUERNSEY.

The vessel was in the trough of the sea when nearing the Casketts, and about a mile off: a passenger on board asked where they were? (One of the crew pointed to the spot (the Casketts are ninety feet above the level of the sea in calm weather). "You will see them just now," said the man. Such indeed was the case, and when the passenger did descry them, he looked down from the crest of a billow, and the Casketts were fathoms many times told below the boat's keel!

[Taken *verbatim* from the mouth of an individual who made the passage in the Spitfire on that tempestuous night.] F. E.

FEELINGS EXCITED BY A LONG VOYAGE.

VISIT TO A NEW CONTINENT.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy till you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. 'To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly

themes. I delighted to loiter over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea, or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own, or to watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a spectre through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence. What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship, that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it; and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over: they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence—oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted over that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fire-side of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is,

that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more."

The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of the heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for me to see far a-head, even in the day-time; but at night the weather was so thick, that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of our ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of "A sail a-head!" but it was scarcely uttered till we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just a-mid-ships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves: we passed over her, and were hurried on our course.

"As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches, rushing from her cabin; they had just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears, swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack was anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent—we never heard nor saw any thing of them more!"

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the mast-head. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the new world, felt a more delicious throng of sensations than rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with every thing of which his childhood had heard, or on which his studious ears have pondered.

From that time until the period of arrival it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants round the coast; the headlands of Ireland stretching out into the Channel; the Welsh mountains towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope.

My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favourable, that the ship was enabled to come at once at the pier. It was thronged with people; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship belonged. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognise each other.

But I particularly noted one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanour. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor, who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade; but of late his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died.

He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, and so ghastly, that it is no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognise him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features; it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances, the greetings of friends, the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

IRVING.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,

COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY DEAR TO HIM.

Written when 14 years of age.

Hush'd are the winds, and still the evening gloom,
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return to view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
That clay, where once such animation beam'd;

The King of Terrors seized her as his prey,
Not worth, nor beauty, have her life redeem'd.

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of fate!

Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,
Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

But wherefore weep? Her matchless spirit soars
Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day;

And weeping angels lead her to those bowers
Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals heaven arraign,
And, madly, godlike Providence accuse?

Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain;
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face;

Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,
Still in my heart retain their wonted place.

BYRON.

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RECOLLECTIONS IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE.

(For the FLY.)

(Continued from page 66.)

It was then that the old battalion of the Guard which defended Pontin was forced, after performing deeds of valour, to abandon that position to the Russians; who, taking possession, established themselves solidly there for the last time. This handful of men continued the combat even while retreating, when one of the number already twice wounded (the last fatally), fell on the *chassée*, replying to his captain who strove yet to revive his courage, in these memorable words, "Ah! this time—*ils sont trop*—they are too many!"

It was about this period that the Duke of Ragusa made known his situation to Joseph, the Emperor having entrusted his brother with the chief command of the Parisian army, which last, on receipt of the duke's letter, immediately sent off by *estafette* the following billet:—

"If the Marshal Duke de Ragusa, and the Marshal Duke of Treviso, can no longer maintain their ground, they are authorised to negotiate terms with the Prince de Schwartzemberg and the Emperor of Russia, who are in their front."

"JOSEPH BUONAPARTE.

"Montmartre, March 30, 1814.

"Half-past 12."

N.B.—They will retire upon the Loire with their troops.

The brother of the Emperor, having seen clouds of the enemy advancing to the foot of Montmartre, foresaw that the Marshals could no longer hold out, nor choose but to capitulate, at half-past twelve, i. e., immediately after addressing the aforesaid missive to Marmont, he lost no time in directing his own march on the *Bois de Boulogne*, following the

avenue called *Chemin de la Révolte*, in order to gain the rout to Versailles, and join the Empress at Rambouillet. Hardly had this prince reached the extremity of the *Bois de Boulogne*, than Gen. Dejean arrived at Paris. He took the road to Montmartre, which Joseph had only just quitted, and following close at his heels, came shortly up with him, and put into his hand the Emperor's letter, at the same time giving an account of his mission. The letter was conceived in these terms:—

"To King Joseph.

"Conformably with the verbal instructions I gave you before my departure, and in the spirit of all my letters in which I have repeated them, let what will happen, you must not suffer the Empress and the King of Rome to fall into the hands of the coalesced party. I herein advise you that I have manœuvred in such a manner as that I may to-morrow be at Paris with my guard. Hence, *tenex firme*. Dispose safely of the treasure and ammunition: never lose sight of my son. Remember that I would desire rather that he were in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The lot of Astyanax, prisoner to the Greeks, has always appeared to me to be the most unhappy that history records of any individual."

"Your affectionate brother,

"NAPOLEON."

Joseph read this letter without a change of countenance, or betraying any emotion. Then coldly addressing General Dejean while continuing his march: "It is now too late; I have already given orders to Marmont to treat with the enemy."

"Still, sire," said the General, attempting to raise an objection—

"He might even desire that I should be taken as hostage," hastily returned Joseph, in gently accelerating his horse's walk; "I am by no means ambitious of that."

The aide-de-camp of the Emperor urged the ex-king of Spain to return back—prayed—supplicated, but in vain; the brother of Napoleon was deaf to his entreaties.

"General," said the last, having allowed the aide-de-camp to speak, "you have acquitted yourself of your mission towards me; now return to the Emperor, and report what I have said, and what you have seen."

But General Dejean is one of those military heroes with whom honour is before life: he could not comprehend the flight of Joseph; his generous soul spurned at such weakness.

"Yes, sire," replied he, with respectful dignity, "I shall report faithfully to the Emperor the words of your Majesty, but he would not give credence as to what I have seen."

Saluting the prince, he put spurs to his horse, traversed Paris, and arrived at the camp of the Duke of Treviso towards half-past three o'clock, to whom he related all that had passed. Upon this, the Duke instantly dispatched a letter to M. de Schwartzemberg, as follows:—

"Prince,—Negotiations have been already entered upon; we may now put a stop to any further effusion of blood. I believe myself sufficiently authorised to propose to you a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours, during which time we may treat, in order to spare the city of Paris (in which we are determined to defend ourselves to the last extremity) all the horrors of a siege."

Captain Lacourt, aide-de-camp to the Marshal, was upon the instant charged with the despatch for the Austrian head-quarters.

During this time, Marmont had put himself in communication with the enemy: his propositions, accepted at the bayonet's point on the road to Belleville, had been now better received on the side of la Villette.

Admitted at length into the presence of the chiefs of the coalesced army, it was announced to him that the two marshals commanding the French forces were authorised to propose

terms. They had demanded a suspension of arms, which had been granted them. Now the time that was suffered to elapse in proposals for an amicable adjustment of differences, had given time to the enemy to possess himself of the heights of Père la Chaise. In the centre, he had penetrated into Belleville and Menilmontant; he had also further established himself on the eminence of St. Char-mont, which commands the whole of Paris. Blucher was master of the barrier of St. Denis: in fine, Montmartre, with other minor positions of the neighbourhood, had just been occupied. Nevertheless, Marshal Marmont still made an effort to arrest the progress of the enemy at Batignolles. He was desirous that the National Guards should throw themselves into the houses, and keep up a firing from the windows. Some of them, the old soldiers of the Republic, were opposed to this measure, and wished rather to remain in the plain.

"Why conceal ourselves?" said they: "these beggarly Cossacks will begin to suppose we are afraid of them."

(To be continued.)

NATURE VERSUS MALTHUS.

Sporting through the forest wide;
Playing by the water-side:
Wandering o'er the heathy fells;
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child;
In the baron's hall of pride;
By the poor man's dull fireside;
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless, every where!

In the fair isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men,
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone;
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone:
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!

Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears.

MARY HOWITT.

TO A LADY.

Who presented to the Author a lock of hair braided with his own, and appointed a night in December to meet him in the garden.

These locks, which fondly thus entwine,
In firmer chains our hearts confine,
Than all th' unmeaning protestations
Which swell with nonsense love orations.
Our love is fix'd, I think we've proved it,
Nor time, nor place, nor art have moved it;
Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,
With groundless jealousy repine,
With silly whims and fancies frantic,
Merely to make our love romantic?

Why should we weep like Lydia Languish,
And fret with self-created anguish?
Or doom the lover you have chosen,
On winter nights to sigh half frozen;
In leafless shades to sue for pardon,
Only because the scene's a garden?
For gardens seem, by one consent,
Since Shakspeare set the precedent,
Since Juliet first declared her passion
To form the place of assignation.
Oh! would some modern muse inspire,
And seat her by a sea-coal fire;
Or had the bard at Christmas written,
And laid the scene of love in Britain,
He surely, in commiseration,
Had changed the place of declaration.
In Italy I've no objection;
Warm nights are proper for reflection;
But here our climate is so rigid,
That love itself is rather frigid:
Think on our chilly situation,
And curb this rage for imitation;
Then let us meet, as oft we've done,
Beneath the influence of the sun;
Or, if at midnight I must meet you,
Within your mansion let me greet you;
There we can love for hours together,
Much better, in such snowy weather,
Than placed in all th' Arcadian groves
That ever witness'd rural loves;
Then, if my passion fail to please,
Next night I'll be content to freeze;
No more I'll give a loose to laughter,
But curse my fate for ever after.

BYRON.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN NO. 16.

A noise.

CHARADE.

I am an English word of seven letters.
Complete in myself, I am a word of great notoriety at the present time. My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is prized by all navigators; my 1, 2, 3, 4 is a fish; my 2, 3, 4, 5 is a delicate animal; my 3, 4, 5 is connected with the sciences; my 1, 3, 4 was once the favourite seat of kings; my 1, 3, 4, 5 is used by my 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7; my 1, 3, 5 is a kind of ship; my 1, 2, 3, 5 is what old women are fond of; my 1, 2, 6, 3, 5 is to be found only in the company of rogues; my 1, 3, 4, 6 is what every sick person requires; my 5, 6, 3, 4 is dropped into the grave of every worthy man; my 2, 6, 3, 4, 5 young maids are fond of, providing they are sweet; my 2, 6, 3, 4 is always heard in the House of Commons, but only by those who can make use of my 6, 3, 4; my 2, 6, 3, 5 is always wanted during winter; my 2, 3, 5 is considered offensive in the presence of royalty; my 2, 3, 5, 6 was first created by Satan; my 5, 3, 4 is applicable to no man but a sailor; my 5, 6, 3 is what old maids are fond of; my 4, 3, 5 is a name for each compositor at the *Times* newspaper office; my 5, 3, 4, 6, is food for my 2, 3, 4, 6; my 4, 3, 5, 6 is a tax which no poor man ought to pay, &c., &c.

Brighton.

S. BANNISTER.

I MUST NOT LOVE.

I must not love! for envious time—
Its shoreless gulf between us throws;
As well might Lapland's snowy clime
Hold dalliance with the blushing rose.

I must not love! for thou art fair,
And still that face but paints thy mind!
While I, disfigured by despair,
Own not one charm thy heart to bind.

I must not love! for thou art dear,
Too dear to this impassioned heart;
No home have I thy life to cheer,
This bursting sigh proclaims, "We part!"

I must not love! for I must toil,
Unlov'd, unpitied, through life's scene;
My very heart's blood would recoil
To blend thy path with woes so keen.

I must not love! for I have loved,
And felt that bitterness of fate—
To weep the loved one far removed
From life's un pitying cheerless state.

I must not love!—farewell! farewell!
Maid of my heart, my sister friend!
In vain I curb this passion swell,
In thee I leave the world behind.

ANDREW JOHNSTON.

ON EARLY ATTACHMENTS.

(For the FLY.)

Man was formed a social being, and woman has also strong claims on our consideration. Early attachment! Magical word! How rushes upon our remembrance; a thousand recollections of the fire-side circle crowd upon the mind, and even an occasional tear sometimes steals along our cheeks, when we think of those we have left behind. Early attachments! Lives there a human being without them? The school-boy thinks of his pebbles and marbles, and lingers with delight, when man, upon past recollections: the merchant in the densely-peopled city sighs as he glances over his ledgers, when he brings back to his memory the figure of his venerable tutor: the sailor, too, dreams while on the tempestuous ocean of the last time he kissed his constant Sal, and cherishes with peculiar affection the tobacco-box she gave him; and even the rough and ignorant ploughman opens his mouth with uncommon effort to get once more a view of that old church, the scene of his former exploits, wherein he defeated, on some great occasion, the best ringer in the parish. Early attachments! How can we forget them? Impossible. As well might the newborn infant shun the source of its nourishment, or the mother forget the mutual love which binds her feelings to her child.

A man's first love! The girl of his heart, with blue eyes, light flowing hair, lively manners, and engaging demeanour, who anticipates his desires, and gratifies them without even a word. A man's second amour! How different? Beld, calculating, and selfish—perhaps some old widow, with a face like frost, a countenance full of ill humours, a per-

pendicular straightness of gait; and a purse full of innumerable charms. Sad association of ideas in comparison of the former!

A man's first folly in life! *Melancoli querens.* Deserted by acquaintances, unrecognised by former friends, jeered at by strangers, laughed at abroad, unwelcome at home, unsupported by his own! That is an attachment, which, though early, is by no means agreeable.

Have we nothing to say about the women? They seldom speak of their early attachments, but they feel more acutely than men, and conceal, with pitiable secrecy, that cancer which is destroying their health, their beauty, their life.

Early attachments! A man was once confined in the Old Bailey, and he had no very strong attachment to the place ever afterwards. Early attachments!

Our web is spun. We have exhausted our mental receiver, and you are welcome heartily to our nonsense. Perhaps we might write more about it, but to what purpose? We leave the story unfinished: some softer hand, some gentler heart, some kindlier soul, some feminine pen must do the rest. Farewell! No! never to our "Early Attachment!"

April 28, 1839.

M. A. P.

SLAVERY.

For a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade, Where rumour of oppression and deceit, Of unsuccessful or successful war, Might never reach me more. My ear is pained, My soul is sick with every day's report Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart, it does not feel for man; the natural bond of brotherhood is severed as the flax that falls asunder at the touch of fire. He finds his fellow guilty of a skin not coloured like his own; and having power to enforce the wrong, for such a worthy causeooms and devotes him as his lawful prey. And intersected by a narrow path, theyabor each other. Mountains interposed like enemies of nations, who had else like kindred drops been mingled into one. One man devotes his brother, and destroys; and, worse than all, and most to be deplored, human nature's broadest, foulest blot, stains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat,

With stripes, that mercy with a bleeding heart keeps when she sees inflicted on a beast. Isen what is man? And what man, seeing this,

And having human feelings, does not blush, and hang his head, to think himself a man? would not have a slave to till my ground, to carry me, to fan me while I sleep, and tremble when I wake, for all the wealth that sinews, bought and sold, have ever earned.

As dear as freedom is, and in my heart's estimation prized above all price,

I had much rather be myself the slave; And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him. We have no slaves at home, then—why abroad? And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave That parts us, are emancipate and loosed. Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs

Receive our air, that moment they are free; They touch our country, and their shackles fall.

That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then, And let it circulate through every vein Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power

Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

COWPER.

STANZAS WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

'Tis night—and in darkness the visions of youth

Flit solemn and slow in the eye of the mind;

The hope they excited hath perished, and truth

Laments o'er the wrecks they are leaving behind.

'Tis midnight—and wide o'er the regions of riot

Are spread, deep in silence, the wings of repose;

And man, soothed from revel, and lulled into quiet,

Forgets in his slumbers the weight of his woes.

How gloomy and dim is the scowl of the heaven,

Whose azure the clouds with their darkness invest,

Not a star o'er the shadowy concave is given, To omen a something like hope to the breast.

Hark! how the lone night-wind uptosses the forest!

A downcast regret through the mind slowly steals:

But ah! 'tis the tempest of fortune that sorest The bosom of man in his solitude feels!

Where, where are the spirits in whom was my trust,

Whose bosoms with mutual affection did burn?

Alas! they have gone to their homes in the dust,

The grass rustles drearily over their urn;

While I, in a populous solitude, languish, 'Mid foes that beset me, and friends that are cold;

Ah! the pilgrim of earth oft has felt in his anguish,

That the heart may be widowed before it is old!

Affection can soothe but its votaries an hour, Doomed soon in the flames that it raised to depart;

And, ah! disappointment has poison and power

To ruffle and sour the most patient of heart.

Too oft, 'neath the barb-pointed arrows of malice,

Has merit been destined to bear and to bleed;

And they, who of pleasure have emptied the chalice,

Have found that the drops were full bitter indeed.

Let the storms of adversity lower; 'tis in vain—

Tho' friends should forsake me, and foes should combine—

Such may kindle the breasts of the weak to complain,

They only can teach resignation to mine;

For far o'er the regions of doubt and of dreaming,

The spirit beholds a less perishing span;

And bright through the tempest the rainbow is streaming,

The sign of forgiveness from Heaven to man!

D. MOIR.

YOUTH.

Thou art a glorious, yet a fearful thing!

Thy worth unknown till thou art vanishing!

For, when we once begin to count the store Of days still left, thy first fresh bloom is o'er,

Whilst every hour the shrinking heart then feels

The leaden hand of time that o'er it steals;

And seeks, with eagerness, the faintest ray, That marks we yet pursue thy radiant way.

The earth is still the same—the sky—the sea;

But, oh! they are not as they used to be!

It was thine incense breath that made all bright,

And shed around a dew of glittering light!

E'en, like the enamell'd insect of the skies, Whate'er approach'd thee bore off thy rich dyes;

Until, of all the glittering down bereft, Nought of thy colouring, O Youth, is left!

Too late we feel on shadows we have thrown Fresh and truth, till quench'd is all our own,

Too late we find, like spendthrifts, we have given

To idler air this precious boon of heaven!

ON THE WASTE OF LIFE.

Amergus was a gentleman of good estate; he was bred to no business, and could not contrive how to waste his hours agreeably: he had no relish for any of the proper works of life, nor any taste for the improvement of the mind; he spent generally ten hours of the four-and-twenty in bed; he dozed away two or three more on his couch; and as many were dissolved in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humour. Thus he made a shift to wear off ten years of his life since the paternal estate fell into his hands.

One evening, as he was musing alone, his thoughts happened to take a most unusual turn, for they cast a glance backward, and he began to reflect on his manner of life. He bethought himself what a number of living beings had been made a sacrifice to support

his carcass, and how much corn and wine had been mingled with these offerings; and he set himself to compute what he had devoured since he came to the age of man. "About a dozen feathered creatures, small and great, have, one week with another," said he, "given up their lives to prolong mine, which, in ten years, amounts at least to six thousand. Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year, with a half hecatomb of black cattle, that I might have the choicest parts offered weekly upon my table.

"Thus a thousand beasts, out of the flock and the herd, have been slain in ten years' time to feed me, besides what the forest has supplied me with. Many hundreds of fishes have, in all their variety, been robbed of life for my repast, and of the smaller fry some thousands. A measure of corn would hardly suffice me fine flour enough for a month's provision, and this arises to above six score bushels; and many hogheads of wine and other liquors have passed through this body of mine—this wretched strainer of meat and drink! And what have I done all this time for God and man? What a vast profusion of good things upon a useless life and a worthless liver?

"There is not the meanest creature among all those which I have devoured, but hath answered the end of its creation better than I. It was made to support human nature, and it has done so. Every crab and oyster I have eat, and every grain of corn I have devoured, hath filled up its place in the rank of beings with more propriety and honour than I have done. Oh, shameful waste of life and time!"

In short, he carried on his moral reflections with so just and severe a force of reason, as constrained him to change his whole course of life; to break off his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain some useful knowledge, when he was more than thirty years of age. He lived many following years with the character of a worthy man, and an excellent Christian; he died with a peaceful conscience, and the tears of his country were dropped upon his tomb.

FRANKLIN.

THE FLY'S LETTER-BOX.

We heartily thank a correspondent who lately forwarded us a memoir of Robert Owen, but have to inform him that we have nothing to do with the series of Portraits* advertised by the Messrs. Carlile in our paper, in which the philanthropist is to appear. It will be returned on application to our publisher.

"Song of the Grecian Girl," by Eustace Leclair, requires revision.

"L. E.'s (Exeter)" two letters have been received, and shall appear.

* Curiosity led us to the hall of the National Convention lately, and we have great pleasure in attesting the accuracy of the portraits published in this "Gallery of Public Men," the originals of many of which were assembled on the occasion. The likenesses of Messrs. Stephens and Frost are particularly striking.

We call the attention of our readers to a **NEW GUIDE TO PARIS**, announced in our present number. We hear it contains "all things befitting such a work."

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"Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the very spirited lithographic drawing you have published. *The Likeness I consider more correct than the Engraved one!* You have done me much honour in deeming me worthy of such support as you have placed by my side—the Youth of England, both the fair and the brave.

"Though I have done nothing to entitle me to wear the laurels you have placed around and on me, I hope always—however feeble my efforts—to aspire to the character of 'The People's Friend,' and beg to subscribe myself, Sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"JOSEPH RAYNER STEPHENS.

"To Mr.. A. Carlile."

"Nottingham, April 14, 1839.

"Sir,—Accept my thanks for your kind present of twelve proofs. Mrs. Oastler and my friends here say that the Likeness is excellent. I am delighted with the 'scene' below; thank you for placing us among so much happiness. So would I have it with all the sons and daughters of England. With best wishes for your success in this speculation,

"I am, Sir, yours very truly,

"To Mr. A. Carlile." "RICHARD OASTLER

* * * These attestations apply only to the portraits published by Messrs. Alfred and Thomas Paine Carlile; purchasers must, therefore, be careful in getting their productions.

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I WISH HE WOULD PROPOSE.



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THE FLY'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

WRITTEN

ON SEEING THE PRINT OF "PRAYER," PRESENTED WITH NO. 18 OF THE "FLY."

Consider her attitude! The upraised hands, the uplifted eye, the mild benignity of her countenance! She is engaged in prayer, far removed from the busy haunts of men, or the crowded walks of traffic. She has withdrawn to her chamber in secret, to worship her heavenly Father. Who can long regard so sweet a portrait, without feeling the sublimity of her appearance? And, if we may be allowed to inquire, what seems to be the subject of her prayer? Perhaps some generous but unfortunate brother has been ensnared and entangled in an almost inextricable labyrinth of vice, and she offers up a petition on his behalf to the Throne of Mercy, that he may return from the error of his ways, and solace by his repentant change the aching hearts of her fond and affectionate parents. Delightful occupation! She has tried the world and its pleasures; has found them as transitory as a summer flower, and betakes herself to prayer: and how great a transition of deportment has this produced! No accidental crosses now ruffle her temper, or cast a melancholy shade of sorrow over her beautiful countenance; but she exhibits in her daily converse with her family and the poor a mild and pleasant look, a soft and encouraging aspect, and her discourse is seasoned with piety and good humour. What a wife for a man! A fortune not only *with her*, but *in her*; although un-

possessed of a solitary sixpence. Who would quarrel with her being religious? Who would not get a treasure of incalculable worth in gaining such a partner for life? Who would not wear such a woman—"aye, in his heart of hearts?"

We could look upon that portrait an hour by the time-piece. In comparison with such a woman, the largest diamond in the world is not worth one single barleycorn. But it is time for us to stop, for we find that language is too feeble to convey adequately the full strength of our ideas. If some of our fair friends have not read Samuel Taylor Coleridge's Hymn on Prayer, we earnestly recommend them to peruse it. In that hymn occur the following admirable lines:—

Oh! not a joy or blessing,
With this can we compare;
The power that He hath given us,
To pour our souls in prayer.

Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
At his footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all."

May 3, 1839.

M. A. P.

RECOLLECTIONS IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE.

(For the FLY.)

(Continued from page 70.)

And thus they went on fighting in the open plain face to face. The old Marshal smiled at their imprudence and foolhardiness, but allowed them to fight on. They afterwards retired on the barrier Clichy. By and bye, some insulated battalions are driven in from that

side in the greatest disorder. The compacted masses of troops and the mobbing at this point becoming very dense, caused great agitation and confusion on the part of the populace. But the old Marshal, still youthful in mind and courage, always multiplying the means of resistance, and intent on throwing obstacles in the way of the enemy, addressed the following words to the National Guard, who surrounded and even pressed upon him:—"Since, then, we have so well begun, why not finish in like manner? Here is our last intrenchment; let us make one more effort; honour and our country demands it."

Moncey knew well that such words would sink deep into the hearts of the brave citizens to whom they were addressed. Meanwhile, the coalesced party had brought up their artillery, and the barricades of the barriers were either carried away, or prostrated by their shot. Already the howitzer shells rolled into the rue Clichy, when a herald from the side of the allies arrived to announce an armistice. It was now five in the evening, and the firing on both sides had entirely ceased. Whilst blood still flowed in the streets of Paris, and principally at the barrier de Clichy, the Boulevard des Italiens had never once ceased to be covered with a crowd of people on foot, who seemed to be wholly ignorant of all that was passing so close to them, when on a sudden, about four o'clock, a general cry of *Sauve qui peut* was heard from the Porte St. Martin, extending to the rue de la Paix. Every one fled in the greatest dismay, and in their haste overthrew one another, as it happened in more recent times, at one of the popular risings of the people. The crowds of flying and terrified persons were beyond all count: these continued their flight, hardly knowing whither their steps were directing them, even beyond the Palais Royal. It was a long time before the cause of the panic could be ascertained. Some said that two Cosaques

had made their way into Paris, by the barrier St. Martin, and having galloped up the Boulevard (where they were both of them killed), had given rise to this disorder. According to others, it originated with a Polish lancer, who having drank in a way to justify completely the proverb, had come down the Fauxbourg at a triple gallop, shouting and crying as loud as he could bawl, "*Vive l'Empereur ! voici les Cosaques !*"

Pendant ces entrefaites, while all this was doing, the Dukes of Treviso and Ragusa reunited their forces at the barrier de la Vilette. Here they entered into a low pot-house (*cabaret*), kept by a man named Touron, where they had been preceded by MM. de Nesselrode and the Count Orloff. In this place was committed to writing the leading articles of the capitulation, which were signed by these two representatives of the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and countersigned by the Colonels Fabvier and St. Denis, the first belonging to the corps de l'etat Major General; the second first aide-de-camp of Marmont, and some days after all the world might see on the front of the *cabaret*, where the lot of France had been decided, the following notice scrawled in large white letters upon a red ground:—

AU BEUF A LA MODE,

Here the 30th of March, 1814, of august memory,

By the help of our friends the allies,

Divine Providence gives back to France a Father.

TOURON MARCHAND DE VINS TRAITEUR.

This placard was not effaced till a year afterwards, at the return of Napoleon on the 10th of March, 1815. The house still exists, only that it has changed the master and its destination, being now an infirmary for sick cattle. As to Napoleon, he arrived at Troyes on the 30th of March; he took but two hours' rest, and again put himself *en route*. According to custom, he imparted to no one of all those who were thus rapidly travelling with him either the object or place to which his views were directed. Arrived at Sens, he stopped only the requisite time to have a bouillon prepared. At every post-house he eagerly demanded news of the Empress and the King of Rome, and learnt successively on changing horses that his wife and son had left Paris, that the enemy was at the gates of the capital, and that fighting was still going on. Then it was that he pressed the postillions himself, and upon these occasions failed not to apply the stimulation of a golden spur. The carriage wheels actually struck fire from the stones beneath: never did Napoleon more impatiently calculate distances. At length—close upon midnight—he was no more than a few leagues from Paris. On halting at Fromenteau, not far from the fountains of de Juvisy, the anxiety which he laboured under had arrived to its highest pitch.

"Before an hour hence," said he, "slipping the shoulder of Berthier, who during the route had never ceased biting his nails, "we shall be at the head of the defenders of the capital."

At the same instant an *estafette* arrived, who with great vehemence and clamour was inquir-

ing if any one knew where the Emperor was. Upon a sign being made, the man approached the carriage.

"Who are you, and who sent you?" demanded Napoleon with great earnestness.

"Sire, I am a private courier of Monsieur the Count de Lavalette, who charged me to convey this letter to your Majesty, at whatsoever place or time I might encounter your Majesty."

"Give it me," said the Emperor.

The courier searched his pockets, but the letter was not to be found: he renewed the search—tried again—got confused, then stammered out something, during which time the Emperor, his hand always extended towards him, no longer able to suppress an impulse of anger and impatience, let fall these words,

"*Le miserable la perdue !*" and his lips crisped up, and became white as ashes. At length the poor courier found the despatch in one of his jack-boots, into which it had slipped from his girdle, where he had placed it on parting. Napoleon hastily seized it from his hands, broke the seal, and opened it with precipitation. M. de Lavalette announced that the capitulation of Paris had been signed the same day, at eleven o'clock in the evening, and that the allies would enter Paris next day, at twelve A. M. The missive concluded with these emphatic words, "*Tout étoit consommé*"—all was now arranged.

"Just one hour too late!" cried the Emperor, with an accent not to be described.

"*Allons, Messieurs* ; here then, it seems, we must alight. Oh, oh!" continued he, as if some new crotchet had arose in his mind, "all is not yet consummated, as they have been pleased to tell us," repeated he, while descending from his travelling chaise. Forthwith he entered the post-house, followed by his officers, and called for his map of roads, on which he was used to mark the different positions of his troops, with those occupied by the enemy, by means of small pine, the heads of which were marked with sealing-wax of divers colours; but he was soon forced to renounce this cold occupation *de strategie*, devaloured as he was by uncertainty and impatience, to inquire what was then passing in Paris. He then abruptly left the post-house, in order to breathe freer; for at every moment he repeated that his brain was on fire, and he continued to walk with slow and measured steps on the paved side of the *grand route* leading to Paris, his arms folded across his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, seemingly absorbed in the most painful reflections. At some distance the officers followed him, silently.

(To be continued.)

DESTRUCTION OF GOLDAU, AND OTHER VILLAGES IN SWITZERLAND.

Extracted from a letter dated Geneva, Sept. 26, 1806.

There is an event which happened just before our arrival in Switzerland, of which no particular account may have yet reached America, and which I think cannot be uninteresting, especially to those of our friends who have

visited this charming country. Indeed, it is too disastrous to be related or read with indifference.

If you have a large map of Switzerland, I beg of you to look for a spot in the canton of Schweiz, situated between the lakes of Zug and Lowertz on two sides, and the mountains of Rigi and Rössberg on the others. Here, but three weeks ago, was one of the most delightfully fertile valleys of all Switzerland:—green and luxuriant, adorned with several little villages, full of secure and happy farmers. Now three of these villages are for ever effaced from the earth; and a broad waste of ruins, burying alive more than fourteen hundred peasants, overspreads the valley of Lowertz.

About five o'clock in the evening of the 31 of September, a large projection of the mountain of Rössberg, on the north-east, gave way, and precipitated itself into this valley; and in less than four minutes completely overwhelmed the three villages of Goldau, Busingen, and Rathlen, with a part of Lowertz and Oberart. The torrent of earth and stones was far more rapid than that of lava, and its effects as resistless and as terrible. The mountain in its descent carried trees, rocks, houses, every thing before it. The mass spread in every direction, so as to bury completely a space of charming country, more than three miles square.

The force of the earth must have been prodigious, since it not only spread over the hollow of the valley, but even ascended far up the opposite side of the Rigi. The quantity of earth, too, is enormous, since it has left a considerable hill in what was before the centre of the vale. A portion of the falling mass rolled into the lake of Lowertz, and it is calculated that a fifth part is filled up. On a minute map you will see two little islands marked in this lake, which have been admired for their picturesqueness. One of them is famous for the residence of two hermits, and the other for the remains of an ancient chateau once belonging to the house of Hapsburg.

So large a body of water was raised and pushed forward by the falling of such a mass into the lake, that the two islands, and the whole village of Seven, at the southern extremity, were for a time completely submerged by the passing of the swell. A large house in this village was lifted off its foundations, and carried half a mile beyond its place. The hermits were absent on a pilgrimage to a distant abbey.

The disastrous consequences of this event extend further than the loss of such a number of inhabitants in a canton of little population. A fertile plain is at once converted into a barren tract of rocks and calcareous earth, and the former marks and boundaries of property obliterated. The main road from Art to Schweiz is completely filled up, so that another must be opened with great labour over the Rigi. The former channel of a large stream is choked up, and its course altered; and, as the outlets and passage of large bodies of water must be affected by the filling up of such a portion of the lake, the neighbouring

villages are still trembling with apprehension of some remote consequence, against which they know not how to provide. Several hundred men have been employed in opening passages for the stagnant waters, in forming a new road for foot passengers along the Rigi, and in exploring the ruins. The different cantons have contributed to the relief of the suffering canton of Schweiz, and every head is at work to contrive means to prevent further disasters.

The number of inhabitants buried alive under the ruins of this mountain is scarcely less than fifteen hundred. Some even estimate it as high as two thousand. Of these, a woman and two children have been found alive, after having been several days under ground. They affirm that while they were thus entombed, they heard the cries of creatures who were perishing around them, for want of that succour which they were so happy as to receive. Indeed, it is the opinion of many well-informed people that a large number might still be recovered; and a writer in the "Publiciste" goes so far as to blame the inactivity of the neighbouring inhabitants, and quotes many well-attested facts to prove that persons have lived a long time buried under snow and earth.

This at least is probable in the present case, that many houses, exposed to a lighter weight than others, may have been merely a little crushed, while the lower story, which, in this part of Switzerland, is frequently of stone, may have remained firm, and thus not a few of the inhabitants escaped unhurt. The consternation into which the neighbouring towns of Art and Schweiz were thrown, appears indeed to have left them incapable of contriving and executing those labours, which an enlightened compassion would dictate.

The mountain of Rossberg, as well as the Rigi, and other mountains in its vicinity, is composed of a kind of brittle calcareous earth, and pudding stone or aggregated rocks. Such prodigious mass as that which fell would easily crumble by its own weight, and spread over a wide surface. The bed of the mountain, from which the desolation came, is a lane inclined from north to south. Its appearance, as it is now laid bare, would lead us to suppose that the mass, when it first oved from its base, slid for some distance before it precipitated itself into the valley. The sight of the Spitzberg—the name of the projection which fell—above the lake and valley of Lowertz, was little less than two thousand feet.

The composition of the chain of the Rigi, which the Rossberg makes a part, has always been an obstacle in the way of those stem-makers who have built their hypothesis on the structure of the Alps. It has nothing antic in its whole mass, and though nearly thousand feet above the sea, is green and tile to its summit. It is composed of nothing but earth and stone, combined in rude masses. It is also remarkable that the strata which it is composed are distinctly inclined to the north toward the south, a character which is common to all rocks of this kind throughout the whole range of Alps, as well as

to the greater part of calcareous, schistous, and pyritic rocks, and also to the whole chain of the Jura.

It was about a week after the fall of the mountain, that our route through Switzerland led us to visit this scene of desolation; and never can I forget the succession of melancholy views which presented themselves to our curiosity. In our way to it we landed at Art, a town situated at the southern extremity of the lake of Zug; and we skirted along the western boundary of the ruins, by the side of Mount Rigi, towards the lake of Lowertz. From various points on our passage we had complete views of such a scene of destruction as no words can adequately describe.

(To be continued.)

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

The following curious addition to the Ten Commandments was discovered rudely engraved on a stone immediately at the foot of the Commandment table at Aldrington church, near Brighton. They were found upwards of a century ago, and remained nearly half that period before an explanation could be (or was) made known:—

P R S V R Y P R F C T M N,
V R K P T H S P R C P T S T N.

ANSWER TO CHAUNCE IN NO. 18.

"Charter."

LAMENT OF A SWISS MINSTREL OVER THE RUINS OF GOLDAU.

O SWITZERLAND! my country! 'tis to thee
I strike my harp in agony:—

My country! nurse of Liberty,
Home of the gallant, great, and free,
My sullen harp I strike to thee.

O! I have lost you all!

Parents, and home, and friends:

Ye sleep beneath a mountain pall;

A mountain's plumage o'er you bends.

The cliff-yew of funeral gloom,

Is now the only mourning plume

That nods above a people's tomb.

Of the echoes that swim o'er thy bright blue lake,

And, deep in its caverns, their merry bells shake;

And repeat the young huntsman's cry:—

That clatter and laugh when the goatherds take
Their browsing flocks, at the morning's break,

Far o'er the hills—not one is awake

In the swell of thy peaceable sky.

They sit on that wave with a motionless wing,
And their cymbals are mute; and the desert
birds sing

Their unanswered notes to the wave and the sky,

As they stoop their broad wing and go slaggishly by:

For deep, in that blue-bosomed water, is laid
As innocent, true, and as lovely a maid

As ever in cheerfulness carolled her song,

In the blithe mountain air, as she bounded
along.

The heavens are all blue, and the billows bright
verge

Is frothily laved by a whispering surge,
That heaves, incessant, a tranquil dirge,
To lull the pale forms that sleep below:—
Forms that rock as the waters flow.

That bright lake is still as a liquid sky:
And when o'er its bosom the swift clouds fly,
They pass like thoughts o'er a clear, blue eye.
The fringe of thin foam that their sepulchre
binds

Is as light as the clouds that are born by the
winds.

Soft o'er its bosom the dim vapours hover

In morning's first light: and the snowy-
winged plover,

That skims o'er the deep

Where my loved ones sleep,

No note of joy on this solitude flings;

Nor shakes the mist from his drooping wings.

(To be continued.)

SUPERSTITION.

THE LAST DAYS OF A CRIMINAL.

A singular circumstance, not to say a ridiculous one, now took place. They had just relieved my old respectable gendarme, whose hand, ungrateful that I am, I had not pressed within my own. Another had come in his place; a man of most forbidding aspect, large staring eyes, and a slouching gait; but for any thing else I paid no attention. I turned my back to the door, and sat down to the table. I tried to refresh my forehead by resting it on my hand. My thoughts pressed heavily on me, while

"The dews of anguish damped my brow."

A slight tap on my shoulder made me turn my head. It was the new policeman, with whom I was left alone. Much after this fashion he addressed me:—

"Criminal! are you of good courage?"

"No, indeed," said I, scarcely knowing what I answered.

The brusquerie of my reply somewhat abashed him: however, he went on with some hesitation.

"One is never morose, merely for the pleasure of being so."

"And why not?" said I; "if you have nothing else to communicate, leave me; but what means all this?"

"Pardon the criminal," rejoined he; "but three words more; if you could ensure the happiness of a poor man, and provided it cost nothing, would you not do it?"

I shrugged up my shoulders.

"Have you just come from Bedlam?" said I—"you seek to draw happiness from a most singular source. Me contribute to any one's happiness!"

He lowered his voice, assumed a mysterious air, that ill-accommoded with his clownish figure.

"Yes, criminal; yes, happiness—aye, fortune: every thing, in fact, is your own free gift. I am a poor gendarme; the service is heavy, the pay is light; my horse is at my own charge, and ruins me. Now, as a counterbalance to this, I venture in the lottery—one must be industrious. Up to this time

nothing is wanting to win, but good numbers. I look for them every where, and am always within a pip of the mark. I choose 76; 77 is the lucky number. I back my ticket again and again: all to no purpose. A moment's patience, if you please, and I have done: here is a fine chance for me. It appears, pardon criminal, that your *departure* is fixed for to-day. Certain it is that the dead, who are made to perish in this way (making a most significant sign with his fore finger to the side of his neck), have a forecast of the lottery. Promise me to come to-morrow night; it can make no difference to you to give me three numbers—three good ones! *Hein!* I have no fear of ghosts, so rest easy on that head. Here's my address:—Caserne Popincourt, staircase A, No. 16, at the end of the corridor. You will know me again, *n'est ce pas?* If quite convenient, why not come to-night?"

I should not have deigned a reply to this imbecille, if a feeling, something like hope mingled with desperation, had not flushed on my mind. In the cruel plight I am placed in, there are moments that you fancy a chain may be snapped by a hair.

"Listen," said I to him; in acting the player, as well as a man, may do whose days and hours are numbered. I can, in sooth, make you as rich as a king, the possessor of a million, upon one condition:—

He opened his huge goggle eyes.

"What is it? name it;—any thing to please you, *mon criminal!*"

"Instead of three numbers, I will make them four: change dress with me."

"If it be nothing but that," said he, beginning to loosen the clasps of his great coat.

I rose from my chair—I watched all his motions—my heart beat violently. I saw the gates open to the uniform of the *gens d'arme*, and the gaol, street, hall of justice, already behind me!

"Ah! but," said he, turning round with a look of indecision, "you are not going to leave this place? ah! no."

I saw clearly that all was lost. However, I tried another expedient, no less hopeless and mad than the other.

"Be it so," said I, "but your fortune is made."

"By no means," replied he, interrupting me, "to make my numbers sure, you must be *dead* first."

I sat down mute and motionless—all hope had vanished. A thousand fancies rushed like a whirlwind over my distempered senses. Hark! The bolts and bars are even now withdrawn—they come—I hear their footsteps on the threshold—Merciful Heaven! I have endured the worst—and now— F. E.

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"To Mr. A. Carlile."

"Nottingham, April 14, 1839.

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MEDITATION.

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THE FLY.



"UBI MEL,  IBI MUSCA."



No. 20—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, MAY 18.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT, "Meditation," which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

THE FLY'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

WRITTEN

ON SEEING THE PRINT OF "MEDITATION," PRESENTED WITH NO. 20 OF THE "FLY."

MEDITATION! Who can doubt that the faculty is divine? And ought not women, as well as men, to be meditative? To a rightly-disposed mind, every thing in nature presents a subject for deep contemplation. Ought women, especially married women, to be so deeply thoughtful—so uncommonly discreet? Consider well the important duties which devolve upon her, and the question is soon answered. Can a tale-bearing, gin-drinking woman be employed in such virtuous pursuits, and at the same time train up her children in the paths of sobriety, industry, and excellence? As well might we expect to make an empty sack stand upright, or to derive health and nourishment from sucking addled eggs. In short, what covers a large proportion of the infant population of London with rags and vermin? Does it arise from the temperate and tee-totalling propensities of mechanics and their wives? Without doubt. Have such men, and such women more particularly, *nothing to do* within the privacy of their own dwellings? Yes; but, unhappily, they have something else to do which they like better, and the gentleman who serves them with *something comfortable* is always very civil to them when he sees the colour of their money. And thus are some men, who often practise the very same vice, it may be to a greater extent than their wives, blessed with happy

homes, cupboards full of *shelves*, sickly children, *poor circumstances*, and unpaid scores!

Do you think that the pretty creature, who forms the subject of our artist's conception, is such a thirsty soul as those to whom we have alluded? No, she punctually attends to her own concerns, washes her own linen, admonishes and instructs her youthful progeny, never burns her candles at *both ends*, stirs the fire the moment she hears her husband's knock at the door, keeps her tongue still, her house clean, and duly leads her smiling little flock to church on a Sunday. Is this all visionary, as the dream of a poet? We deny it, for such charming wives are to be found; although such working bees seldom show themselves abroad beyond the precincts of *their own hives*, for fear of inviting idle drones to their cells, whose only object is to taste the honey, and create a kind of lazy, disagreeable buzzing wherever they repair. Are our observations objectionable? Perhaps they may chance so to be; but then, kind reader, that knotty question occurs to the mind, are they true? Of what good is the blossom alone? It may delight the eye, but will it fill the stomach? We write not so much to please, as to profit; and, if a good end be produced, and the patient recovers from the disease, we care nothing at all about the nauseousness of the physic, although the "Fly" sometimes fastens on sweets. The practice of meditation is enforced in the Scriptures, and to that book let none dare to add; from it let none attempt to diminish. Were we to write another line, we could put together more words, but the

query arises whether or not our readers would comprehend us.

To conclude: long sermons produce sleepy hearers, and if an article of this kind be too long, the reader is apt to say that the writer was short of wit. M. A. P.

May 12, 1839.

RECOLLECTIONS IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE.

(For the FLY.)

(Concluded from page 74.)

He continued walking after this manner for more than ten minutes, when General Beillard made his appearance at the head of one of his columns of artillery, which had just left the capital. Napoleon recognised him at some distance, and called him familiarly by name. At sight of him the General threw himself from his horse, and soon after a most earnest discourse took place between them, in the course of which Beillard related to the Emperor all the details of the battle. As soon as Bertrand, Caulincourt, and Berthier saw Napoleon engaged in deep conversation with the General, they withdrew to a distance, but Napoleon almost immediately afterwards called them to him.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "after what I have just learnt, we must depart for Paris in a hurry—so let us be going."

Then, taking the arm of Beillard, he quickened his walk to regain the carriages, which had continued in readiness before the post-house.

"Sire," said the General, as they walked on, "I can assure your Majesty that at the present time, taking out his watch to ascertain the hour, there is probably no longer any troops in the capital."

"No matter; I shall find the National Guard there. My own guard will join me to-

morrow, and with those I may still re-establish matters; you, of course, following me with your artillery."

"But, sire, in the vicinity of Paris there cannot be less than one hundred thousand troops."

"General Beillard," replied Napoleon with a sublime and haughty look, "my Guard will well know how to penetrate their ranks—you cannot know them as I do."

"Sire, your Majesty will expose yourself to fall into the enemy's hands."

At these words the Emperor stopped, and seizing the arm of General Beillard, which he pressed with ardour—

"I! prisoner of a Russian or of a Prussian! I!" cried he, in a disdainful tone—"never! Do you hear that, Beillard?" then he added, more composedly, "You heeded not what you said. I know the way of escape from such an infamy, be assured of it. You have arranged to accompany me, have you not?"

"Sire, I cannot. I have left Paris with my brigade: there is a convention signed; I can neither re-enter Paris myself, nor the troops."

After new and repeated arguments on the part of the Emperor to move forward, and fresh remonstrances of General Beillard, to which were joined those of Berthier and Caulincourt, to dissuade him from such an attempt, the Emperor said in a resolute tone, at the same time mixed up with contempt,

"*Allons!* I perceive that all the world is gone mad. Joseph is a simpleton, and Clark is a traitor, for I begin to believe what Savary said to me last year on a like occasion, in talking with me of the Minister of War."

At this moment the *avant-garde* of Marshal Mortier's column of infantry came in sight. Napoleon haughtily demanded of the Duke of Vincenza to order his carriage to come up, continuing to walk on, his head resting upon both his hands, and letting fall from time to time certain exclamations upon what he called the *betrise* of his brother, and the treason of his War Minister. The Prince of Neufchatel perceiving that the Emperor had not decided on any plan, and that time pressed—for the day was now well advanced—suggested the expediency of sending M. de Caulincourt to Paris, to treat with the *co-allies*.

"Sire," said he, "affairs are not yet so desperate: nothing but a conventional treaty has been hitherto signed;—*M. le Duc de Vincence*."

Here the Major-General was interrupted by the Duke of Vincenza, who hastened to address the Emperor himself in the following terms:—

"Sire, I must think that this message in the hands of the Prince de Neufchatel could not but be preferable: allied as he is with M. de Schwartzemberg, he is more likely to serve your Majesty with the allied sovereigns, and would possess greater influence over the inhabitants of the capital, who are well aware of the high position he occupies about your august person."

Napoleon remained some time silent; then, appearing to make an effort with himself, he said to M. de Caulincourt,

"*M. le Duc*, Berthier is in the right. Se

off at once, see the Emperor Alexander; perhaps it is yet possible for him to interpose. I give you *carte blanche*. Go, Caulincourt, and remember this time that the honour and dignity of France are in your hands."

Napoleon stepped into his carriage, and with all those who had joined him took the road to Fontainebleau. At six o'clock in the morning, the Emperor entered the court-yard of the *Cheval Blanc*.

He would not suffer the state-rooms of the chateau to be opened for his reception, and camped, it may be said, rather than lodged, himself in a small apartment, that he particularly fancied. It was that situated on the first flight, and prolongs the gallery called after the Emperor Francis the First; the same, too, where Christina of Sweden caused Monaldeschi to be assassinated. This gallery he traversed with hasty and unequal strides, in saying to the tavern-keeper's wife, in a tone of *brusquerie*, that so little belonged to him, and rarely observed,

"I am not in want of any body—I desire to be alone."

As the usher or door-keeper who preceded him found some difficulty in opening the cabinet-door,

"Now, sir, pray do make haste," said he, with a tone and gesture of ill humour, stamping with his foot. Then resting his two clenched hands upon his forehead, he added with more serenity, and an accent of greater composure, "After so much bloodshed, so many great actions, such conquests, labour, and perseverance, thus it is that human affairs are terminated and brought to nought."

He entered the apartment, and there remained alone. F. E.

[In some early number of the "Fly" we purpose giving "The Divorce," which will probably conclude our memoirs of Napoleon: of such a portion of them, at least, as have come under our notice, and which have been submitted to the perusal of our readers. These extracts have been selected from a large mass of less interesting matter, and the article above mentioned will furnish a suitable and rather affecting conclusion to the Emperor's most "strange, eventful history."—ED.]

THE LIFE OF WOMAN.

The fair-haired girl is content with her little doll; she smooths its pillow in its tiny cradle with all a mother's care; while the boy is in a field, robbing the poor bird of its young. He brings them home, and perhaps for a day their chirping may arrest his attention; he then grows weary, and the fair girl becomes their nurse. She takes them up stairs, has them placed by her little cot, and in the night she arises to feed them. So in childhood are the seeds of tender emotion sown, that come to full growth in the breast of the woman—the tender plants of pity, and love, hope, and sorrow, and fear—flowers that spring up to a future day, and make her still the beloved Eden. She leaves her home and her friends, and becomes a wife; the scenes that are imprinted upon her memory are forsaken, and she puts all her trust and hope of

future happiness upon man. She sheds a few natural tears when crossing the threshold, but gentle in her nature as a lamb, she doubts not but that he, with whose fate she is about to link her own, will ever treat her as he has done hitherto. She reckons not then that he whose voice is soft and penetrating, sinking into the very gentleness of her heart, will ere long leave her for the noisy chase, the tavern-dinner, and the midnight revel. What hours will she sit alone without a murmur, looking love into the face of her first-born! But see, her eyes brighten with joy—he has come! No! he enters not; there is a confused noise in the passage, a mixture of many voices; they have borne him drunk to bed. The bottle has a greater charm for him than the prattle of his child, or the angelic features of his wife; but even all this she can pardon, and her smile breaks upon him as brightly next morning as if he had done no wrong. Why drag such lovely flowers from the tender stem, and wear their fragrant beauty for an hour in proud triumph, then dash them heartlessly aside to wither for ever? How much has woman suffered through trusting to the love of man! how many young hearts have been broken, and hopes innumerable eternally blighted! what aching heads, and throbbing brows, and tearful eyes are left on lonely pillows, to weep away their sweet lives in torture, then rest unremembered in the grave! Happy indeed are they

"Who never told their love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on their damask cheek;"

who have pined in thought, still living upon a dreamy hope, and never awakening to the frightful realities of disappointment and despair; who have reared a standard for the perfection of man in their own imagination, and never lived to see him measured by it; who have fancied that his heart is all love like their own, and never endured his chilling neglect.

UNITED STATES VERSUS BRITAIN.

Some time ago there appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* the following beautiful epigram, by Thomas Campbell, on the Striped and Starred Banner of the United States:—

United States your banner wears
Two emblems, one of fame;
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame!

The white man's liberty in types
Stands blazon'd by your stars—
But what's the meaning of the stripes?
They mean your Negroes' scars.

In the *New York Morning Herald* of Jan. 16 we find the following reply:—

England! whence came each glowing hue
That streaks your flag of meteor light;
The streaming red—the deeper blue,
Cross'd with the moonbeam's pearly white!

The blood and bruise—the blue and red,
Let Asia's groaning millions speak!
The white—it tells the colour fled
From starving Erin's pallid cheek!

THE DEPARTED.

BY MRS. HEWANS.

And thou art one among the dead,
The beautiful and bright;
Whose radiant looks were full of joy,
Of tenderness, and light.

Thy sunny smile has passed away,
And gone thy roseate bloom;
And thou the prized of other hearts,
Art slumbering in the tomb.

Alas! for him who won the love
Of thy fond, faithful heart;
He did not dream his treasured hope
Must all so soon depart.

And he will look, and look in vain,
For thy bright smiling face;
And weep when he shall turn and see
Nought but thy vacant place.

He never more shall hear thy steps,
Nor listen to that voice,
Which ever in fate's darkest hour
Could bid his soul rejoice.

Its sweet and silvery tones are mute,
And thy dark glossy hair
Is shrouded in the narrow bed,
Which thou hast gone to share.

Shall we repine, that thou hast fled
From all life's ills below?
And that its bitter grief and cares
Thy spirit ne'er can know.

Ah, no! ah, no! 'twere better far,
In this thine early bloom,
With thy young heart all happiness,
To sink into the tomb

Than live to find that thy bright thoughts
Were all a fading dream,
And feel that love and friendship too,
Sink! as the sun's last beam.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

(For the FLY.)

Columbus!—
To mankind you gave a treasure,
By finding out that western land;
Praises for you, without measure,
Will be sung on every strand.

Oppress'd of nations, he has found ye
A place of refuge and a home;
Burst asunder chains which bound thee
To tyrants' will and monarchs' throne.

Now are ye free! a happy nation,
Let your children lisp thy name;
Columbus, though of humble station,
Thy name immortal will remain.

Let discord never thrive among ye,
Or be found in your debate,
For then will tyrants overwhelm thee
With hirelings base, and savage hate.

But let peace with blessings crown ye,
Then your fields will teem with grain;
Commerce o'er the seas will waft thee
Plenty—happy be thy reign!

D*****.

LAMENT OF A SWISS MINSTREL OVER
THE RUINS OF GOLDAU.

(Continued from page 75.)

No chariots of fire on the clouds careered;
No warrior's arm on the hills was reared;
No death-angel's trump o'er the ocean was
blown;

No mantle of wrath over heaven was thrown;
No armies of light with their banners of flame,
On neighbouring steeds, through the sunset
came,

Or leaping from space appeared:
No earthquake reeled: no thunderer stormed,
No fetterless dead o'er the bright sky swarmed,
No voices in heaven were heard.

But, the hour when the sun in his pride went
down,

While his parting hung rich o'er the world,
While abroad o'er the sky his flush mantle
was blown,

And his streamers of gold were unfurled;
An everlasting hill was torn
From its primeval base, and borne,
In gold and crimson vapours drest,
To where a people are at rest.

Slowly it came in it's mountain wrath;
And the forests vanished before its path;
And the rude cliffs bowed; and the waters
fled;

And the living were buried, while over their
head

They heard the full march of their foe as he
sped;—

And the valley of life was the tomb of the
dead.

The mountain sepulchre of all I loved!
The village sank, and the giant trees
Leaned back from the encountering breeze,
As this tremendous pageant moved.

The mountain forsook his perpetual throne,
And came down in his pomp: and his path is
shown

In barrenness and ruin—there
His ancient mysteries lay bare;
His rocks in nakedness arise;
His desolations mock the skies.

Sweet vale, Goldau, farewell!
An Alpine monument may dwell
Upon thy bosom, O my home!

DESTRUCTION OF GOLDAU,
AND OTHER VILLAGES IN SWITZERLAND.

Extracted from a letter dated Geneva, Sept. 26, 1806.

Picture to yourself a rude and mingled mass
of earth and stones, bristled with the shattered
parts of wooden cottages, and with thousands
of heavy trees, torn up by the roots, and pro-
jecting in every direction. In one part you
might see a range of peasants' huts, which
the torrent of earth had reached with just
force enough to overthrow and tear in pieces,
but without bringing soil enough to cover
them. In another were mills broken in pieces
by huge rocks, transported from the top of the
mountains which fell, and were carried high
up the opposite side of the Rigi. Large pools
of water had formed themselves in different
parts of the ruins, and many little streams,
whose usual channels had been filled up, were

bursting out in various places. Birds of prey,
attracted by the smell of dead bodies, were
hovering all about the valley.

But the general impression made upon us
by the sight of such an extent of desolation,
connected, too, with the idea that hundreds of
wretched creatures were at that moment alive,
buried under a mass of earth, and inaccessible
to the cries and labours of their friends, was
too horrible to be described or understood.
As we travelled along the borders of the chaos
of ruined buildings, a poor peasant, wearing a
countenance ghastly with woe, came up to us
to beg a piece of money. He had three chil-
dren buried in the ruins of a cottage, which
he was endeavouring to clear away.

A little further on we came to an elevated
spot, which overlooked the whole scene. Here
we found a painter seated on a rock, and busy
in sketching its horrors. He had chosen a
most favourable point. Before him, at the
distance of more than a league, rose the Ross-
berg, from whose bare side had rushed the
destroyer of all this life and beauty. On his
right was the lake of Lowertz, partly filled
with the earth of the mountain. On the banks
of this lake was all that remained of the town
of Lowertz. Its church was demolished; but
the tower yet stood amid the ruins, shattered,
but not thrown down.

The figures which animated this part of the
drawing were a few miserable peasants, left to
grope among the wrecks of one-half their vil-
lage. The foreground of the picture was a
wide desolate sweep of earth and stones, re-
lieved by the shattered roof of a neighbouring
cottage. On the left hand spread the blue
and tranquil surface of the lake of Zug, on
the margin of which yet stands the pleasant
village of Art, almost in contact with the
ruins, and trembling even in its preservation.

We proceeded, in our descent along the
side of the Rigi, toward the half-buried village
of Lowertz. Here we saw the poor curate,
who is said to have been a spectator of the
fall of the mountain. He saw the torrent of
earth rushing toward his village, overwhelm-
ing half his people, and stopping just before
his door. What a situation! He appeared,
as we passed, to be superintending the labours
of some of the survivors, who were exploring
the ruins of the place. A number of new-
made graves, marked with a plain pine cross,
showed where a few of the wretched victims
of this catastrophe had just been interred.

Our course lay along the borders of the en-
chanting lake of Lowertz. The appearance
of the slopes, on the eastern and southern
sides, told us what the valley of Goldau was a
few days since, smiling with varied vegetation,
gay with villages and cottages, and bright
with promises of autumnal plenty. The
shores of this lake were covered with the ruins
of huts, with hay, with furniture and clothes,
which the vast swell of its waters had lodged
on the banks. As we were walking mourn-
fully along towards Schweitz, we met with the
dead body of a woman, which had just been
found. It was stretched out on a board, and
barely covered with a white cloth. Two men,
preceded by a priest, were carrying it to a
more decent burial.

We hoped that this sight would have concluded the horrors of this day's scenery, and that we should soon escape from every painful vestige of the calamity of Schweitz. But we continued to find relics of ruined buildings for a league along the whole extent of the lake; and a little beyond the two islands mentioned above we saw, lying on the shore, the stiff body of a peasant, which had been washed up by the waves, and which two men were examining, to ascertain where he belonged. Our guide instantly knew it to be one of the inhabitants of Goldau. But I will mention no more particulars. Some, perhaps, that have been related to me are not credible, and others which are credible are too painful.

The immediate cause of this calamitous event is not yet sufficiently ascertained, and probably never will be. The fall of parts of hills is not uncommon; and in Switzerland especially there are several instances recorded of the descent of large masses of earth and stones. But so sudden and extensive a ruin as this was, perhaps, never produced by the fall of a mountain. It can be compared only to the destruction made by the tremendous eruptions of Etna and Vesuvius.

Many persons suppose that the long and copious rains, which they have lately had in this part of Switzerland, may have swelled the mountains in the Rossberg, sufficiently to push this part of the mountain off its inclined base. But we saw no marks of streams issuing from any part of the bed which is laid bare. Perhaps the consistency of the earth in the interior of the mountain was so much altered by the moisture which penetrated into it, that the projection of the Spitzberg was no longer held by a sufficiently strong cohesion, and its own weight carried it over. Perhaps, as the earth is calcareous, a kind of fermentation took place sufficient to loosen its foundations. But there is no end to conjectures. The mountain has fallen, and the villages are no more.

SPRING.

Hail! glorious season of the year,
Thou'rt welcome to our isle;
For pleasant Spring doth now appear,
In variegated style.

The snow-drop from her silent sod,
Doth rear her lovely head;
The crocus to adore her God,
Is rising from her bed.

The primrose on her mossy bank,
Has just begun to peep;
The daffodil, to join the rank,
Has 'wakened from her sleep.

The fleur-de-lis, in dress so neat,
Will soon burst from her case;
The rose so blooming and so sweet,
Will soon unveil her face.

The fair palm-tree's once joyful bud
Already may be seen;
The plants, and shrubs, and every wood,
Will soon be deck'd in green.

The cuckoo's voice we soon shall hear,
In every wood and lawn;
The lark will soar above, and cheer,
When morn begins to dawn.

The thrush has just begun to sing,
His sweet and joyful song;
His partner, forth she soon will bring
Her dear and tender young.

In short, 'tis time to dig the soil,
For winter's on the wing;
And nature now begins to smile—
Then welcome lovely Spring!

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RECOLLECTIONS IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE.

(For the FLY.)

(Continued from page 78.)

THE DIVORCE.

On invitation from the Emperor, Eugene entered the cabinet pale and dejected: the most settled melancholy was impressed upon his countenance. He had just heard from his mother's lips all that had passed the night before. This confidence had well nigh overpowered him; and as if he was unable to give credit to the terrible invitation, he was come to seek confirmation of it from the Emperor's own mouth. On seeing him enter, Napoleon, without moving from his chair, contented himself with answering by a sign of his head affirmatively all the questions which were respectfully put to him by his adopted son.

"Then, sire," replied Eugene, his eyes cast on the ground, "permit me from this moment to leave your Majesty."

"How so, Eugene?" demanded the Emperor, rising up on the instant.

"Yes, sire; the son of a woman who is no longer Empress cannot with propriety continue viceroy. It is imperative on him to follow his mother into that retirement which you shall destine for her."

"Ah, Eugene! is it right that you thus threaten to leave me?" replied Napoleon, greatly moved. "Are you ignorant how imperative the reasons are that oblige me to adopt this measure? Has not thy mother, then, explained them to thee? And should I obtain this son, an object of my dearest thoughts, who will fill my place towards him when I am absent? who will then be a father to him? who will bring him up? who will aid and counsel him?—in fine, who will make

him a man? Ah, Eugene! I confess it; I had depended on thee; for, in fact, have I not been a father to thee—aye, both to thee and thy sister?"

Napoleon was unable to add one single word more; the tears which bedewed his face stopped his voice. The Prince himself could not overcome his feelings, and embracing the hand which the Emperor had abandoned to him, pressed it several times to his lips with the most lively emotion, but Napoleon drew him towards him, and embraced him with the most parental ardour and affection.

"Yes, promise me that you will never leave me," murmured he, in a voice hardly articulate.

"Never, sire, never!"

And the Emperor, having turned aside his head to conceal his tears, made a sign to Eugene, by which he comprehended that his step-father desired to be alone.

To date from this period, on which her new destiny had been revealed by Napoleon, Josephine rarely quitted her apartments, and very seldom appeared in the circle of the Tuileries; Madame Mère officiating in her place, and doing the honours of the Court. However, Napoleon wished that the Empress should be present at the *Te Deum*, sang at Notre Dame two days afterwards (the 2d of December), for the anniversary of the coronation, and of the battle of Austerlitz, and in commemoration also of the signing the treaty of peace at Vienna, the consequences of which were become so momentous and sorrowful for her. Upon this occasion Josephine appeared seated in a tribune, and surrounded by all the princesses of the Imperial family, while Napoleon repaired alone in grand ceremony to the metropolitan temple. The next day the Empress was again obliged to be present at the festival which the city of Paris gave in honour of these events. The Emperor had ordered that this fête should begin early, because he de-

sired to give audience to every body, and above all the less of court robes the better.

"I see every day enough of them at the Tuileries," said he to M. de Remusat. "Since it is the city of Paris who give this entertainment, it is the inhabitants of Paris that I desire to find in my path beyond all others."

The ball was magnificent. The *Salle du Trône*, amongst others, was splendid without precedent; decorated as it was with flowers, illuminated, and sparkling with diamonds and costly dresses worn by the ladies, amongst whom were many very beautiful women, each one more adorned than her neighbour. This truly was a most gorgeous sight. One would have said it had been got up, and perfected by fairy art.

Josephine arrived the first. Never was her toilette so scrupulously adjusted, nor so brilliant in its character. Never was her physiognomy uniformly mild and gentle, but that day especially embued with a deep and settled melancholy had never exhibited so sublime an expression, characteristic at once of forgiveness and resignation. When she arrived in the great hall, after having passed under the eyes of the chief magistrates, and of the *élite* of the inhabitants of her good city (*sa bonne ville*), as she called it, she advanced with slow and measured steps towards the throne upon which she was now to seat herself for the last time. Her eyes appeared half closed, her knees were feeble, and she was forced, in order to prevent herself falling, to lean upon the arm of Madame de la Rochefoucault, her lady of the robes.

"I shall never have strength to reach there," said she, in a voice scarcely audible; "I feel as if I should expire."

"A little courage, Madame," said her waiting lady, in a low whisper, all eyes are directed on your Majesty."

"Oh! how weighty is a crown," said she, in a still lower voice; and making one last

and successful effort she said smiling, "the Emperor has deserved it."

A moment afterwards, and the ruffle of the drums in the Palace-yard announced the arrival of Napoleon. He advanced with his usual rapid step, accompanied by seven kings, their names as follow, all marching in his suite. Onward he proceeded, and came and placed himself on the right hand of the Empress, having merely addressed a word or two here and there with such as he found in his passage.

The fete commenced. Napoleon, who wished to be amiable, soon rose from his imperial chair to go and perform what he termed his *tournee*; but, before he descended from the *estrade*—a platform so called—he leaned towards Josephine, and had whispered something in her ear, probably to engage her to accompany him, for she had rose up at the instant. Monsieur de Talleyrand, who in quality of Grand Chamberlain, was standing behind the Emperor, hastened to follow, but he got somehow entangled in the Empress's train, and was nearly making her fall and himself likewise. Once disengaged, he joined Napoleon without addressing even the slightest apology to Josephine. We must suppose the Prince of Benevento incapable intentionally of offering an insult, or of even manifesting a want of courtesy towards the resigning Empress, but certainly he was not ignorant of the secrets of the grand drama which were in train to be played; he knew also that the last act was about to be accomplished, and *certainly* the man who was uniformly polite to every one would not have acted after such a fashion a year ago. As to Josephine she stopped, and with ineffable grace and dignity smiled upon M. de Talleyrand, as if it was a *maladresse* they were both equally guilty of, but at the same moment her eyes filled with tears, and her lips became white, and trembling with vexation.

Arrived at the extremity of the grand gallery, their Majesties separated; Napoleon taking the right hand staircase, and the Empress that on the left, every one striving to get a sight of her—the "admirer of all admirers." To this end every body arranged themselves on her side, that they might see her for the last time probably, for she was adored by the *Bourgeoisie*, as also by the ladies of her court, who took pleasure in proclaiming her good and most indulgent. Thus it was that this sad exhibition of hers produced a strong and lasting impression on the minds of all such as were present upon this occasion, perhaps the most painful occasion ever witnessed by the people during the imperial dynasty. This was the last time that the Empress appeared in public.

(To be continued.)

EXPLANATION TO ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT IN NO. 19.

One oft-repeated vowel (e) only is required to make it read as follows:—

*Pemere ye perfect men,
Ever keep these*

IS THERE AN UNBELIEVER?

BY THE LATE T. H. BAYLY.

Is there an unbeliever?
One man who walks the earth
And madly doubts that Providence
Watch'd o'er him at his birth!
He robs mankind for ever
Of hope beyond the tomb;
What gives he as a recompense?
The brute's, unhallow'd doom.

In manhood's loftiest hour,
In health, and strength, and pride,
O! lead his steps through alleys green,
Where rills 'mid cowslips glide;
Climb Nature's granite tower,
Where man hath rarely trod;
And will he then, in such a scene,
Deny there is a God!

Yes, the proud heart will ever
Accept the false tongue's reply!
An Omnipresent Providence
Still madly he'll deny.
But see the unbeliever
Sinking in death's decay;
And hear the cry of penitence!
He never learnt to pray!

CHEERFULNESS AN INDEX OF THE HEART.

"I never knew," says a German writer, "a man of a cheerful temper and open countenance to be a bad man. With me, on the contrary, they act as a good indication, and are passports for goodness. Where innate evil is an inhabitant, how can the mind be cheerful? And if this is clouded, the character and features of the face are subject to their influences."

"I would (says the same philosopher) encourage that habitual appearance which at first sight should act in my favour of the least observant portion of our species. Every honest man's opinion is worthy of being conciliated."

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY LORD BYRON.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer by,
Thus when thou read'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye.

And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

THE DOVE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The dove her golden plumage hath,
The rose its fragrant breath,
The rippling stream its sunny waves,
Its pearl—flower—the heath.

The nightingale her melody,
The very storm its light;
I but my soul's deep bitterness,
Its weariness and blight.

LODGERS IN LONDON.

In London the lodger who occupies a first floor would scarcely deign to speak to the "common people" who live in the attics. There is as much difference between the habits of the people who all live under one roof, as there is between the pure aristocrat and the independent and quiet citizen. He who occupies the third floor is perhaps a mechanic; he comes home regularly at twelve to dine, gives a single knock, is admitted by his poor but clean-looking wife, wipes his feet, and goes up stairs: first and second-floor doors never by any possible chance opening in the mean time. Second-floor comes with a double knock; he dines at one or two; his wife is on nodding terms with first floor. Sometimes they exchange a "good morning" with each other, especially if second-floor is not intimate with the "common people" up stairs. First-floor dines at three or four, if he is a clerk, or holding some situation under Government; he gives a regular "ran, tan, tan," for they keep a girl, a little dirty begrimed wretch: no matter, it is "our servant." The ground-floor people, generally the landlord and family, if they chance to be at the window, bow and smile to the first-floor—he is such a respectable man—he pays so regular—has a gallon of spirits at a time—and never such beggarly bits as a quarter-of-a-hundred of coals at once; "disgracing the appearance of the house." Then, perhaps, there are the children of each floor: first, have platted behind and long tails; second, very tidy indeed; perhaps they put most of their washing out, and can spare more time to look after their children: third-floor, often a dirty face, and sitting on the top landing eating bread-and-butter, or pulling the coals out of the cupboard while the mother is washing.

OXYGEN.

(For the Fly.)

Oxygen, it is well known, is that life-giving principle in the air by means of which we breathe and live, and find the animal system invigorated and refreshed. It appears to be as essential to vegetables almost as to animals, for vegetables suck it in, and derive nourishment, in combination with other causes, therefrom. Without this principle, this chemical ingredient in the air, all nature—i. e., all animated beings, must perish. A fact as plain as it is wonderful. Our object, we confess, in sketching those ideas which float the mind is to induce a religious meditation. What! shall we daily receive the benefits of the divine mercy, and observe the wonders of creation, and yet be ashamed at least to own our convictions, because some of our fellow-creatures may foolishly smile at us? Consider, my friends, only five minutes *silently and thoughtfully*. Whenever we breathe, we throw off useless air, and take in that which is beneficial; that is to say, the oxygen. But, were we to throw off noxious gases from our system in larger quantities, and there were a much smaller proportion of oxygen in the universe than is at present distributed over its

surface, in what condition would the millions of the human family be placed? Malaria of every kind would abound of necessity every where; contagious distempers multiply with surprising rapidity, and thin the human race with a quickness and malignity as to which no correct notion can be formed through the shortness and limited nature of our understandings. And yet this simple principle we breathe daily; with diminished quantities we should groan indeed, "being burthened," without it we could not live, constituted as men are. Is there then no knowledge to be gathered from an acquaintanceship with the wonderful processes every hour going forward in natural chemistry? Well and truly might David say, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge;" and the simple fact, but too little regarded, that oxygen is supplied, more or less, to every living thing according to its wants and necessities, is enough fully and satisfactorily, and unto a devout mind undeniably, prove that the tender mercy of God is "over all His works."

May 20, 1839.

M. A. P.

A BARK IS ON THE SUNNY SEA.

"A bark is on the sunny sea"—

Whilst sitting on a grassy cliff

Above the whispering tide:

"A bark is on the sunny sea,

It bears my love away;

Oh! pleasant be thy voyage, bark,

Beyond the feathery spray.

"Methinks I could have sailed with him

Far o'er that heaving main,

Although I ne'er might hope to see

My village home again.

Methinks, undaunted, I could brave

The ocean's angry brow;

But pleasant be thy voyage, bark,

'Tis vain to murmur now!

"Farewell! the billows heave between,

They hide thy swan-like form;

Oh! may they ever bear thee on,

Unruffled by a storm.

And he who stands upon thy deck,

Still happy may he be—

My prayers go with thee, lonely bark,

Beyond the sunny sea."

Thus sang the love-lorn maiden there,

And oft was seen to weep,

As twilight with her shadows came

To robe the purple deep.

Time in his course brought joyous news

From him beyond the wave;

But when the spring return'd, its flowers

Bloomed round the maiden's grave.

LABLACHE.

DEBUT EXTRAORDINARY.

It was after the Congress at Laybach that the counter-revolution took place at Naples with a rapidity that astonished all parties. The king had returned but a few days to his palace, and every where, in the most joyful

and festive manner, was his restoration hailed. On his first visit to St. Carlo after his return, a mythological piece was got up for the occasion at short notice, which was intended to precede the other entertainments. Young Lablache, lately engaged at this theatre, was destined to perform the character of *Jupiter*. His imposing figure, his portly front, his sparkling eye, his manly voice, every thing even at that time fitted him for the part either of the Jewish lawgiver Moses, or the father of the Gods. Jupiter was to descend in a cloud, supported through the air by a well-prepared cordage. Already is he seated on the throne, a regal crown adorns his head, beneath which his dark and graceful hair fell in profuse and natural ringlets, while his hand grasped firmly the inflexible neck of the paste-board eagle. The thunder began to roll from behind the scenes, the strong pulleys creak, the audience applaud, and the mighty Jove was pushed off from the upraised curtain high above the stage of the noble and far-famed St. Carlo. On a sudden the cloud stopped—

"O dire message!

Hopeless of plight, more hopeless of relief;"

the young aspirant hangs dubious, high in the regions of the liquid air. Fear takes possession of the stage, the actors forget their parts, and uttering deafening cries make their escape. The orchestra rises in the greatest disorder. The women partially leaning over the boxes, call fearfully out; the further part of the pit and gallery partake of a like commotion, though as yet hardly knowing the cause of alarm. A dreadful scene now succeeds, and the confusion is general, all being convinced that the poor *debutant* must fall on the stage, or in the midst of the crowd paralysed with fright and dismay. A few moments are passed in this painful suspense. At length he reaches *terra firma*. Here, for the first time, he learns that one of the men engaged in the machinery above, had got his arm between two cords, running close together, attached to the flies, which supported the cloud, and had made his way down to the stage by the same conveyance with himself; the sight of which object—a man suspended by the arm, lacerated, and in jeopardy, had caused the alarm that had so fearfully assailed the house. In this terrible passage and on reaching the ground, Lablache had his locks literally whitened; nevertheless his courage and presence of mind never forsook him, for he sang the air, and got through the part in the best way he was able. After this *trial* scene, which in every sense of the word it may be called, if we apply the poet's couplet to the actor, ludicrous as it may seem:—

"Should the whole frame of nature round him break,

He unconcerned would bear the mighty crack."

We shall hardly be thought to assume too much in our notion of its fitness. From that time his grey hair, opposed to his youthful and lively features, formed a contrast that was at once peculiar and piquant.

"Such fate pursues the votaries of praise," says Juvenal.

HOME REVISITED.

I left London to visit my native home—to place my feet upon the very hearthstone by which I had sat when a boy. Mine was no affected feeling, no imaginary delight, but a mad wild eagerness to look upon the old woods and green hills which had been familiar to me from childhood, and to which my mind had so often sailed on the dreamy wings of pleasure, asleep or awake, just as fancy wandered. The old house was still the same, and every thing it contained seemed to stand in the very position that they occupied twenty years ago; there was no change, saving that they appeared to look older, somehow more venerable; but the alteration was more in myself than the objects I looked upon. I gazed upon the old clock, and fancied that the ancient monitor had undergone a great change since my boyish days; it seemed to have lost that sharp clear clicking with which it had greeted mine ears when a child, and when it told the hour it spoke in a more solemn tone than that of former years. I looked upon the brass figures which ornamented the old clock-face, until fancy began to trace a resemblance between myself and them: in former days they looked bright and gladsome, they seemed not to bend under the huge load they supported; but now they have a care-worn look about them, and what they seemed to bear once with a playful grace, now hangs upon them like a burthen; their brows, too, seemed heavy, as if they had passed away long years in painful thought. The gilt balls, which decorate the tall case, were tarnished; the golden worlds into which my fancy had so often conjured them were gone; the light that played around them in other days was dimmed; the sunshine rested upon them no longer. I heard the clock-chains slipping at intervals, as if they could not keep pace with time; they seemed weary with long watching; they could no longer keep a firm foot hold down the steep hill which they had traversed so many years. My eye fell upon the old mirror into which I had looked twenty years ago, on which I had gazed when a child, and marvelled how another fire and another room could stand within the compass of so small a frame. It gave me neither flattery nor welcome, but gravely threw me back, seated by the same hearth which I had so often scrawled over with the misshapen figures of men and monsters when a boy. We confronted each other with a familiar boldness, as if proud that we had stood the wear and tear of time so well. We looked seriously, but not unkindly, upon each other. The image in the mirror seemed as if it would have accosted me, and had much to utter, but its lips became compressed, as if it scorned to murmur. It gave back another form for a moment—a lovely maiden stood arranging her ringlets before it—but that was only fancy, for I remembered she had long been dead. The very crack which I had made along the old looking-glass when a boy, with my ball, seemed like a landmark dividing the past from the present. I could have moralised for hours on that old mirror. On the wall hung the large slate on which I ventured to write my

first couplet: what I then wrote was easily obliterated; my ragged jacket cuff was the willing critic that passed lightly over my transgressions, and shone all the brighter after the deed. I knew not that such men as authors lived: every book was taken up without a suspicion of its lacking truth, and strange as they might seem, I felt proud in the wisdom I gathered from their pages. I could point out to my playmates the green rings which the fairies had made on the grass, tell them the very colours which the elves wore, or show them a valley which resembled that wherein Sinbad gathered his diamonds. Ignorance was then bliss indeed! Beside the slate hung the old valentine which had been addressed to my mother when a girl; my glance shifted from the picture to herself, and I tried in vain to recall the day when she received it; her grave features mocked every effort of my fancy, nor could I imagine that there ever was a time when she ran laughing to her gay companions to show her new valentine. Her venerable grey hairs, her deeply-furrowed brows, over which many a sorrow had trod, seemed too solemn ever to have unbended over those hearts and flowers, and that curious scissor-work, which must have been the labour of many a long hour. The very writing had become yellow. I wondered if she ever thought of her "Old Sweetheart" when she rubbed off the dust from the glass on a Saturday—a task which she had done regularly for above forty years. Then there was that old tea-board, with the stately lady in a garden on the centre, herself overtopping every tree. But that tray was only used on rare occasions, real "white-cake days," when some cousin or aunt came to tea; and the mended china was handed carefully from the corner cupboard, and the blue glass sugar basin, which I hoped some day to see broken, that I might have the bits to spy through. The old white table was still in the same place; and its long drawer seemed at last to have found rest—tops, marbles, and fishing tackle, which it was opened a score of times a day to rummage for, were all gone; there is no danger now of running fish-hooks into their fingers when they open it. "Robinson Crusoe" and "Robin Hood's Garland" are gone. That old drawer was a true index to my mind in those days; they who looked therein might discover the true taste of its occupier; old and worm-eaten as it may now seem, it has contained the greatest literary treasures—the works of Shakspeare and Milton. How little it took to make me happy in those days! A dry crust from the large bread-crock, which yet stands under the old table; Shakspeare, or a volume of Scott's immortal novels; a day of sunshine—and that a holiday—and I had but to traverse a single street, enter Foxby-lane, and bury myself in the woods, to reach my own heaven. No pride, no object, no ambition—poverty was never felt, and therefore unknown; so long as the bread-crock furnished forth its crust all was pleasure, for the clear brook in the wood was never dry. Ariel passed not a happier life than mine under "the blossomed bough."

THOMAS MILLER.

THE LUCKY BAG.

Then there was the "lucky bag," held by a grim-looking fellow, whose very looks would have hanged him before any discriminating jury; or perchance it was a tall woman, wearing a man's great coat and heavy-laced boots; she had also a velvet bonnet, one which had once been black, but was then as many colours as the coping-stone of a castle wall, green and grey, mottled and weather-beaten, with the melancholy adornment of a faded feather. Then she would endeavour to seduce us by sweet promises, not that they came forth with "honeyed utterance," for her voice was strong and deep as the roar of the ocean, as she exclaimed (shaking up the mysterious little bits of paper), "Come, try your luck, my pretty little darlings,—all prizes and no blanks—here's the shop to make your fortune at once, and all for the risking of a penny; and should you not like the prize, by putting it back you can try your luck again." Then we used to lay our little heads together, and wonder if prizes for all the things which were displayed on that stall were in the "lucky bag." Then some little urchin, who had been hovering round all day, would blithely tell us how he had seen a tall man in a velvet coat, with a black eye, a pipe in his hat, and a bull-dog at his heels, and how the said gentleman came up and paid his penny, and dipped his hand in the lucky bag. How, strange to tell, the first time he put in he won that rosewood work-box (the only one on the stall), and, which seemed more marvellous, how the woman gave him five shillings to leave it behind, and thanked him kindly for so doing, declaring also to the crowd around her that should any other gentleman or lady win it, she would give them the choice between that or five shillings, and that—wonderful to relate—although upwards of thirty had tried their luck, and one persevering fellow had spent half-a-crown, no one had gained a higher prize than a penny trumpet. Then we would try our fortune, big with hope, that the rosewood work-box would be ours, and the deep-voiced woman made our hearts quake as she ran her eye over the ticket and exclaimed aloud, "A row of pins for the gentleman to pin up his sweetheart's gown in rainy weather;" or perhaps "A whistle for the young gentleman to call out his sweetheart on a moonlight night;" or haply "A stay-lace for the young man, that he may make a present to his sweetheart when he goes a-court-ing;" then we went off sneaking amid the laughter of the bystanders, with head half averted, casting many a longing look on the rosewood work-box.

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The subscribers to the "Fly" are informed that the Portrait of the Duke of Wellington is unavoidably postponed, in consequence of an accident which prevented the preparation of the number necessary to supply the great demand

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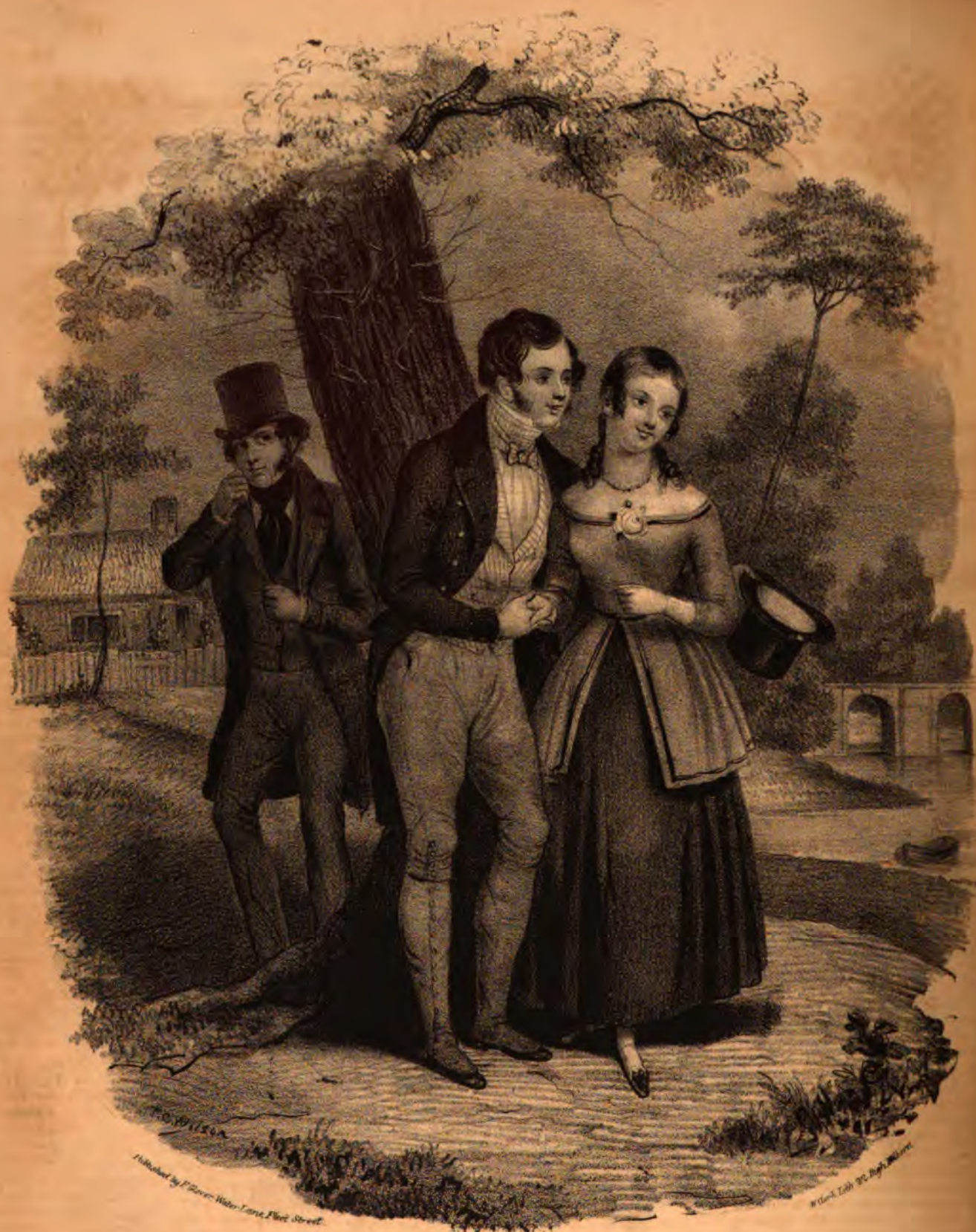
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RECOLLECTIONS IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE.

(For the FLY.)

(Continued from page 82.)

THE DIVORCE.

The religious ceremonies of which the Pope had exacted a strict and solemn observance being fulfilled, and the prescribed form by the canons of the church terminated, the decision was made known by the officiating prelate of the archbishopric of Paris: it was to this effect—that the marriage of Napoleon was dissolved, and that he himself was condemned to an *amende* of six francs; the said sum to be appropriated for the use of the poor. The metropolitan priest relieved his Majesty very shortly from his sentence, because, submitting to this judgment (one evidently of mere form, which made him laugh heartily), he sent on the same day 120,000 francs to the mayors of the different *arrondissements*, in order that each should dispense his proportion to the most needy in his district.

"In my quality of Emperor," said he, gaily, "I ought upon this occasion to contribute more largely than any other."

From this *trait* one may form a notion how submissive the Emperor was to the laws of the empire even in private life, and as it regarded himself personally. These ecclesiastical proceedings, besides this gift, had entailed upon him very considerable sums in advance, as well for presents to those concerned, as also for the *droits* of registration upon a catalogue of acts, deemed necessary, and for which like ecclesiastical dues—more spacious than requisite—there was no means of escaping. Not only were these charges paid and credited to the Treasury, but it was Napoleon himself who discharged them from the funds of his own

privy purse. One circumstance in itself, not less dramatic than all the rest of this episode of "The Divorce," was, that Prince Eugene, whose tenderness for his mother was well known, discharged on this day the office of Chancellor of State to the senate; that is to say, it was him that brought the message in which Napoleon explained to the first corps *d'état* the motives which forced him to separate himself from his wife.

"The tears of the Emperor," said the noble young man upon this trying occasion, "would alone have sufficed for the glory of my mother. And hers, alas! they were *brulantes* when that terrible day arrived."

It was the 10th of December, 1809. The imperial family, with the grand dignitaries of the crown, found themselves already assembled at the Tuileries, in the great gallery of Diana, which had been appropriated to that purpose. Napoleon took his seat in the arm-chair that was placed for him, on the right of the arch-chancellor. There he sat motionless as a statue, his hands crossed one over the other, and his eyes constantly fixed on the door which led to the inner apartments. On a sudden the folding-doors are thrown open; two pages arranging themselves on the instant, one on each side, while a door-keeper announced—"Her Majesty the Empress and Queen." At these words there was a general movement in the hall, which was almost immediately succeeded by a solemn silence, all eyes being directed to that side. The Emperor instantly arose. Josephine appeared. She was attired in a plain muslin robe. A small mother-of-pearl comb had on this occasion superseded the laced drapery of the head, which usually confined her hair at the back of her neck; the whole of her toilette was remarkable for its extreme simplicity. She wore no ornaments, with the exception of a small medalion, of square form, suspended by a braid of black ribbon, which hung from her neck. It

was Napoleon's portrait, when he was only General-in-chief of the army in Italy. She advanced slowly, leaning upon the arm of Hortense, Queen of Holland, the countenance of the latter being no less pallid than was that of her mother's. Eugene stood close beside the Emperor, on his right hand. He was quite lost in thought, his eyes gazing on vacancy, while at the same time he appeared to labour under a sudden sensation of tremour. Napoleon sought his hand, and drew him closer to himself, pressing it several times with evident emotion.

"No weakness now, Eugene," said he in a low voice,—"still a little more courage."

"I shall have it, sire," murmured the prince; and his trouble of mind went on increasing to such a degree that all who were present expected that he would go off in a fit. Meanwhile, Josephine had taken her seat at a small table, covered with green velvet, with a border of gold fringe, which was placed a little to the left of Cambacérès. Napoleon made a gracious wave of his hand on looking around him, meaning by this sign to invite the grand dignitaries assembled to seat themselves. Then the Imperial *procureur*, M. Reginald de Saint Jean d'Angely, read in a low tone of voice, being much moved, the act of separation. It was listened to with intense interest, amidst the most profound silence; the greatest anxiety being painted upon the countenances of all present. Josephine alone appeared calm; her arm rested upon the little table before her, her head reclining over it, whilst the round big tears from time to time rolled down her cheeks. Her daughter stood immediately behind her (Hortense), whose arms resting on the back of her mother's chair never ceased sobbing, and striving to conceal her face between her two hands. As to the Emperor, his looks and manner betrayed a most unsettled mind, he appearing to suffer one thousand times more than the Empress.

The reading of the act finished, Josephine rose up, wiped her eyes, and in a firm voice pronounced the few short words of adhesion, which had been prefixed in advance; then taking the pen, presented her by Cambacères, she signed the act, which M. Reginald de St. Jean d'Angely had placed before her. Having executed it, and instantly covering her eyes with her handkerchief, she retired in silence, supported by her daughter, without turning her head to the right hand or the left, and without once looking about her.

On a sign from the Emperor, Eugene had gone off to his mother's assistance, but his strength failing him, he fell without sense or motion between the great doors of the gallery. The door-keeper, with the help of the Prince's aide-de-camp, who had followed him, restored him to his feet, and led him to the saloon of service. There all the care that a position so delicate and touching could require was administered to him. Napoleon was afterwards conducted with great ceremony into the inner apartments, where he continued mournful and silent the rest of that day.

Cambacères and Talleyrand were the only persons of this august assembly who remained unmoved during the time that this family scene lasted—a scene at once so poignant and so full of dignity.

Those persons who observe every thing remarked that during this sad solemnity, and notwithstanding the season, a horrible tempest visited Paris. Torrents of rain, accompanied by a violent storm of wind, brought dread and dismay into all hearts. One would have said that Heaven had chose to manifest its displeasure and repugnance at an act which so entirely had destroyed the happiness of Josephine. A circumstance no less extraordinary, if it be true, is, that the like phenomenon manifested itself on the same day and hour at Milan. Oppressed by the divers emotions of this cruel day, Napoleon retired early to rest. He was in bed when the aide-de-camp on duty presented himself to receive what was called "the order." The valets-de-chambre of the Emperor were still occupied with some arrangements in the apartment, lighted only by a single wax taper, when the door opened suddenly, and presented to view a figure in white, more resembling a phantom than a human being. It was the Empress, alone—her hair in disorder, and her features horribly contracted. At this sight Napoleon, greatly terrified, raised himself on his seat, while the servants retired to the far end of the chamber. Josephine advanced with tottering steps. Arrived at the bed, she threw herself on her knees, and without speaking a word she strained Napoleon in her arms, weeping and uttering the most heart-rending cries. Napoleon addressed her in soothing accents, returning her caresses, and mingling his tears with hers. The emotion of the assistants was now at its height.

"*Allons !* my good Josephine," said he, in a voice interrupted by sobs, "*sois donc plus raisonnable ;* you know I shall be always your friend. I am more to be pitied than thee—but do leave me—I have not indeed courage enough for us both."

Overwhelmed with grief, Josephine an-

swered not. Then followed a distressing but mute scene, in which their tears commingling, expressed more than words could utter. Josephine becoming at length more calm, the Emperor awoke from his state of stupor, as from a dream, and perceived, for the first time, that there were still persons in the room. He gently put aside Josephine, and crossing his arms over his breast, he addressed his servants, speaking to them in a short, but severe tone, somewhat, however, moderated by his emotions.

"What is it you do here, gentlemen? Cannot I be one minute alone, *chez moi*? Leave the room instantly."

Every body retired, hardly daring to respire. A quarter of an hour after, Josephine left the Emperor's apartment, even more heart-broken than ever. Napoleon having neither rang nor called for any one, the aide-de-camp on duty, according to daily habit, ventured again to return to the chamber, in spite of the information he had received, that nothing more was required there.

"Sire," said he, respectfully, "I come to take the orders from your Majesty for the night."

The Emperor returned no answer; but the aide-de-camp fancied that the eider-down placed on the bed was agitated, as if the person within might rise up unexpectedly. The officer renewed his demand, after having approached nearer; but Napoleon was so enveloped in clothes, that his face was not even visible. The orderly, therefore, retired quietly, and did not return to the camp bed, prepared for him in the saloon of service, until he had made, according to custom, the round of the chateau. This night the palace of the Tuileries was as silent as the tomb. Next day after the conventions agreed upon, Josephine quitted the palace to become the inhabitant of Malmaison.

Such persons as were attached to the service of their Majesties, whose occupations did not confine them to the minor apartments, were met together in the vestibule of the pavilion *de l'Horloge*, to see her once more, who, for ten years, was their sovereign. They were mournfully looking upon one another, without exchanging a word. At length, about eleven o'clock, Josephine appeared leaning on the arm of Madame Darberg, one of her ladies of honour; but she was so veiled, and wrapped up in a cachemere shawl, that she was not easily recognised. Then, however, burst forth a concert of lamentations and woe, wholly indescribable. She traversed the short space which separated her from her carriage, and immediately ascended the steps, without casting a look behind her at that palace she was destined never more to revisit. The blinds being lowered, and the carriage door closed upon her, the horses went off with the rapidity of the wind. For the first week the road from Paris to Malmaison was covered with crowds of persons, of all ranks, who thought it a duty incumbent on them again to present themselves before her, who, although deprived of a crown, had not in the smallest degree compromised the title of Empress. As for Napoleon, who, on his part, was gone to establish himself

at Trianon, did all in his power to accustom himself to live alone; nevertheless, he sent daily to make inquiries after Josephine, and would have been, no doubt, the messenger upon these occasions, if he had only dared to have been so.

F. E.

N.B.—We omitted to mention, by a note in the proper place, the names of the seven kings who assisted at the solemn occasion of "The Divorce." They are as follows:—The Kings of Spain, Holland, Westphalia, Naples, Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg.

RICHES.

These times strike monied worldlings with dismay:

Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair:
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stinted or untitled are given,
Sound, healthy, children of the God of heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath:
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital,—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death:

WORDSWORTH.

HOPE.

The faster falls the April shower,
When April's sun is beaming;
The rainbow shines with lowlier power,
In brighter colours streaming.

And so, when all seems flown away,
That made our sky the lighter,
Hope shineth forth with clearer ray,
And seemeth all the brighter.

L. E.

A TRAGEDY AT A FAIR.

Our attention was next drawn to a hole-and-corner sort of an establishment, which looked as if we might depend upon finding tragedy performed there upon the most primitive principles. The heavy-murderers moved along carefully outside, not taking too long strides, for there was not room enough in their garments to admit of any violent exertion. The queens and the high-born damsels also seemed to partake of the hang-dog look of the heroes, and whether their head-dresses sat ill or their crowns were placed awry, we could hardly make out, but their fingers were constantly busy there, arranging, and shifting, and twining over their silken ringlets, as if they were ill at ease. We saw a plumed warrior stalk up to a lady fair, and bent our ears, expecting that he would at least accost her in the language of the drama—tell her that his barbed steed already neighed by the barbican—that he should turn his head when he gained the skirts of the forest, and look for her white favour waving from the ivied turret. But no; he stepped up with folded arms, and said

"Remember, Nan, that I put down three halfpence for you towards that last half-pint of gin." And she—oh ye gods!—put her hand into her bosom, and from a piece of brown paper pulled out a hard, black, common copper penny, and gave it him, saying, "You must trust me the odd halfpenny." I could be sworn that it was the very penny she took from a sweep while the money-taker's back was turned, and to think of placing it where only doves and loves, and roses and posies,—foh!

"Oh, her offer was a rak."

We fled into the interior: the drop-scene was down; it represented a street, without any perspective; the houses were piled one upon another, and the passengers placed between the roof of the one row and the base of the other. The candle-snuffer had no instrument saving his fingers, and when burnt, he invariably, after shaking them, thrust them into his mouth. Some of the candles were at all angles, reposing lovingly upon each other, and dropping down fatness upon the shoulders of the assembly; nor did the decapitator of luminaries pay much attention as to where he shook off the burning snuff from his fingers, so that there was a gathering of garments wherever he moved. At length the audience became impatient, and began to call aloud for the performance to commence—they stamped also with their feet—but as we all stood alike upon our mother earth, they made but little noise, and the man with "burning fingers" turned round and said, "The more row you chaps kicks up here, why we shall just be all that the longer afore we begins, that's all, my kiddies." At length a man thrust his head and arms through the midst of the drop-scene and drove the street each way, half the houses to the right and half to the left: from the noise made we concluded it moved upon a rod and rings, much like the old-fashioned unheated bed-curtains. This done, he laid himself down upon some ragged drapery which had once been red, and looking into the side rings said, "What the dence did you tell me o' shove the curtain away for, before you were ready?" He then lay down, and was of course fast asleep when we, who were close to the stage, saw a woman leap upon it, much after the manner we should get upon a table; he then knelt beside the sleeping man and said something about "a lonely cavern, and is murderers so near;" then she looked aside to another, who was pinning an old cloak round her, and said, "Come, I'm not a-going to kneel here all night;" and the woman who was to be the witch of the cave answered, "I shall be ready in about a minute;" then the kneeling lady arose and said, "I shall not wait any longer;" so she placed her hands on the edge of the stage, and jumped off, and the other climbed on. While she was repeating nothing over the slumberer, he exclaimed, "Cut it short, or Bill will be here with the gin." Leantime another had very carefully climbed upon the stage, as if he had suffered from idly leaping thereon, as a long line of white ribbons upon a black ground plainly showed; never once was so ill-mannered as to turn his back upon the audience. He was smoking

a very short black pipe in the wings, and when it was his turn to appear, he stuck the duncun under his belt, and drew out an old white-hafted knife, and when he was about to stab the sleeper, the old man who had played the ghost for a score of years, jumped up on the other side, with a very dirty sheet over him; then the man who had been smoking went on one side and the ghost on the other, and the street was drawn back to its old place, and that was the first act. Bill also came in with the gin, so that, anticipating it would be some time before the street was again removed, we sallied forth in quest of further amusement.

A MAIDEN UNROBING.

"—A lovely maiden, pure and chaste,
With naked ivory neck and gown unlaced,
Within her chamber, when the day is fled,
Makes poor her garments to enrich her bed;
First, puts she off her lily silken gown,
That shrieks for sorrow as she lays it down,
And with her arms graceth a bodice fine,
Embracing her as it would ne'er untwine.
Her flaxen hair, ensnaring all beholders,
She next permits to wave about her shoulders,
And though she casts it back, the silken slips
Still forward steal, and hang upon her lips,
Whereat she, sweetly, angry, with her laces,
Binds up the wanton locks in curious traces,
While twirling with her joints each hair long
lingers
As loath to be enchained but by her fingers."

LOVERS PARTING.

Look as a lover, with a lingering kiss,
About to part with the best half that's his;
Fain would he stay, but that he fears to do it,
And curses time for so fast hastening to it;
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew
To make less vows than are esteemed true;
Then says he must be gone, and then doth find
Something he should have spoke that's out of
mind;
And whilst he stands to look for it in her eyes,
Their sad sweet glance so tie his faculties,
To think from what he parts, that he is now
As far from leaving her, or knowing how,
As when he came; begins his former strain
To kiss, to vow, and take his leave again;
Then turns, comes back, sighs, pants, and yet
doth go,
Apt to retire, and loath to leave her so:—
So part I."

THE OLD WOODMAN.

At the very base of Warton Woodhouse stands the cottage of Abraham Clark, the old woodman. There is something in the appearance of this dwelling which seems to accord with his solitary habits, and that habitual loneliness which is ever around him; for situated as it is at the termination of a deep valley, which in former times is said to have formed the bed of the river, there is a picturesque dreariness about it which is almost fearful.

Many a long year has old Abraham lived alone in that cottage, and it seems to have been almost his constant study to bring home

only those plants which grow dark and green, and close toge her, and resemble those shadowy recesses in the greenwood in which he labours. Evergreens are there of almost every variety that can be found within an English forest, and thus throughout the year the old man dwells amid deep foliage, either in the wood or amongst that which surrounds his own hut.

A staid and solemn man is Abraham Clark, for he has dwelt so long with solitude that they have become companions, and his countenance has caught the brown hue of the trees, and his garments are also coloured like their stems; so that when he stands motionless amongst them, a stranger would pass by without distinguishing him from the grey and moss-covered trunks.

What quietude hangs around the old man, what contentment and peace—what knows he of the world! War may shake the distant nations, his own country be in a commotion with political feuds, but they affect not his tranquil haunts—the sound reaches not the depth of his still green woods. He "among the leaves has never known" the "fever and the fret" of cities, has never felt the pangs that chain society together; has never "coined his cheek to smiles," or lowered his voice to affected sympathy. Sorrow he has encountered, but the silence of the forest taught him a deep philosophy, and brought before him the tranquillity of the grave, where the weary shall for ever be at rest. Hopes he had cherished, but they vanished without being fulfilled; so had he seen some goodly tree, the pride of "its place," towering in beauty and promise, all at once change, shake off its beautiful foliage, languish and die. Light of heart had he been, and

"Tuned his merry throat
Unto the wild bird's note;"

but his music was drowned with the approaching storm; he had heard the merry birds hush their notes on a sudden, and hide from the gathering tempest, and bury their mirth beneath the clouds, until a new return of sunshine.

Death affected the old man deeply, and he would sit listening to the forest stream that rippled at his feet for hours, seeking for images, and fancies, and soothing thoughts, in the bubble, or the leaf, or the fallen flower that floated by, and shaping the sounds of the water to his own thoughts, now sweet, now sadly complaining; then thrilling with notes of hope, or murmuring in a melancholy mood, as it struggled away, through the uncertain shadows, dim and mysterious as the great hereafter.

Such a solitary life as Abraham leads would be painful to any other than a man of strong mind; but he is inured to it, was nursed amidst it; from childhood the trees have been his companions, for his father was a woodman before him, and when a boy he often accompanied the old man into the forest, and had his own little axe;—he was born to be a woodman.

Solitude, then, is his element; he has sought it with no disgust, derives from it no peculiar

pleasure, but that which is drawn from contentment.

A stranger would say he was stern, that his aspect was forbidding, that there was something awful in the deep tones of his voice; complain that he spoke not, only to answer their question, and even then in a brief abrupt tone. But let them meet him often, and remember that for years he has had no companions but those hoary trees and his own thoughts; let them catch the sober hues of his mind, send their thoughts into those deep channels into which his own flow, and they will soon find that the old woodman has

"Thoughts too deep for tears."

THOMAS MILLER.

LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

Love in the country is very often only a wild flower of chance growth; it springs up here and there almost unaware—sometimes is found by a woodside, in a green lane, or by a garden-gate. John is going to fetch up his horses at the same time that Mary sets out to milk her cows, and they very naturally join in conversation. It may at first only begin with a cold "good morning." But then, hang those cows! they play such freaks, and will often run away without giving a moment's warning: then John, of course, runs after them, and Mary thanks him for assisting her. Love is a very Proteus, and has before now come in the shape of a gad-fly—has first spoken in the creak of a gate—blushed while being helped up with a basket of butter—sprung up with a swarm of bees, or appeared in the shape of a stray lamb. In a large farm-house, too, there are nearly as many lads as lasses employed as servants; and in summer they all work together in the fields—eat and drink at the same table when at home, and thus have every opportunity of studying each other's temper. This I hold is a much safer way to choose a wife than mere chance wooing, where miss makes up herself beforehand to be very shy and very modest, and the youth can hardly say "boh to a goose!" as the old country wives have it. But when they live in "place" together for a year or two, what at first is affected, gradually gives place to reality. They appear to each other what they will be after marriage; and I have known them jog together to the market-town to purchase half-a-dozen chairs or what not, to start house-keeping with, months before marriage.

THE FLY'S LETTER-BOX.

We are waiting a *moté* auspicious moment than the present to give the portrait of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. Our correspondent "Wrench" must allow us to be the best judges of the fitting season.

An Acrostic by "W. V. H." next week.

"M. A. P." No room in this number.

"W. Medcalfe." The Rake's Soliloquy possesses merit, but we think requires a little more correction, ere it meet the public eye. Mr. M. should keep his pieces by him for a few months after written, before requesting their insertion.

CONNUBIAL FELICITY.

"What case next?—quick! quick!" proceeded the justice; "ordered my dinner at three—can't be detained much longer to hear your nonsense." "Sally Penny against her husband, for giving her a black eye," vociferated the constable. "Can't be hindered with that woman's chat—she would tell a tale as long as to-day and to-morrow," proceeded the old magistrate, growing more crusty as the hour for dinner drew near. "I dare say she deserved it. What have you to say, John Penny?" "The truth is, your worship," said John, "she's never satisfied; she was drunk last night, and very drunk indeed the night before; she was the same this morning, and she's drunk now. She wants to be an angel, and I can't afford it. I'm willing for her to be drunk once a day, your worship, and that's as much as I can do; as for her black eye, she tumbled down and trod on it—that's all." "Break both their necks down stairs, constable; or here, give them this shilling—they mean to kill themselves with drinking, and the sooner it's done the better."

WHO ARE THE POOR?

"The poor and wretched of our native land! Are they that small incorrigible band Who, while the toils of life crush half their race, Stand idle in the world's great market-place? Are they the poor who look with scornful eye On the whole mass of peaceful industry: Priding themselves that they, and all their kin, Still, like the lilies, "neither toil nor spin?" Are they the poor who only learn the use Of all that other heads and hands produce; Who from the heat of Summer's sun retire, And mollify old Winter's breath with fire; Heedless who make their tents, or mine their coals, Who weave their garments, and build up their walls; Or in what way the toiling hind is fed, Whose daily labour yields them daily bread? Are they the poor! whose lives in scorn and hate, 'Twixt sloth and dissipation alternate? These men the poor! alas! instead of which We call them noble, and we know them rich. We give them up the produce of our fields, Which nature to the labourer only yields— Striving to prove her holiest law mere cheat, Which orders all to work before they eat. Like cringing dogs we follow at their heels, Or bound like captives to their chariot wheels; Obtrude our supplications on their ears, And lay the dust around them with our tears: Yet, will they rule us with their iron rods, While nature makes them her avenging gods, To teach this truth in suffering to mankind, Her's are the only laws that ought to bind.

L. D.

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FOR MY PART I HAVE LOVED FOUR OF THEM.

(FOR THE "FLY.")

The first—oh! how he was beloved! How explain to you my love for him! How describe the thrill of joy I felt on first hearing his voice; the delight I had in winning his regards, and the tender care I took in calling up a smile to his lips. And still, I must confess it, he was plain—most decidedly plain. But then he was my first love; the only being that had made my heart to palpitate throughout the day, who embellished my dreams of fancy, and made them always smiling, who opened to me new scenes of life, fresh sources of existence. From that time I knew no happiness that he was not the cause of; no sentiments that sprang not from him; no duty that I would not have relinquished for him. Every word he uttered would vibrate through my frame like a tender emotion. His look, whether calm or cheerful, seemed to be mirrored in delightful feelings at my heart; and when his mouth multiplied kisses upon mine, and his arm formed a caressing circle round my neck, and when his hand untwisted a curl of my hair, delight then raised my thoughts to Heaven, for I fancied it must be so like the loves of ethereal beings. Thus near to him I felt all other pleasures of life flee away, that they were no longer for me but chains, imposed by laws or custom; that from this time the delights of society were nothing but the triumphs of self-love. How often, in order to be near him, have I spoiled my visiting dress, and preferred his simple talk to all the forced praises of the world. Oh! for him what would I not have asked of Heaven! How impossible I thought at that time that rivalry of affection could enter my heart. Must the truth, indeed then, be spoken? A

year of this delightful illusion was hardly at an end, when another sentiment came to invade my heart. No powers could lull to rest the interest with which a being inspired me, possessing no rights of recollection over me, but whose frank, open countenance awakened in my mind a thousand charming hopes. He had two jet black eyes, from which, as a source, I loved to draw on for their tenderness; and when his head resting on my breast, and his lips which were schooled to murmur forth my name, I said within myself, *There* also I shall have the happiness of being loved again. Happy! I dwelt much upon that word, which had twice renewed my pleasures, and therefore I could not but love them *both* equally. How it happened that some time after I found near me a pretty youth, of pale countenance and blue eyes, I dare not positively tell you: nevertheless, as my pen desires only to record truth, and as my heart ought here to unfold all her secrets, I will confess that this passion was not only one of those piquant episodes which occur in the life of a woman, like those ephemeral stars which shoot through the firmament, without in the least disturbing the harmony of it. My young lover came, therefore, and took his part in my affections, and to fix him I lavished upon him my wonted tenderness. I loved to follow the development of his first wishes, to draw to myself alone all the germs of his sensibility, convinced that the heart of a woman resembles a flower, whose perfume is love, and to whom an affection the more adds but another branch to the stem. I ought not therefore to resist the new sentiment which came soliciting, and so I loved them all *three* together. Oh! could I but envelope in mystery what remains to be told, and hide in the depths of my heart this last weakness of nature. I would stop at this mystical number of early loves. But, alas! destiny is superior to opposition, and I felt

constrained, *malgre moi*, to finish by adoring a creature that had fallen, I verily think, from the skies, beautiful as a cherubim. His mouth, small as it was, had a smile that might have caught our first mother, had the devil made his approaches after that fashion. In his eyes was a semblance of innocence which made you to love, hope, and pardon all on the instant. Amiable and graceful, a slave to your wishes, for you was reserved a profusion of kind looks and endearment: he could not be seen without being loved, and that was in sooth the cause why I did love him.

But *four*! O! marvellous prodigality of heart, is it not true? Four to be loved at one time; happy from the same cause, sharing the same favours, the same looks and caresses, and this without a tincture of jealousy disturbing the harmony of their loves! It is one of those incomprehensible mysteries that the head of a woman alone can expound. And yet, if you would know how I love these four youths, how they all adore me, and how we live together in concord, draw up the curtain that shadows the picture, and you will behold a mother with her four hopeful boys! F. E.

TO SPRING.

Blest hope of man, enchanting Spring,
Thy throne is made of budding flowers,
Thy voice is with the birds that sing
Among the leaves of thy green bowers.

Thy breath is of that sweet perfume,
Which comes where violets make their beds,
Thy cheek is of the mellow bloom
That's sprinkled on the daisy's head.

Thine eye is like the sky's deep blue,
Thy robe is of the grassy mound;
Thy gems are of the morning dew,
Thy footsteps make a fairy ground.

L. E.

THE LONELY HEART.

They tell me I am happy,
And I try to think it true;
They say I have no cause to weep,
My sorrows are so few.
That, in the wilderness we tread,
Mine is a favoured lot;
My petty griefs all phantasies,
Would I but heed them not.

It may be so; the cup of life
Has many a bitter draught,
Which those who drink with silent lips,
Have smiled on while they quaffed.
It may be so, I cannot tell
What others have to bear,
But sorry should I be to give
Another heart my share.

They bid me to the festive board,
I go a smiling guest,
Their laughter and their revelry
Are torture to my breast.
They call for music, and there comes
Some old, familiar strain,
I dash away the starting tear,
Then turn and smile again.

Oh! watchful eyes that never more
Shall gaze upon my brow,
The smiles—oh! cease that melody,
I cannot bear it now.
And heed not when the stranger sighs,
Nor mark the tears that start,
There can be no companionship
For loneliness of heart. L. E. T.

AGROSTIC.

Unknown before what we most prize,
Propitious from thy office flies;
Deem it a grace, the Muses' flight,
Oft decorates thy pages bright;
Whilst wondering mortals read and spy,
New beauties formed to charm the eye.
Another still the last succeeds,
Nor vainly to our fancy pleads;
Divinely radiant see they shine,
Flowing with grace, with skill divine;
Lovely in art: its constant cry,
Yours should be still "Up, down, and fly."
W. V. H.

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LINES.

(FOR THE "FLY.")

Can I forget the parting tear,
Which ran down thy pale cheek;
Can I forget the silent fear,
So gentle and so meek.

When thinking on the days gone by,
And on thy name so dear,
It brings from me a deep, deep sigh,
I wish from thee to hear.

The time seems long since last we met,
In fellowship alone:
The joy we felt I can't forget,
Although 'tis past and gone.

The hours so fleet did pass away,
Which we together spent:
'Twas far too short for us to say,
One-half of what we meant.

But oh! I hope again to meet,
Before our friendship's past;
And then our joy shall be replete—
O may it ever last. B. ADAMS.

THE LOST DAUGHTER.

In a valley in one of the mountainous districts of South Wales, lived a family, consisting of the parents and two daughters. The father, like many a Welch squire, was a Nimrod and nothing more, living hospitably, liked by all his friends; a hard father, but a hearty host, and as is not seldom the case, reserving his good qualities for the world, rather than for his own home. But the coarseness of his nature was covered by the sweetness and mercy of his wife, whose look was a pleading and gentle one, though it was a lady's look; her spirit was long-suffering but noble; feeling deeply, but never complaining. Her voice had that tone, soft and musical, that instantly finds its way to the heart. She still preserved a youthful appearance.

With such a mother the daughters were richly blessed; it is rarely that this approach to perfection in character and spirit is united in both parents; it is enough if the atonement for the vices and weakness of the other be laid on his partner's head; and when so laid often she seems as an angel in her children's sight. It would be thought that the constant presence and example of such a spirit would mould those it loved to its own likeness; and that in temper, taste, and way of thinking, the two daughters, the only children, would bear its bright and beautiful impress. But this was not the case: the younger daughter had scarcely a feature of the mind or heart in common: wild in her will, impetuous in her affections, uncertain in her temper—yet of brilliant talents, rather the gift of nature than the fruit of an industrious education. In person and manner she was a fine specimen of the mountain nymph, tall, graceful, and restlessly active; her rich hair, often disordered in her mountain walks, dropping its dark tresses over her neck and shoulders; her dark eye flashing with the full consciousness of health, beauty, and mental power; a mingled expression, too rarely seen in a girl of nineteen. The elder sister was a being of another mood: retiring, lonely, and deeply imaginative; passionately fond of reading, loving no company so well as that of her mother, on whom she devoted. It was impressive to see the poor seated at work, or reading at the window in summer, and beside the fire in winter; and had the same soft and musical voice, the same quiet and exquisitely sweet smile; the same taste, the feeling heart alive to other's sorrows. Often they spoke of Maria's waywardness and self-will, of the unhappiness that might be sown in her future life, when her frank and generous nature might not be able to atone for the rashness and caprice of judgment. They loved her dearly, for she was a very lovable being, who knew and owned her errors, and atoned for them with so earnest a penitence, so resistless a grace, that though her repentance was like a summer cloud, still its passage was beautiful, and the eye dwelt upon it. The slight shade of melancholy that occasionally darkened the mother's spirit fell upon the elder sister also; on the former it was the result of severe family bereavements, her father and mother having left her early—

orphan, and her only brother was but a few years her companion ere he followed them. Perhaps there is no mood of the mind so infectious, so silently, surely caught—as that soft, sad, contemplative mood so often sweet to its possessor. Year after year it stole on the spirit of Lucy, whose sigh often followed that of her mother, and seemed its echo.

Their home, that had been for generations the home of their ancestors, was situated in one of those secluded and beautiful valleys often admired by the tourist in Wales. A long low house, of two stories, with a large garden behind, and a lawn and small park in front; the lofty hill that screened it from the north and east winds was covered with forest trees. A river ran at the foot of this hill, on whose banks was here and there the Welch cottage and hamlet, their walls white as the driven snow, and each with its little flower and vegetable garden before the door. The valley was richly cultivated: its corn fields, pastures, and slopes covered with flocks of sheep, were in fine contrast to the barren region presented by the neighbouring mountains, whose declivities were covered with heather, fern, or fragments of granite, were welcome to the lover of the picturesque, but useless to the agriculturist. They were often the favourite haunt of Maria, whose bold temper and active step loved the wildness and sublimity of these scenes—to listen to the hunter's cry, the shepherd's song, or the shriek and the flight of the eagle and other birds of prey—here her cheek caught its richest bloom, ere will its growing recklessness, and these pleasures were dearer to her restless taste than the curious embroidery work, the patient lessons of music, the long companionship with her parent, which filled up Lucy's hours. She latter loved her own rich scenes, but not the desolate noble wilderness and its inspiring sights and sounds; her walks were by the river side, by the paths to the hamlet, the old and grove, to the ancient churchyard, whose ancient yews and burial ground, beautiful with its little beds of flowers on the sward, and exquisite cleanliness.

Two young women, attractive, clever, of good family and fortune, would hardly live very long thus, without some affair of the heart, the soft, subtle, disturbing passion that leads its way to the squire's house, the peasant's cottage, the captive's cell. It is true at the march of love is much impeded and delayed at the present time by the march of intellect—but it was not so thirty years ago. An attachment had for some time subsisted between Maria and the son of a neighbouring squire, a young man of handsome person and very good prospects, for he was the only son of his father. In point of talents, he was decidedly her inferior, and it was strange that she should set her affections upon him; it was reversing the tale of Cymon and Sphegenia. At propinquity is the maker of half the attachments and half the matches that take place every year. She met him often in her daily walks, when he was out shooting on the mountain's side, and at the houses of the few neighbouring gentry. There was one bar to their marriage, though not to their love, which

was the hatred that had some time subsisted between their fathers, begun from some trifling cause, but increasing with violence and bitterness every year, till it became at last a mortal feud, a jealousy that many waters could not drown. When the squire heard of his daughter's giving her company to his rival's son, and of their mutual attachment, his rage had no bounds. She was locked in her room for a whole week, and the entreaties and tears of her mother could hardly mollify her husband's anger; he absolutely forbade her to see the young man again in the character of a lover, and threatened that any stolen interviews should be followed by his turning her out of doors. Maria had never been attached to her father, and this his inexorable purpose, though she felt it unavailing to resist, excited an indignant and vindictive feeling in her mind; and she would have probably defied his will and his threats but for the tears of her mother and sister, who set before her in touching colours the sorrow that would fall upon them. Her buoyant spirits, her mental hardihood, could not long support her under this bitter disappointment. She gave way by degrees to frequent fits of sadness and weeping, was no longer the same lively being in the family circle, her fine features became pale, and her rich form grew thin. This continued for several weeks, when one evening in the close of autumn she did not return from her walk on which she had gone out alone. She had gone out in the afternoon, and had been seen to go down the valley; the peasants said her step was quick, and her look wild and disordered. The last time she was observed was at two miles distance, where a natural glen opened out of the vale, and was tracked by a sheep walk. It grew dark, and still she did not return. The family were greatly alarmed, the servants were sent in every direction, but in vain, no tidings could be obtained. The night fell dark on the mountain and glen, and still she did not return. All night suspense and an undefinable dread prevailed at home. No one thought of sleep, and when morning broke a messenger came—a fearful messenger—he brought her shawl and bonnet, which he had found on the bank of the river at some distance, where the waters were deepest. Even the hard father, when he saw those tokens, turned pale as death; the mother and sister gave way to a sorrow that for some time would not be comforted.

(To be continued.)

Women never reason, and therefore they are (comparatively) seldom wrong. They judge instinctively of what falls under their immediate observation or experience, and do not trouble themselves about remote or doubtful consequences. If they make no profound discoveries, they do not involve themselves in gross absurdities. It is only by the help of reason and logical inference, according to Hobbes, that "man becomes excellently wise, or excellently foolish."

Friendship is cemented by interest, vanity, or the want of amusement; it seldom implies esteem, or even mutual regard.

THE PORTRAIT.

MRS. LANTON.

Oh! let me look upon thy face,
Fling back thy clustering hair,
It is a happiness to gaze
On any thing so fair.
'Tis such spring-morning loveliness,
The blushing and the bright,
Beneath whose sway unconsciously
The heaviest heart grows light.

The crimson flushing up the rose,
When some fresh wind has past,
Parting the boughs, just such a hue
Upon thy cheek is cast.
The golden caves where sunshine dwell,
As in a summer home,
The brow whose snow is pure and white
As that of ocean foam.

For grief has shown no shadow there,
And worldliness no stain;
It is as only flowers could grow,
In such a charm'd domain.
I would thy fate were in my hands,
I'd bid it but allow
Thy future to be like the past,
And keep thee just as now.

THE MARKET BOAT.

I have often marvelled that our painters have not looked more narrowly into the country for subjects. They might find groups as beautiful on the rivers of England, as those which grace the canals of Venice, or dot the waters of the Rhine. I would not grudge a few days' hard writing if I could thereby persuade our tourists to explore a little deeper into their own lovely country: there are spots in England that will bear comparison with the proudest scenes of France or Italy, and contain as much poetic beauty, saving only the savage grandeur of the mountains, as any portion of the praise-bespattered Continent. I care not what travellers may say about the long haired and black-eyed daughters of other countries, I will match the fair maidens of merry England against any foreign commodities which may be imported, and back the beauties of my own native Trent against any of the *belles* of the Rhine. What faces may be seen floating on a market-day in summer down the "hundred-armed river," as Milton has beautifully called the Trent—what pure red and white! Our market-boats are similar to those lighters so common on the Thames, saving that the hold is generally covered in, and that so strongly as to bear passengers, when other parts of the deck are overcrowded. It is a beautiful sight to behold one of these old-fashioned boats gliding along within twenty yards of the shore, on the sunny mornings of summer; and to see young and old seated thereon side by side, old women in their scarlet cloaks and black gipsy bonnets, and bonny lasses in their best "bub and tucker;" for they generally array themselves in their holiday costumes on these occasions. Then, what treasures are piled upon the deck, or stowed away within the hold; what a gabbling and clamour among the turkeys, geese, ducks,

and every variety of farm-yard fowl; what piles of fruit; what stores of butter, eggs, and cheese! and, oh! above all, what gossip, and—shall I write it?—what secret envy! Betsy whispers Sally, that Fanny seems too proud to speak to them this morning, since she's got that new shawl and Leghorn bonnet on; and marry, after all, she looks but a fright; and they would not wear such an ugly shape, no, if they might have it for nothing! And Fanny keeps her eyes rivetted upon the butter-basket, which, for lack of room, she is compelled to hold upon her knee. Then some old woman inquires of Fanny what she intends to ask for butter that day, but Fanny cannot tell—she will see how the market goes; and she again fixes her eyes upon the basket, for she dare not look around lest she should see every body eyeing her new clothes.—*Miller.*

PRESENTIMENT.

There seems to be a revealing power in the intense sympathy with those we have ever known and loved. Is not the parent sometimes conscious of an evil or sorrow falling on his absent child? I knew an instance of this, where the father, seated one evening by his fire-side, his thoughts fixed on his son, and absorbed in the probable scenes and troubles through which, as a missionary in a savage land, he was passing, found, by the letters afterwards received, that the very events and passages of which he was mentally conscious in his Cornish home, had really happened to his son. An equally remarkable instance was that of a lady, who had a friend that she loved as herself, with whom she had for many years held sweet counsel and confidence. The latter was obliged to take a journey to the North of England. The separation seemed cruel to both. To alleviate it, they each agreed to spend a given hour each day in thinking intensely of each other, and in praying for each other's welfare and peace. On meeting again, after some months, they found that very often each lady was intimately conscious in that appointed hour of what was passing in the other's mind, of the thoughts, the hopes, the gloom it was then experiencing: it was as if in that hour spirit had held converse with spirit, and imparted to it its own joy and sorrow "which the stranger intermeddled not with." Where there is a pure and devoted affection of one being, one mind to another, much may be felt and revealed in secret that cannot be apprehended by others: but this sympathy or dreaminess of the thoughts may prove a tyrant in the time of calamity, and with its dark fingers lift up the veil of doom to the saddened fancy.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WILL.

We quote from the "Choix de Testaments, Anciens et Modernes," this, the most wise and hearty last will of one Louis Cortusio, a doctor of Padua, dated 1418. The testator forbids his friends to weep at his funeral, on pain of being disinherited; and, on the contrary, appoints him who shall laugh the loudest his principal heir and universal legatee. Not a

piece of black is to be seen in his house or in the church when he is to be buried; but both are to be strewn with flowers and green boughs on the day of his funeral. There is to be no tolling of bells, but his corpse is to be carried to church accompanied by fifty minstrels sounding their lutes, violins, flutes, hautboys, and trumpets; and Hallelujah is to be sung as at after Easter. The bier, covered with a shirt of different sparkling colours, is to be carried by twelve marriageable girls, clothed in green, and singing lively airs; to whom the testator leaves a dowry. Instead of torches, green boughs are to be carried by boys and girls wearing coronets of flowers, and singing in chorus. The clergy, with the monks and nuns (at least, those orders who do not wear black), to follow in procession. We have only to add (and we write it to the honour of the judicial powers of Padua), that the orders of the defunct were carried into effect. May the earth rest lightly on thee, Louis Cortusio!"

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IS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The illustrious character whose portrait is the 24th number of our Picture-gallery, is descended from the family of Cowley, Rutlandshire, some members of which, in the reign of Henry VIII., emigrated to Ireland, where, in the counties of Meath and Kildare, extensive grants of land were assigned to them. Richard Cowley, of Dangan Castle, county of Meath, was the first of the Rutland family, who assumed the name and arms of Wellesley, and in 1746 was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Mornington, in the kingdom of Ireland. He was succeeded by his son, Garrett Wellesley, who, in 1759, married Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur Viscount Dungannon, and on the 20th October, the following year, was created Viscount Wellesley, and Earl of Mornington. The issue of this union was six children, of whom the fourth, was born at Dangan Castle, on the 1st May, 1769. At an early age he was placed at Eton, and thence removed to the Military Academy of Angiers, where he continued until 1787, when he received an ensign's commission in the 41st Regiment. From a period his promotion was continuous and rapid, for, on the 30th April, 1793, he was gazetted Major of the 33d Regiment. In the next year he became Lieutenant-Colonel of that corps, and remained attached to it until 1807, when he became Commander-in-Chief of the Forces.

The disastrous campaign in the Netherlands, under the command of the Duke of York, first afforded Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley an opportunity of distinguishing himself

by the effective manner in which, with three battalions, he covered the retreat of the army to the coast. Upon its return home, the 33d Regiment was ordered to Ireland, and subsequently to India, where it arrived in February, 1797.

The appointment, in that year, of the Earl of Mornington (eldest brother of Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley), to the government of British India, opened a spacious field for the development of the talent of his gallant relative.

In the war against Tippoo Sultan, Colonel Wellesley proved his fitness for command, and upon the reduction of Seringapatam, was appointed Governor of that city, and a commissioner for the partition of the conquered territory. The arrangements attendant upon the removal of the family of the late Sultan, were more especially confided to his discretion; and in this most delicate and painful service, as well as in the general duties of his government, he fully justified the choice of the Governor-General, and earned for himself the gratitude of the conquered people.

The successive grades of Brigadier and Major-General were attained by him in the course of the years 1801 and 1802; and, in the Mahratta war with Holkar, the memorable battle of Assye (23d September, 1803), fixed the opinion of his countrymen as to the brilliancy of his future career. Upon this occasion, under great disadvantages, as to numbers and position, a signal victory was obtained, and British ascendancy in India permanently established. In honour of this service, a monument was erected at Calcutta, while in England the thanks of Parliament were voted, and the order of the Bath conferred upon the Conqueror.

General Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to England in 1805, and in 1806 succeeded to the Colonelcy of the 33d Regiment. On the 10th of April, in that year, he was united to

the Hon. Catherine Pakenham, sister of the Earl of Longford, and soon afterwards was returned to the House of Commons for Newport, in the Isle of Wight. In 1807, he became Chief Secretary in Ireland, under the Vice-royalty of the Duke of Richmond; but his stay there was short, as, in the summer of that year, he accepted a command in the expedition against Copenhagen. On the 29th of August, after a severe contest, the Danish troops were driven by him from a strong position at Kioge, and entirely dispersed. The result of this action deprived the Governor of Copenhagen of all hope of assistance from without, and accelerated the capitulation of the Capital, which took place on the 7th of the following month.

The expedition projected in 1808, against some portion of the American possessions of Spain (at that time in alliance with France), had occasioned a considerable force to be assembled at Cork, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, when the intelligence of the insurrection of the 2d May, at Madrid, led to an entire change of plan, and General Wellesley was dispatched to Corunna, where he arrived on the 20th July; but the proffered assistance of England being declined by the Junta of Galicia, the British troops proceeded to Portugal, and disembarked at the mouth of the river Mondego, on the 1st August, 1808. Upon the 17th of that month, the first battle between the English and French troops was fought at Rolica, a position two leagues west of Ovidos. The action began at nine A.M., and continued until five in the afternoon, when the enemy, under the command of General Laborde, retired with the loss of 1500 men, and part of their artillery. This battle, although neither in point of magnitude, nor in its immediate consequences, of much importance, possesses an interest as being the first in that tremendous struggle by which the fate of Europe was ultimately to be decided.

Two days after the affair of Roliça, Sir Arthur Wellesley took up a strong position at Vimiero; where, on the 20th and 21st of August, he was joined by reinforcements from home. On the latter day, he was attacked by Marshal Junot, who was repulsed with considerable loss, leaving the British masters of the field, though unable to make the most of their victory for want of cavalry. The changes that followed in the chief command of the army, which was transferred to Sir Harry Burrard, and Sir Hugh Dalrymple, in rapid succession, led to the convention of Cintra, on the 30th August (by which the fruit of the previous successes was lost), and to the recall of the Generals in command. The result of the inquiry that followed—happily for England and the world—was the re-embarkation of Sir Arthur Wellesley for Portugal, where he landed as Commander-in-Chief on the 22d April, 1809. Being now freed from the embarrassment of a divided authority, he proceeded at once to the Douro, where, at Oporto, Soult, in considerable force, was waiting his approach. The passage of the river was effected on the 12th May, when, after a desperate contest, the French army retreated with the loss of from seven thousand to eight thousand men, and the whole of its stores, baggage, and artillery. The battle of Talavera was fought on the 28th July following, and for these splendid achievements Sir Arthur Wellesley was raised to the peerage, on the 26th August, by the titles of Baron Douro, of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington, of Talavera, and of Wellington, in the county of Somerset. The thanks of Parliament, and a pension of 2000*l.* per annum, were also voted to him.

The year 1810 was distinguished by the battle of Busaco (27th September), fought against the immense army assembled under Massena for the subjugation of Portugal, and by the subsequent defence of Lisbon against that army, compelled to waste its strength before the lines of Torres Vedras, without the possibility of forcing an action, until the most fearful privations led to the most disastrous of retreats, when the British and Portuguese forces again advanced into the heart of Spain.

In 1811 and 1812, the victories of Fuentes d'Onore, Almeida, Albuera, and Ciudad Rodrigo, rapidly succeeded each other, and the Cortes of Spain marked their sense of the services of Lord Wellington, by conferring upon him the title of Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and appointing him Commander-in-Chief of their armies. At home the thanks of Parliament were again voted—an additional grant of 2000*l.* per annum was made, and the dignity of an Earl conferred upon the victor.

The storming of Badajoz added, on the 6th April, 1812, to the list of his successes. On the 22d July, the battle of Salamanca was fought and won, and the intervention of night alone saved the French army, under Marmont, from total destruction. On the 12th of August the British forces triumphantly entered Madrid.

The honours which Lord Wellington had so eminently deserved of his country and her allies, were liberally accorded to him. On the

18th of August the Prince Regent created him Marquis of the United Kingdom. The thanks of Parliament were again voted, with a princely grant for the purchase of a domain. In Portugal he had already been created Count of Vimiero, and Marquis of Torres Vedras; and the title of Duke of Vittoria was now conferred upon him by the Prince of Brazil.

The British and allied forces continued in possession of Madrid until the beginning of November, when the advance of the French, in overwhelming numbers, under Massena, rendered its evacuation a matter of policy, and the campaign of 1812 was closed upon the frontier of Portugal.

On the 1st January, 1813, the Marquis of Wellington was gazetted as Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, and on the 4th March received the distinguished Order of the Garter. In the beginning of May he again assumed the offensive, and took the field with a force of 80,000 men.

Upon his advance, the French retired before him to the neighbourhood of Vittoria, where a sanguinary and obstinate engagement took place, on the 21st June, which ended in their total defeat. The great army, commanded by Joseph Buonaparte, with Marshal Jourdan as his Major-General, and consisting of the whole of the armies of the South, and centre, and all the cavalry of the army of Portugal, was reduced to a complete wreck. Stores, equipment, artillery, every thing was abandoned that could retard the flight of the vanquished, and the brother of Napoleon himself escaped with difficulty. The baton of a Marshal of France fell into the hands of the Conqueror; and, on the 3d of the following month, the Marquis of Wellington received in exchange for it that of Field Marshal of the British army.

The blow struck at Vittoria was decisive, and the brilliant achievements that succeeded can scarcely be glanced at in the limits to which we are confined. From the 25th July to the 2d August, the allies were engaged in a series of actions among the passes of the Pyrenees, which terminated in the retreat of Marshal Soult into France. The storming of San Sebastian, and the fall of Pampeluna, were followed by the battle of the Bidassoa, and the passage of the Nivelle and the Nive, when the British forces closed this arduous struggle on the night of the 10th November, 1813, by pitching their tents upon what had been arrogantly termed "the Sacred Territory," where they remained until February, with little molestation.

The battle of Orthez, fought on the 27th February, 1814, was succeeded by the passages of the Adour and the Garonne, and the defeat of Marshal Soult before Toulouse, on Easter Sunday, the 10th April. On the evening of the 12th, despatches from Paris announced the restoration of the Bourbons, and the entrance of Louis XVIII. into his capital. The Treaty of Peace, concluded at Paris on the 30th May, put an end for the time to further hostilities.

On the 3d May the Conqueror was raised to the dignity of Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington, and immediately joined the as-

sembled Sovereigns at Paris. From Paris he repaired to Madrid, and subsequently to England, where he arrived on the 23d June, and was welcomed with every manifestation of national gratitude. Upon taking his seat in the House of Peers, on the 28th, his successive patents of nobility were recited, and he received the congratulations of the House, "on his return from the Continent," and its thanks "for the great, signal, and eminent services he had rendered to his country and to Europe." The House of Commons appointed a deputation to congratulate him, and on the 1st July the Duke attended in person to express his thanks. His appearance occasioned one of the most animated scenes ever witnessed within the walls of Parliament. The whole of the members simultaneously rose as he entered the House, and, uncovering, enthusiastically and continuously cheered him. On the 5th of the same month, the Duke was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France.

The re-appearance of Napoleon upon the soil of France, on the 1st March, 1815, again summoned the Duke of Wellington to the field, and, on the 11th April, he joined the allied army at Brussels. The crowning day of Waterloo (18th June) may be said to have terminated his military career, by the permanent restoration of peace to Europe.

It is not, however, to the field of battle that the genius of the Duke of Wellington is confined. The publication of his despatches by Colonel Gurwood proves, that, from the very commencement of his Indian campaigns, the master-mind showed itself even in the minutest details connected with the administration of the conquered territories; and in Portugal he overcame difficulties originating in the distrust and vacillation of the Government, both there and at home, by a combination of firmness, sagacity, and self-reliance which nothing but the highest mental powers can give.

To these same qualities the influence which the Duke has exercised over foreign powers since the Peace of 1815, as Commander-in-Chief of the army of Occupation in France, and representative of Great Britain at the Congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle (1818), and Verona (1822), must be ascribed; nor can we forget that to him alone is due the carrying of the Catholic Relief Bill, with all its mighty consequences, at home. In alluding to English internal affairs, we wish not to touch upon a debatable ground, but to speak of the Duke of Wellington as history will speak of him; and we say, without hesitation, that, when the present generation has passed away, and all its ephemeral struggles for place and power are forgotten, the act that emancipated seven millions of British subjects from the most degrading thralldom that prejudice ever imposed, will be regarded as a monument of political wisdom, such as few statesmen have left behind.

The Duke of Wellington became Commander-in-Chief in 1827; First Lord of the Treasury, from February, 1828, till October, 1830; Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in 1829; and Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1834. He was, subsequently, Se-

cretary of State for Foreign Affairs during the short Administration of Sir R. Peel, but resigned with him in April, 1835; since which time he has stood aloof from mere party politics, though giving his opinion with frankness and decision upon the great questions of the day.

In a country like this there must necessarily be differences as to the merits of the Duke of Wellington's political career, but no man can doubt the sincerity of his opinions, or the consistency with which they have been maintained. His military pre-eminence all admit. His unimpeachable integrity has been acknowledged by every nation to which he has borne our arms. His wealth is due to the gratitude of his country—honouring herself in honouring him—and England, while she possesses him, may truly boast that she numbers amongst her sons the most illustrious of modern warriors, and one of the greatest of men.

SONG.

Oh! Love is like the cistus flower,
That blossoms for a day;
Oh! Love is like the summer shower,
That sunbeams kiss away.

'Tis but a wild delusive dream,
Dispersed by reason's power;
'Tis but an evanescent gleam
In youth's enchanting hour.

Yet oh! 'tis all we have of bliss,
A vision bright and dear,
As warm as beauty's gentle kiss,
As transient as her tear.

And woe be to those lonely hearts
That feel love's fires decay;
The feathery flake the snow-cloud darts
Is not more cold than they.

The blighted hope, the ruin'd mind,
All darkened and o'ercast;
These are the traces left behind
Where passion's storm has past.

MIND.

The mind effects, what the physician cannot, a rapid cure. Is not our most subtle enemy often to be found within, in the mysterious workings of that brain from whence are the issues of life, of intellect? whether it be the seat of the spirit's kingdom we know not; but we know sadly that the glory of our being hangs on its exquisite machinery, on its frail fibres and capricious movements. If the heart be the sole seat of the affections, why is it that the lunatic is generally indifferent to those whom he loved in his sanity?—that the husband cares neither for the wife, nor she for her husband?—and that the father can see his daughter weeping over his lost condition, with a careless look and untroubled feeling? The only love, perhaps, that survives the shattered mind, is that of the mother for her child.

We can bear to be deprived of every thing
but our self-conceit.

THE COMMERCE OF LEECHES.

We are indebted to Baron Dupin for a curious note as it respects the leech trade. It appears that before 1813 this valuable water-worm was far from having the same consequence attached to the trading of it, that it enjoys at the present time; for France, after supplying the wants of her thirty-two millions of inhabitants, exported every year to the amount of 1,157,970 francs, or about 6580*l*. But so much is this curative means in favour now—thanks to M. Broussais—that not only is the country bankrupt in leeches, but is further necessitated to resort for them to a foreign market, and to an extent so alarming, that, in 1833, the importation amounted to the sum of 41,654,000 francs, as entered on the Custom-house tables. It is true that Broussais' system in 1834 having been severely attacked, the supply was diminished one-half, which, according to our notions, is still pretty considerable.

It would appear that it sometimes needs but a few words to establish an immense commerce: and again, a few pamphlets only are necessary to reduce an article of trade to a moiety, as in the present instance—namely, twenty millions. *Habent sua fata—hirudines*.* Be this as it may, the race of leeches is decidedly lost in France, England, Germany, and Hungary. They are still found in the kingdom of Naples, and the marshes of Italy; but it is from the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia that these valuable animals are imported, and Bucharest is the central dépôt for all the leeches that are sent to Paris, and further to the northward. F. E.

* The horse-leech.

THE LOST DAUGHTER.

(Continued from page 91.)

There was no certainty, yet there was every reason to believe that Maria had destroyed herself. The mother would sit for hours with the shawl and bonnet before her, as if feeding her eyes and thoughts with the sad relics, while her tears fell unconsciously. But she could not bear to see the spot where it was supposed Maria had perished. Not so Lucy; she visited it often, and walked to and fro on the bank, as if there was some strange attraction in the scene. It was a solitary place, out of view of each cottage window either from the vale or hill side; the banks of the cliff rose steep on one side, on the other were scattered masses of granite; the stream rolled deep, slow and sullen between. No tree or shrub grew on its banks; it was a forsaken and desolate district, save by a few wandering sheep, who found patches of wild grass between the rocks. The evening fell gloomily here; the autumn evenings were closing in fast, and the winds wailed fitfully through the ravine, but could not scare the steps of Lucy away, when the dark interest of the spot tempted her to linger later than usual.

Was it any wonder that the fancy of the girl caught the contagion of the scene and circumstance; that the dark slow rolling of the waters was like that dread river that passes

through the valley of the shadow of death. Yet there, on the very brink, her delicate foot placed where the shawl lay on the fatal sunset night—she stood pale and immovable as a marble statue; at times hollow sounds seemed to issue from the stream, or a plash was heard. She started and looked wildly round, and perceived that it was the moan of the night wind, or a stone fallen from the cliff. It is strange how the spirit of the mourner accustoms itself to sad unearthly imaginings, and scenes about the loved and lost; would not the mother's breaking heart desire to behold her child again, even if it stood in its white shroud before her? would the husband fly the approach of his young and devoted wife, though the ceremonies of the grave were rent that she might visit him once more, and death led the beautiful phantom to his side—the face, the form, the voice—that has filled every hour of our life? Could I but see them once more, breaks often, often from the survivor's lips, who feels that the spirit in its sepulchral garments would be better, dearer, than the dread void, the silence, the annihilation of all.

So thought Lucy, and thus she spoke almost without knowing it, as she left the lonely ravine and walked home, a distance of two miles, no step save her own abroad in the path; the lights in the cottage windows, where many a cheerful and contented family was gathered. She envied them, for were they not happy in their own home? were they not united before this separation? That home was no longer the same, every thing was changed, the servants were timid and spiritless, and no longer went about their employ cheerfully; they felt that a blight had fallen on the family, and often spoke apart and exchanged meaning looks with each other, and listened eagerly to every report in the neighbourhood.

The father was not as before, the stern man was changed; fits of silence quite unusual came over him, and he dreaded to be much alone with his wife and daughter. How could the fatal topic be avoided? Was he not the cause—he felt that he was—of his daughter's early doom? He could not bear to ride, even by chance, within view of the spot where his daughter disappeared. He had caused the river to be dragged carefully many times for miles below, but in vain; the body could not be found. It was supposed by most that it had been carried down by the rapidity of the current, or caught in some hollow place of the bed or impending banks. Several weeks had now passed since she was seen no more; the spirits of the mother and daughter were so broken that they would see no one save a few old friends.

One evening, as they were drinking tea in the drawing-room alone, for the father had gone to dine with a friend, glad by any means to throw off for a time the sad thoughts that followed him, the two female servants had gone out to milk the cows, which had been hitherto the work of one, but each refused to go at evening into the fields except her companion went with her, so strong was the fear that possessed them when night was drawing on. The lady wished to have some dry toast

with her tea, and no servant being at hand, or the footman, who was gone with his master, Lucy went down to make it at the kitchen fire. The kitchen, as is the custom in Wales, was very spacious, lofty, exquisitely clean, with a noble fire all the year round; the window was large, the light of a bright autumnal evening fell softly through it, there were no voices from without; the stranger who would come suddenly there would have fancied that the house was uninhabited, so silent it seemed in every chamber, passage, and entrance, he would have said, surely there is death in the house, or else sorrow without hope hath made it her home. Lucy was kneeling before the fire, when some slight noise induced her to turn her head, and she saw two men enter from the court the open door of the kitchen, bearing between them the body of her sister, one supported the head and the other the feet. As they bore Maria slowly through the kitchen the tresses of her dark hair, which were remarkable for their length and beauty, trailed along the floor. Lucy followed their every movement, their stern grasp of the body of her dear companion, the keen and unflinching gaze, and when they passed out of the opposite door she still knelt and gazed where they had disappeared. When the servants returned, they found her in the same posture; the fork and the toast had fallen into the ashes. Their return recalled her recollection and presence of mind, so that when she returned to the drawing-room she was silent as to the scene she had witnessed, but there was a conviction in her own mind that her sister had been murdered. She could not and did not seek to shake it off, for it was a relief after that of self destruction. The despair and gloom of that belief was gone, but the thought of Maria helplessly, perhaps cruelly, murdered, was one of agony which tears never failed to relieve, though they flowed from almost a breaking heart. Yet she could not bear to distress her mother with this account, for as yet there could be no proof, no foundation for its truth beyond her own words. But that ghastly pageant, that vision of a bloody deed, followed her from day to day; by night it was with her, even when sitting with her mother and conversing she would sometimes start and turn round as if the cold, pale, beautiful body of Maria was passing by, borne by her murderers.

A few days after this event, the family were assembled in the drawing-room, waiting the sound of the dinner bell, Lucy was looking through the window at the splendid tints of the autumnal sky, whose clouds as the sun went down seemed to forbode a storm, the wind already had a wailing sound. The father perceived a carriage driving up the avenue: it came on so rapidly that in a few minutes it was at the door: a stranger's arrival was unwelcome, a friend's unsought, and the lady turned away with an expression of discontent. The carriage door was opened, and before the steps could be let down out sprung the impetuous, the bold, the beautiful Maria. In a few moments she was hanging on the neck of her mother, and the sister stood weeping bitterly beside her, with her hand clasped con-

vulsively in her own; the father turned pale as death and sank into a chair, and then looking at his daughter gave way to peals of joyful laughter. When the first emotion was over, she told them all, for her heart was also full, and there was penitence in her eye when she told it.

Vexed beyond measure, indignant at the sudden rupture of her attachment, and the harsh measures of her father, she left, in spite and revenge, her bonnet and shawl on the river's brink, and walking swiftly to the town, many miles distant, favoured by the darkness which soon sat in, she took a place unperceived by any one who knew her in the London coach, and arrived at her uncle's house in London, who was delighted to see her, for she was a favourite of his: he was not surprised at receiving no intimation, he knew her temper had always been wild and capricious. In about three weeks after her absence, a letter came to her uncle informing him of her loss, and that every search had been in vain. She was moved at the picture of distress which it contained, and reproaching herself deeply, instantly sat out on her return. Yet a gratified smile stole through her tears as she observed that she had richly punished her father.

Lucy always said afterwards that so distinct, so palpable was the group that passed through the kitchen in the clear evening light, that to her dying day she should have firmly maintained the belief of her sister's murder. The dark tresses of her long and beautiful hair trailed along the sanded floor, and the long white robe drooped helplessly down, as the body was borne slowly along.

This was a splendid instance of the force of imagination when directed to one absorbing memory, to one consuming sorrow; cool in judgment, disciplined by long reflection, chastened by resignation and prayer. Yet her mind's firm tone was borne down by the event and thick coming fancies, and then real phantoms gathered around her.

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1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older is projected to increase from 20 million to 35 million, and the number of people 75 years of age or older is projected to increase from 10 million to 15 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996).

[illegible]

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase by 1.5 billion, from 1.1 billion in 1990 to 2.6 billion in 2010. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase by 1 billion, from 350 million in 1990 to 1.4 billion in 2010. The number of people aged 15-64 is expected to increase by 1.5 billion, from 2.5 billion in 1990 to 4.0 billion in 2010. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase by 1 billion, from 350 million in 1990 to 1.4 billion in 2010. The number of people aged 15-64 is expected to increase by 1.5 billion, from 2.5 billion in 1990 to 4.0 billion in 2010.

the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older is projected to increase from 20 million to 30 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people aged 65 and older is projected to increase from 10 million to 15 million in the United Kingdom (U.K. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people aged 65 and older in the United States is projected to increase from 10 million to 15 million in the United Kingdom (U.K. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people aged 65 and older in the United States is projected to increase from 10 million to 15 million in the United Kingdom (U.K. Census Bureau, 1996).

the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older is projected to increase from 20 million to 30 million, and the number of people 75 years of age or older is projected to increase from 10 million to 15 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 85 years of age or older is projected to increase from 2 million to 4 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 90 years of age or older is projected to increase from 500,000 to 1 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 95 years of age or older is projected to increase from 100,000 to 200,000 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 100 years of age or older is projected to increase from 10,000 to 20,000 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996).

1990-1991

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2. The following information is required to be provided to the public:

1. The first of these is the fact that the Commission has not yet received any information from the Government of the United States regarding the results of its investigation of the activities of the American Friends Service Committee in the Philippines.

1. The first group of people who are not in the majority are the people who are not in the majority.

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1. The first group of people who are not in the labor force are those who are not in the labor force because they are not in the labor force.

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• **1997** – 1998: *Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry*, 36: 1374-1381

[illegible]

...the fact that the *Journal of the American Medical Association* is the largest medical journal in the world, and that it is the only one that is read by every physician in the United States.

... ..

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase by 1.5 billion, from 1.1 billion in 1990 to 2.6 billion in 2010. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase by 1 billion, from 350 million in 1990 to 1.4 billion in 2010. The number of people aged 15-64 is expected to increase by 1.5 billion, from 2.5 billion in 1990 to 4.0 billion in 2010. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase by 1 billion, from 350 million in 1990 to 1.4 billion in 2010. The number of people aged 15-64 is expected to increase by 1.5 billion, from 2.5 billion in 1990 to 4.0 billion in 2010.

1. *Phragmites* spp. (Poaceae)

... (1997) ...

[illegible]

1. The first group of respondents (10%) was made up of 100% females, 100% of whom were married. The mean age was 36.7 years, with a range of 25 to 45 years. The majority of respondents (80%) were employed, with 20% being unemployed. The majority of respondents (80%) were employed, with 20% being unemployed. The majority of respondents (80%) were employed, with 20% being unemployed.

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 200 million to 400 million. The number of people aged 15-64 is expected to increase from 2.5 billion to 3.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 200 million to 400 million. The number of people aged 15-64 is expected to increase from 2.5 billion to 3.5 billion.

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase by 1.5 billion (United Nations, 1994). The United Nations also predicts that the number of people in the world who are 65 years of age and older will increase by 1.5 billion in the next 50 years (United Nations, 1994). The United Nations predicts that the number of people in the world who are 65 years of age and older will increase by 1.5 billion in the next 50 years (United Nations, 1994).

[illegible][illegible]

... ..



OH! SAY YOU'L BE MY BRIDE.

*An ye shall walk in silk attire
 An' siller hae to spare
 Can ye consent to be my bride
 Nor think o' Donald mair.*

Virie Scotch Song

THE FLY.

"UBI MEL,



IBI MUSCA."

No. 25—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 22.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT, which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

LE JEUNE D'EGMONT.

ADVENTURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

(FOR THE "FLY.")

There was always to be traced in the blood of the Counts d'Egmont a certain bold daring and want of caution, mixed up with native courage, that not unfrequently have led them into straits and difficulties. We might cite many instances of this kind, were we not engaged to write an adventure less serious in its consequences than many others recorded of the noble house from which our article takes its name.

One evening in the last years of the reign of Louis XV., some gay musketeers having copiously dined, and in like manner done justice to their wine, repaired to the Opera, which upon this occasion happened to be much crowded. Pot valiant, and with no lack of assurance, they contrived cleverly to make their way through the dense masses, until they succeeded in gaining places in the centre of the pit. There was, however, no room to sit at this time, nor could they advance further, and as patience was now the only remedy, patient they needs were. The curtain drew up, and warmed with their wine they thought of nothing else but the enjoyment of the opera. Unhappily one of them, the wildest in the company, a young Belgian nobleman, who was engaged in the service of Louis XV., had before him an old *Monsieur*, very stout, and of ample dimensions in all respects. An enormous peruke on his head, in front of the young musketeer, formed a sort of screen, which nearly deprived him of a sight of the stage, and of the graces, especially of a charming dancer in whose evolutions he seemingly took much interest.

"Sir," said the musketeer mildly, finding that his efforts were fruitless in attempting to make the colossus in front of him move right

or left, "could you not by a little politeness afford me a glimpse of the stage?"

"Impossible, sir," replied coldly and drily the wig-headed gentleman, without turning round, or evincing the least movement of his person.

"Still, sir, continued the musketeer, "if you would put aside your peruke in the small degree I could"—

"Impossible!" was once more the calm and phlegmatic reply of old wigaby.

The young man, not discouraged, renewed his request again and again, always with temper and courtesy. The stout gentleman no longer replied by word or action, but stood immovable as a railway terminus, a statue, or a dome. A similar *sang froid* would have irritated a head more tranquil and less impatient. The musketeer was the more annoyed as his position, which allowed him to see nothing, afforded a subject for raillery and laughter to his neighbours, and above all to his own companions, who were in a degree better off than himself. Still, however, not being simple enough to stir up a row in the pit of a playhouse, while the performance went on, his mind next turned upon vengeance, and in a few seconds he had planned a trick which would bring back the laughers to his side. Here was some compensation at least. He bethought himself that in his pocket he had a pair of scissors—these he drew out, and began to crop that superfluity of the peruke which obstructed his view; this was done on the left hand of the stout gentleman, making at once an opening tolerably capacious and convenient. But the bursts of laughter which this pleasantly produced, awakening the old gentleman from a species of apathy which till that time he had exhibited, he soon perceived the state in which a mischievous hand had left his wig, and on this occasion turning himself about, he presented a figure at once grave and determined.

"My young friend," said he to the musketeer, with emphasis, "I hope you will not leave this place without me."

Having thus said, he resumed his position, and to all appearance never budged an inch as long as the performance lasted. This little compliment nevertheless, but above all the expressive look with which it was accompanied, made the young Belgian perceive in a twinkling the extent of his folly, and tempered very considerably the pleasure he had had in forming it. But he was brave; the wine had been drawn, and he resolved to drink it. The opera over, the old gentleman turned round gravely, in spite of his wig, which had only one wing, and invited his young friend, as he termed him, by a sign merely to follow him, and the musketeer followed him *instantly*. After they had traversed, not without trouble, the street of *St. Thomas du Louvre*, they entered under the archway of the grand stables (which have just been demolished), and there they stopped on a sudden.

"You are young, *M. le Comte d'Egmont*," said the stout gentleman; "I have the honour to know you, as you perceive, and I owe you a lesson, the which your deceased father, who I had the honour of knowing also, would probably not object to. When an old military officer is insulted publicly, the parties should know something of fighting. Let us see, sir, how you acquit yourself on this point."

In saying these words, the unknown person had unsheathed his sword. Young Egmont, humbled as he was, allowed him not to wait, but rushed upon his adversary with all the impetuosity which his age and resentment made him capable of. But the old gentleman, who was as calm as when at the theatre, and firm as a rock, after contenting himself with parrying a few thrusts of the musketeer, by a most insolent parade of the art, made at length no other reply to the attacks of his

opponent, than by a sort of whip cut, which caused his sword to spring from his hand ten paces distant.

"Take it up, sir," said he, with his usual sang froid. It is not as a fencer at the Opera, it is as a gallant man, one of a firm foot, that a man of your name should fight: it is to this that I invite you."

"You are quite right, sir," answered the young man, biting his lip, "and I hope soon to prove myself worthy of your esteem."

Determined rather to die than expose himself to the sarcasms of this strange adversary, Egmont planted himself immediately opposite him, and recommenced operations with as much coolness and self-possession as the other had shown in defending himself.

"*Fort bien cela!* very good, indeed, *M. le Comte*," repeated the stout gentleman, up to the moment when piercing the fleshy part of the young musketeer's arm through and through, he added, with his characteristic calmness, "Let be—there's now enough for this time." P. E.

(To be continued.)

THE SWALLOWS.

[An American poet, named Sprague, of whose history we know nothing, is the author of the following exquisite poem, suggested by the incident of two swallows having entered a church during divine service.]

Gay, guileless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God you never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep;
Penance is not for you,
Blest wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not rear'd with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowds
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar.
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

HOPE.

'Tis Hope that cheers us through the ills of life,
And animates us when with cares oppress;
It soothes the mind, and sweetly softens strife,
And bids the weary front his sorrows rest.

And is the future dark, and fraught with cares,
Are deep forebodings pressing on the mind?
'Tis hope that smooths the path and calms our fears,
And by its presence can e'en comfort find.

How like a sunbeam on the soul it glows,
Sheds a soft balm, and speaks a sweeter peace;
Dispels the gloom and dissipates our woes,
And joys arise, and sorrows quickly cease.

Wafted on wings of hope the soul doth rise,
Above the transitory joys of earth;
Beyond the present, far beyond she flies,
And seeks for pleasures of celestial birth.

Oh! on my soul sweet hope then brightly shine,
Nor prove to me an evanescent ray;
Make happiness and peace for ever mine,
Light up my morn and gild my closing day. P.

PERILS OF PEARL DIVING.

Don Pablo Oshou, who was for many years a superintendent of the fishery, and himself a most expert diver, gave me the following account of one of his watery adventures:—The Placer de la Piedra Negada, which is near Loretto, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl oysters round it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above 150 or 200 yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may rise without apprehension! Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinterero had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tinterero, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this means to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What

was his dismay, when he again looked up, to find the tinterero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large round and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to start from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was continually opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or, at least, that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *gout*. Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo; one, to suffer himself to be drowned; the other, to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was at the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation, in cases of great extremity. On a sudden, he recollected that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick in such a way that the fine particles rose and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster nor the monster him. Availing himself of the cloud by which himself and the tinterero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transversal direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately, he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water, and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive. *Hardy*.

WANTING A PLACE UNDER GOVERNMENT.

I was called out of my bed early one cold winter morning by a person coming on business of the utmost consequence, and dressed myself in great haste, supposing it might be a summons to attend a Cabinet Council. When I came into my private office, I found a queer long-sided man, at least six feet high, with a little head, a long queue, and face critically round, as rosy as a ripe cherry. He handed me a letter from his Excellency the honorable Peleg, recommending him particularly to my patronage. I was a little inclined to be rude, but checked myself, remembering that I was the servant of such men as my visitor, and that I might get the reputation of an aristocrat if I made any distinction between men and man.

"Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?"

"Why-y-y, I am not very particular; but somehow or other I should like to be one of them ministers to foreign parts."

"I am very sorry, very sorry indeed, that there is no vacancy just now. Would something else suit you?"

"Why-y-y," answered the apple-headed man, "I wouldn't much care if I took a situation in one of the departments. I wouldn't much mind being a comptroller, or an auditor, or some such thing."

"My dear sir, I'm sorry, very sorry indeed, but it happens unfortunately that every one of these situations is filled. Would you not take something else?"

My friend stroked his chin, and seemed as if struggling to bring down the soarings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At last he answered,

"Why-y-y, ye-e-es, I don't care if I get a good collectorship, or inspectorship, or surveyorship, or navy agency, or any thing of that sort."

"Really, my good Mr. Phipenny (said I), I regret exceedingly that not only these places but every other place of consequence in the government is at present occupied. Pray think of something else."

He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger to one of the offices. Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in a vast perplexity, and looked all round the room, fixing his eyes at length on me, and measuring me from head to foot. At last, putting on one of the drollest faces that ever adorned the face of man, he said,

"Mister, you and I seem to be built pretty much alike, haven't you some old clothes you can spare?"

"Oh what a falling-off was there!" from a foreign mission to a suit of old clothes, which the reader may be assured I gave him with infinite pleasure, in reward for the only honest laugh I enjoyed for years afterwards.

MARSHAL MORTIER, DUKE OF TREVISO.

(Letter to the Editor of the *Caméléon*.)

(FOR THE "FLY.")

The late deplorable event which has struck France with stupefaction and horror, as well as indignation, can never be forgotten by the people. All the country condemns in terms of the greatest abhorrence this execrable attempt, which at one "fell swoop" has consigned to death illustrious chiefs and obscure citizens; the latter distant and removed from their homes, the former far from the field of battle! National and pompous funerals, one tomb in honour of the illustrious dead, one universal gloom and mourning, have been the sorrowful compensation for deaths so premature and so appalling. From this time the names of the victims belong to history. It is a duty incumbent on those who know them to impart such knowledge to the public. The most obscure life, as well as the most conspicuous, can often unfold humble deeds, not generally known. To bring them to light, is to place a fresh laurel upon the tomb of its author, and is the only tribute that can be paid to those whose names we wish to see recorded

at once so unoffending, and so cruelly cut off. Animated with these feelings, we insert with pleasure the anecdote of Marshal Mortier, Duke of Treviso, which has just been transmitted to us by one of our subscribers, Dr. Jones, of Brighton:—

"Mr. Editor.—Having received a short *expose* of the life of the Duke of Treviso, the illustrious victim of those fatal events which have recently occurred in Paris, I beg further to add to the details, the recital of a circumstance which does honour to the magnanimity and kind feelings of the Marshal.

"After the battle of Talavera, the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, finding himself under the necessity of moving a division of the army against a French column advancing on his left, gave his hospital in charge to the Spaniards; but that very day he was apprised by the Spanish General that the French army, beaten some time previously, had rallied, and was then directing its march on Talavera. The English commander gave immediate orders to evacuate the town. All the sick in a state to be moved were transported to the other side of the Tagus; some officers, with a portion of the medical staff remaining with those who, from the nature of their wounds especially, could not be removed. Three days afterwards the French entered the town. Marshal Mortier, Duke of Treviso, commanding this division of the army, sent for the medical officer, intimating to him that he wished to see the different houses in which the sick and wounded of the English army were lodged. At this inspection the Marshal addressed himself with great kindness to the sick soldiers, assuring them that he would use his best endeavours to abridge their captivity. He exhorted them meanwhile to support their ills with patience, giving them reason to hope that an exchange of prisoners would shortly take place. The Marshal next requested Mr. Macdonnel, the chief medical officer, to furnish him with a daily report of the sick, adding obligingly that he should be always glad to see him at his table, where he was sure to find the means of advancing the interests of his patients; assuring him, moreover, that he should be happy at all times to aid him in the cause of humanity. This manner of inviting the officer to dinner daily, is it not a trait of finished and delicate courtesy worthy of record?"

"The first proclamation invited the peasants to bring provisions to the town, giving notice that every thing would be paid for *argent comptant*, and an order was issued that the English hospital should be served before the French. Mr. Macdonnel has transmitted to the author of this article the sentiments of the Marshal upon this interesting subject, conceived in his own words. 'If I have not authority over the military chest of the army, I am at least master of my own purse. I offer to you this sum (which, as well as I now remember, was between four and five hundred Napoleons); this I beg you will employ as you may see expedient for the use of your people. Perhaps hereafter the amount may be refunded by your Government; if not, I

shall always feel pleasure when I look back to the way in which this sum was disbursed.'

"These words made a lasting impression on my mind; and I esteem it a duty due to the memory of this brave and good officer, in thus making them public. In the Duke de Treviso France must regret an officer of exceedingly high character, one who was not less conspicuous for his courage in the field of battle than for his humanity (and I may add, too, for his generosity towards the most determined enemy of his country). The above details sufficiently prove the fact. As the Marshal spoke English perfectly, he found no difficulty in making the unhappy prisoners fully to understand the consolatory and mild words he had the kindness to address to them. His sympathy for their sufferings was really magnanimous. This is a new proof, if proof be wanting, that brave men are always honoured by the brave.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.
"R. S. I."

CHINESE PUNISHMENTS.

What is called in China *close confinement* is a very terrible punishment. The criminal is fastened at full length upon a sort of bedstead, a block of wood serving for pillow. His hands and feet are loaded with iron manacles, and his neck is chained to the block on which his head rests. The whole is generally enclosed in a cage.

A person sentenced to transportation is led by an officer of justice into the country appointed for his future residence. He carries a mat to serve him as a bed, and a palm leaf to protect him from the weather. Upon his back his crime, his sentence, and his name are displayed in conspicuous characters. This punishment is inflicted on those who have struck an elder brother; who have incurred debts by gaming, which they are unable to pay; and for such other offences as appear to render the perpetrator unworthy to continue in his native country. If offenders are sent to Tartary, their banishment is perpetual.

The dreadful operation of ham-stringing is performed with a short sword. The culprit is thrown down upon his face; a vessel containing chunam, a species of mortar, is at hand, to be applied by way of styptic to the wounds. This punishment is generally inflicted upon condemned prisoners who have endeavoured to make their escape, but is said to have been lately abolished; it being considered that the natural inclination for liberty merited not a punishment for such severity.

The usual capital punishments in China are strangling and beheading. The former is the most common, and is decreed against those who are found guilty of crimes, which, however capital, are only held in the second rank of atrocity. For instance, all acts of homicide, whether intentional or accidental; every species of fraud committed on the government; the seduction of a woman, whether married or single; giving abusive language to a parent, plundering or defacing a burying-place; robbing with destructive weapons; and *for wearing pearls*. For the last it would be difficult to give a rational motive.

Criminals are sometimes strangled with a bow-string, but on general occasions a cord is made use of, which fastens the person to a cross, and one turn being taken round his neck, it is drawn tight by an athletic executioner. Men of distinction are usually strangled, as the more honourable death: and when the emperor is inclined to show an extraordinary mark of attention to a mandarin condemned to die, he sends him a silken cord, with permission to be his own executioner.

Beheading, being a punishment deemed in the highest degree ignominious, is inflicted only for crimes regarded by the Chinese government as in the highest degree prejudicial to society; such as conspiracy, assassination, committing any offence against the person of the emperor, or attempting the life of any of the imperial family, revolting, striking a parent, or any other unnatural sort of crime. The malefactor who is to be beheaded is made to kneel upon the ground, the bond of infamy is taken from his back, and the executioner, by a single blow of a two-handed sword, strikes off his head with great dexterity. These headsmen, and, indeed, the generality of the inferior officers of justice in China, are selected from the soldiery. Decapitation is held by the Chinese as the most disgraceful kind of death, because the head, which is the principal part of man, is separated from the body, and that body is not consigned to the grave as entire as the culprit received it from his parents. If a great mandarin be convicted of any atrocious offence, he is executed in this way, like the commonest person. After the head is severed, it is frequently suspended from a tree, by the side of a public road; the body is thrown into a ditch, the law having deemed it unworthy the respect of regular funeral rites.

On his way to execution, the convict is fettered, and if he uses abusive or inflammatory language, he is gagged. His arms are pinioned behind his back, and he bears a board on which is written his name, his sentence, and his crime.

When a sentence is submitted to the emperor for his approbation, if the crime be of the first degree of atrocity, he orders the malefactor to be executed without delay; when it is only of an ordinary nature, he directs that the criminal shall be imprisoned until the autumn, and then executed; a particular day of that season being allotted for such ceremonies.

The Emperor of China seldom orders a subject to be executed, until he has consulted with his first law officers whether he can avoid it, without infringing on the constitution of the realm. He fasts for a certain period previous to signing an order for an execution; and his imperial majesty deems those years of reign the most illustrious and the most fortunate in which he has had the least occasion to let fall upon his subjects the rigorous sword of justice.

Those who are fond of setting things to rights, have no great objection to seeing them wrong. There is often a good deal of spleen at the bottom of benevolence.

THE FLY'S LETTER-BOX.

The Editor tenders an apology to "A. C. T." (Rathbone-place), for the insertion of one of her compositions with another's signature.

"L. E." must not lead us into such a scrape again as the above apology refers to.

"Brown." Whichever you please.

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TO COUNTRY HOUSE

On the 1st of the month of
I have the honor to
acknowledge the receipt of
your letter of the 1st inst.
in relation to the above
mentioned subject.

reunited, and sword,
near dexterity.
of the general
justice in China,
which, I regret to
be most disconcerting
the head, which is the
separated from the
not consigned to the
light received it from
mandarin be convicted
is executed in this
person. After the



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IBI MUSCA."



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LE JEUNE D'EGMONT.

OR, LESSONS OF LIFE.

"Would not once suffice, nor twice, nor thrice?
The Devil's in the man!"—OLD PLAY.

(FOR THE "FLY.")

(Continued from page 98.)

At the same time he placed his wounded adversary against the wall, bound his arm up in a handkerchief, desired him to wait an instant, and went for a coach to the *Place du Palais Royal*, and conducted the wounded man to the musketeer barracks, the hotel of which was in the *Rue de Beaune*. After a retreat of more than six weeks, which the wound of the young Count d'Egmont required, he again appeared abroad. For about eight days he had enjoyed the delights of the town, when one evening entering the *Caffé de la Regence*, in search of two of his comrades, he recognised his old friend sitting in social chat beside a pale Bavaroise. The stout gentleman rose up, came towards him, and putting a finger to his lip in token of silence, and in saying *chut* made him a sign to follow him. Arrived under the same archway, which was but a few paces off, "You have indulged a little at my expense, my dear Count, in relating our adventure. I am too much your friend not to contribute to make it still more agreeable by giving a turn to the story, which henceforth you may subjoin—*allons donc! l'épée à la main*—out with your rapier!"

This second lesson was nearly the same as the first, terminating in a fresh hurt, which caused another detention for a month, but the affair was not over. It was hardly more than a fortnight that d'Egmont was again at large, when one afternoon, just before carnival time, having gone into a mask shop in the *Rue de Richelieu* to equip himself with a dress, and

among other metamorphoses to fill up the character he had chosen, a full-bottom wig with three rows of curls. With these he had hoped next day to enliven a grand ball, to which he was invited. As he was preparing to leave the shop, he saw before him the phlegmatic unknown, who, putting his hand to his mouth, said to him *chut*, motioning him, as before, to go with him. He led him once more under the arcade of the *Rue de St. Thomas du Louvre*.

"You are preparing," said he, "to laugh heartily to-morrow, and you take me as a butt for your pleasantry. Let us see, my dear Count, which of us two will have reason to laugh at the other?"

The third duel ended by a third perforation, which d'Egmont received in the thigh. The mysterious friend put him into a coach as on former occasions, and brought him home this time to his house in the *Rue de Beaune*. The young lord confessed that what vexed him most in the last lesson was, his being obliged to keep the carnival most miserably in bed. After a confinement of more than three months, he began to reflect gravely on his adventure. *Ce bourreau d'homme*—literally executioner, who so singularly interested himself in his education, was become the most formidable tutor that could be; for, notwithstanding his own unimpeachable courage—which we have said bordered on rashness—he could enter no public place without enduring in some sort the apprehension of meeting him. So it was; and often has our hero declared that it was a moment of joy when one day a waiter from the *Caffé de la Regence* called on him with a fine open countenance and said, "Pardon, *M. le Comte*, but I thought it would not displease you to hear that *Monsieur Chut* died yesterday: so my mistress hopes shortly to see you at our house."

D'Egmont breathed again, and in gratitude for his escape promised himself that all due

respect should be had in future for elderly gentlemen and their wigs—if of extra dimensions. As for the redoubtable *Monsieur Chut* we leave him "alone with his glory."

F. E.

PEACE OF MIND.

Tell me on what magic ground
May sweet peace of mind be found.
Is it in the sunbeam bright?
Is it in the moon's pale light?
Is it where the violets grow?
Is it where the roses blow?
In sweet friendship or in love,
Natives of the world above?
Dwells it in the palace gay,
Or in the lowly cottage?—Say!

O, mortal! it is not in any of these,
For they all pass away like the leaf from the trees.
The sunbeam is lost in the frown of the storm,
And the moonlight retreats from the presence of morn.
The scent of the violet is wafted away
By the zephyr that loves in her fragrance to play.
The rose in her beauty which gladdens our eyes
Is plucked by the spoiler, then withers and dies;
While friendship and love, though they brighten our way,
Fail to yield us that peace even brighter than they.
In splendour's gay palace, or poverty's cot,
It dwells not alone; then there seek it not,
But seek it where Faith, Hope, and Charity fair,
Hold religion's bright torch, for its dwelling is there.

L. S.

INTELLIGENT OURANG-OUTANGS.

Buffon saw an ourang-outang that was mild, affectionate, and good-natured. His air was melancholy, gait grave, movements measured, disposition gentle, and very different from those of other apes. He had neither the impatience of the Barbary ape, the maliciousness of the baboon, nor the extravagance of the monkeys. It may be alleged that he had the benefit of instruction; but the other apes were educated similarly. Signs and words were alone sufficient to make him act; but the baboon required a cudgel, and the other apes a whip; for not one of them would obey without blows. This animal would present his hand to conduct his visitors, and walk as gravely along with them as if he had formed a part of the company. He would sit down at table, unfold his towel, wipe his lips, use a spoon or a fork to carry the victuals to his mouth, pour his liquor into a glass, and make it touch that of the person who drank along with him. When invited to take tea, he brought a cup and a saucer, placed them on the table, put in sugar, poured out the tea, and allowed it to cool before he drank it. All these actions he performed without any other instigation than the signs or verbal orders of his master, and often of his own accord. He did no injury to any person; he even approached company with circumspection, and presented himself as if he wanted to be caressed. He lived one summer at Paris, and died in London the following winter. M. de la Brosse, a French navigator, who was in Angola in the year 1718, and who purchased from a negro two ourang-outangs, remarks that these animals would sit at table like men, and eat there every kind of food without distinction; that they would use a knife and fork or spoon, to cut or lay hold of what was put on their plate, and that they drank wine and other liquors. At table, when they wanted any thing, they easily made themselves understood to the cabin-boy; and when the boy refused to answer their demands, they sometimes became enraged, caught him by the arm, bit and threw him down. The male was seized with sickness, and he made the people attend him as if he had been a human being. He was even bled twice in the right arm, and whenever afterwards he found himself in the same condition, he held out his arm to be bled, as if he knew that he had formerly received benefit from the operation.

THE MINUTENESS OF CREATION.

How small is the mite! yet, on the application of the microscope, it is seen to be an animal perfect in its limbs, active in its motions, of a regular form, full of life and sensibility, and provided with all requisite organs. But Leuwenhoek tells us of insects seen with a microscope of which twenty-seven millions would only be equal to a mite, yet each of these animalcules is an organised body, provided with a heart, with lungs, with muscles, glands, arteries, and veins, with blood and other fluids passing through them!

Insects of various kinds are discernible in

the cavities of a common grain of sand. The mouldy substance on damp bodies exhibits a region of minute plants. Sometimes it appears a forest of trees, whose branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits are clearly distinguished. Some of the flowers have long, white, transparent stalks, and the buds, before they open, are little green balls, which become white. The particles of dust on the wing of a butterfly prove, by the microscope, to be beautiful and well-arranged little feathers. By the same instrument every hair of our head is seen to be a hollow tube. The surface of our skin has scales resembling those of a fish, but so minute, that a single grain would cover two hundred and fifty, and a single scale completely covers five hundred pores which issues the insensible perspiration necessary to health, consequently, a single grain of sand can cover 125,000 pores of the human body. From a lighted candle there issue, in a minute, more particles of light than there are grains in the whole earth; how vast, then, the number that flows in a day, or a year, or a century, from that immense body, the sun!

Who can tell where the grand chain of nature ceases to exist? — Charles Doyne Sillery.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Here is a day! an English day in February! rain, snow, wind—sleet, snow, rain—snow, rain, sleet—reciprocated *ad nauseam*, and all in the course of three little hours of sixty minutes each! Horrible climate! Wretched beings who are heirs to it! Lapland is a perpetual Paradise to it; Siberia an eternal summer! Why should I stay here and die? for die I must. Who can live in such a country? And how can people, respectable people, be guilty of such a lie as to say that they do *live* in such a country? They don't; and they know they don't. It is not life, nor is it death; it is some intermediate state which they cannot understand, and have no term to express. But I see the horrid distinction too palpably, and sink, sink hourly under the knowledge!

I'll go out: I cannot catch more than fifty entirely English complaints, which no man attached to the institutions of his country can wish to be without. Yes, I'll go out; for I shall have that simpering Simpson calling again, who pretends to cheerfulness—the impostor! Cheerfulness in the city! Preposterous lie! and comes here grinning, chuckling, and crowing out his good humour, as he thinks it—his melancholy, the unhappy man! That Johnson, too, threatened he would call—Heaven avert such an infiction! I hate that fellow; and I hate his fat French poodle, waddling and wheezing about the place, like a hearth-rug with an asthma! And that Mr. Mountmidden, the poet—poet, pah! That's a puppy—one of the sore-throat-catching school—fellows who think a sonnet and a neckcloth incompatible! He'll be coming here, with his collar down on his shoulders like a greyhound's ears, and his eyes turned up to the attic windows, as if he was apostrophising the nursery-maid over the way.

Thank Heaven, I hate every affectation most heartily!

I must go out; for, only *listen* a moment to those Miss Thompsons, next door, beating Rossini to death with wires!—and he deserves the martyrdom: that intolerable Italian has done more to break the peace of this country than all the radicals and riotists in the last quarter of a century. And there's that Betty, below, buzzing about like a bee, with that eternal Barcarole! I begin to be of opinion with Mrs. Rundell (*Domestic Cookery*, p. 18), that “maids should be hung up for one day at least.” If I stay at home, I shall be bored again with that rhubarb-headed Doctor counting my pulse and the fractional parts of his fee at the same time—one, two, three, four, five pulsations—shillings he means, in fewer seconds; and looking at my tongue—what's my tongue to him, the quack!—as Figaro sings, “Let him look to his own.”

Yes, I'll go out; for it is as safe out of doors as in. More wind! There's a gust! A Trinidad tornado is a trumpet solo to it! More sleet—now snow—and that's rain! What a country! What a climate! God heavens! there's a gust! Ha! ha! ha! the chimney-pots at No. 10 are off on a visit to those at No. 11! and the fox which surmounted the chimney at No. 9 is at his old tricks with the pigeons at No. 8! Whew!—well-flown pigeon!—well-run fox! Dogs they go over the parapet, with a running accompaniment of tiles and coping-stones! That slow gentleman with the umbrella!—the whole is about his head!—down he goes!—he is killed!—murder!—no, up he gets again!—away goes his umbrella!—and off his hat!—a steeple-chase is sedentary to his pursuit; they have turned the corner—hat, umbrella, and gentleman! two to one on the hat!—no takers! Oh lachrymose laughter, melancholy mirth!

“Mrs. Fondleman, if any thing should happen to me in my absence—why do you smile, madam?—my affairs are arranged—you will find my will in the writing-desk, and the cash in the drawer will disburse your account for the last quarter.”

“La, sir! are you out of your senses?”

“Suppose I am, madam; have not I, as an Englishman, the birth-right to be so, if I choose? Not a word more, but give me my parabours, cloak, and umbrella, and let me go, for go I will. It is a sullen and savage satisfaction, in a day like this, when Nature plays the churl, and makes one dark and drowsy at the heart as herself, to look abroad at her in her own wretched woods and swampy fields, and to see that she is as melancholy and miserable as she has rendered us. Fish! pish! pho! rain, sleet, and snow. Merry England! but no matter, out I will go. No, I will not have a coach—a horse would be more germane to the weather. It is of no use your dissuading me, madam, I am determined!”

Well, here I am, I care not how many miles from town, that charnel-house of cheerfulness! What a walk I have had! Walk? wade! I should have said. And what a frightful series of faces I have met all along the road! and

all, I am happy to say, to all appearance as miserable and unhappy as myself—all climate-struck, winter-wretched, English-happy! But I am wet, weary, and hungry—where shall I dry myself? where dine myself? Psha! what is the use of drying or dining, either? *Tedet me vitæ!*

What have we here? "The Marlborough Head." Another glorious cut-throat's fighting face, making five in ten miles; two land, and three amphibious! I wonder when the men of peace may hope to have their heads dug out for signs? Well, the men of war are welcome to the preference, and may divide their out-of-door honours with the Blue Boars and Red Lions of less naval and military publications. "Horses taken in to bait"—aye, and asses too. I'll enter. Curse the bell-rope!—woven of cobweb, I suppose, that it may be added as another item to the bill. Waiter!

[Enter Boots.]

"Zur."

"What a brute! in a smock frock tucked up—one hand in his pocket fumbling his halfpence—a head like a hedge-hog, a mere mandrake in top-boots and corduroys—with a Salisbury-plain of cheek; the entire being a personification of that elegant compound word *crux-bacon*. What is man, if this Cyclops is one! Have you any thing to eat?"

"Zur?"

"Why do you stand there rubbing your hair down? It's flat enough, you sleek roughness! Send your master."

"Ize noa measter, zur."

"What have you then? Who is your keeper?"

"Missuz."

"Well send in the Sycorax. What a horrible dungeon of a room they have put me into! fit only for treasons, stratagems, and plots! dark, dismal, black-wainscoted, and ringing to the tread like a vaulted tomb! But what matter! can it be more dreary than my mind? No. Then here will I take 'the ease in mine inn.' Curses on that peg in the wall! It was put up to hang a hat upon; but it seems by its look to hint that it could sustain the weight of the wearer. And that imp there, perched on the point of it; how busy it is adjusting an unsubstantial rope with a supernatural Jack Ketch-like sort of solemnity! Shadows seem to flicker along the wall, and hideous faces mop and mow at me! That knot in the oaken wainscot glares at me like the eye of an ogre! The worm-eaten floor cracks and squeaks under my tread, and the cricket shrills under the hearth-stone! And that hideous half-length of a publican of Queen Anne's Augustan age! how the plush-vested monster stares at me, like an owl from an ivy-bush metamorphosed into a wig!—I cannot bear this! Waiter! waiter! [Enter the Landlady.] What, in the name of all that's monumental, have we here? The Whole Duty of Man, in one volume, *tall copy—neat*. I never beheld such a woman till now!—six feet two, I should think, in her slippers!—Respected be the memory of the late landlord of the Marlborough Head! If he subdued such an Eve as this, he was a greater con-

queror than him whose sign he once lived under."

"What is your pleasure, sir?" curtsying respectfully.

(I stand up, and my eyes are on a line with the keys at her waist.)

"Mrs. — Mrs. —"

"Furlong, sir, at your command."

"Furlong! mile, exactly—not a foot less. Be good enough, Mrs. Furlong, to let me have a couple of chops, cooked in your most capable manner; and pray do show me into a more cheerful room."

"Certainly, sir."

(I follow like a minnow in the wake of a leviathan!)"

"Aye, this will do better. Here I can see what is going on in the world, though it is not worth looking at. [Exit Landlady.] I have an antipathy to tall women, but really there is something sublime in this Mrs. Furlong; and, as a lover of the picturesque, I shall patronise her. Now, if I was not sick of this working-day world, and all the parts and parcels of it, I should be tempted to propose for about one-half of Mrs. Furlong—twenty poles or so. She has blue eyes, fair hair, a complexion like a May morning, and really looks handsome, and somewhat of the lady in her widow's weeds. 'Fore heaven! I've seen worse women. Then her voice is soft and low—"an excellent thing in woman." And this is a snug inn too; a comfortable room this—carpeted, clean, and cosy—a view of watery Venice in oil, over the fire-place, and Before Marriage and After Marriage, in Bowles and Carver's best manner, on opposite sides as they should be. Ha! the chops already!—and very nice they look. A shalot too!—Really, Mrs. Furlong, the outworks of my heart, no very impregnable fortress, are taken already. Now let me have just a pint of your particular sherry. Ha! this looks well—pale and sparkling too, like a sickly wit. I insist upon your taking a glass with me, madam."

"Sir, you are very good."

"Quite the contrary. A good-sized husband to you!" (Mrs. Furlong smiles, shows a very good set of teeth, and curtsies.)

"Ah, sir! you gentlemen will have your joke. Your better health, sir, for you do not look very well."

"She has spoken this with such a pitying tenderness of tone that it has gone through my heart; and would, had it been iron! What makes my lips quiver, my tongue falter, my voice thicken, and an unusual moisture come into my eyes? One touching word of sympathy? Am I then again accessible to those blessed influences upon the heart and affections—pity and human kindness? Yes, then I live again! Oh! honey in the mouth, music to the ear, a cordial to the heart, is the voice of woman in the melancholy hours of man! Mrs. Furlong is called away, and I am spared from making a fool of myself in her presence. Ah, Mary, I will not accuse thee with all the changes which time and disappointment have made in my heart and feelings, but for some of these thou *must* answer! Thou wert my first hope and earliest disappointment! What I am thy little faith has

made me: what I should have been—but no matter; I feel how desolate a wretch I am—how changed from all I was and ought to be—it is thy work, it is thy deed, and I forgive thee! Behold me here, a broken-spirited man, with furlowing cheeks and whitening hair, tears in my eyes, and agony at my heart: Behold me an unsocial man, suspected by the world, and suspecting the world—I, who trusted in it, loved it, and would have benefited it! But I have done with it now—I loathe it and avoid it! And why? Why am I now harsh of nature, uncharitable in thought if not in speech, unforgetful of slight offences, revengeful of deep ones, jealous of looks, watchful of words? I that was gentle, tender of others, to myself severe; forgiving, incapable of anger, open-minded, suspiciousless! But why should I anatomise myself? I give my heart to the vultures among men—let them glut on it; and good digestion wait upon their appetite?"

"Did you call, sir?"

"No, madam; but I am glad you are here, for your coming in has interrupted a melancholy thought."

"A melancholy thought! Lud, sur, do you surrender yourself to such a weakness as melancholy! Life, to be sure, is a serious thing to the most cheerful of us; but to the over-anxious, and those who groan under its cares, death were happier than such life! The really heavy obligations of existence are worthy of our gravest thoughts; but the lighter evils, the cares and anxieties of the day—Sir, I never allow them to make a deeper impression on my mind than my pencil does on my slate: when I have satisfied myself as to the amount, I rub the lines off, and begin again."

"And am I to be taught philosophy by a Plato in petticoats, and the economy of life by a Dodsley in dimity? *Nunc dimittis*, then, be my ditty! Pardon my expressions, madam—the insolence of humbled pride. I sit rebuked. You are a sensible woman, Mrs. Furlong—have, apparently, right views of life; now tell me, what is the end of it?"

"Death, I should think, sir."

"A pertinent answer, madam; but you are on the wrong premises."

"I am on my own."

"Indeed—I am happy to hear it; and if I was a widow-watcher, I should make a note of that fact. I meant, madam, what is the design, the intention, the moving motive of life?"

"Happiness here and in another and a better world."

"Yes, madam; but our happiness here—what an uncertain good it is—a hope never in our own hands, but always in those of others. And what do they merit, who, entrusted with so precious a trust for our benefit, deny it to us, and withhold it from us?"

"The same unhappiness at the hands of others."

"What if you would not, if you might, whiten one hair of their heads with sorrow who have silvered the whole of yours, what do they merit?"

"They do not merit so much mercy." (She leaves the room.)

"A negro has a soul, your honour!" said Corporal Trim, putting the right foot of his postulate forward, but in an undecided attitude, as if he doubted whether his position were tenable. "My uncle Toby ran through in his memory all the regimental orders from the siege of Troy to that of Namur, and remembering nothing therein to the contrary, came to the Christian conclusion, that a negro had a soul. And why not an innkeeper—especially if a woman? My prejudice is to let against that abused class of hosts and hostesses: to be sure, it was formed on an acquaintance with those only on the Bath road: they may not require souls, as their guests are chiefly fashionable people. Here is a woman 'with a tall man's height,' humbly stationed beside one of the highways of life—and stunned and distracted with the stir and bustle of the goers to and the comers from the shrine of the great Baal, who has yet contrived to keep her heart from hardening, and her soul in whiter simplicity, in a common inn, than the shrinking and secluded nun shut up from the world in a convent! There is *indeed* a soul of goodness in things evil!—an inborn grace, which the world cannot give, and cannot take away. Else how should this poor woman have that which so many minds, so much safer placed to preserve their freshness and native worth, have altogether lost and live without?—One half the vices of the world are only acts of conformity with the prejudices of the world. Give a man an ill name, and he wears it as if it were a virtue and proper to him, and keeps up the tone of his depravity with a due sense of its decorum—its keeping, and colour, and costume. When will the world learn better? Oh, thou worst and vilest weed in the beautiful fields of human thought—Prejudice,—grow not in any path of mine, for I will trample thee down to the earth which thou disgracest and must defile!—But 'Thinking is an idle waste of thought.' Waiter."

"Zur."

"What, Cyclops again! But that's a prejudice too. Have you an entertaining book in the house?"

"Missuz have, I dare to say, zur."

"Bring it then, my good fellow. A change of thought to the mind, like a change of air to the body, refreshes, invigorates, and cheers."

"Here be one, zur."

"Aye, this will do—nothing so well. Joseph Andrews! Good, good! Blessings be on thee, inimitable Fielding!—for many a lingering hour hast thou shortened, and many a heavy heart hast thou lightened. See, the book opens of itself at a page which a man must be fathoms five in the Slough of Despond if he read it with a grave face and a lack-lustre eye! World, I bid you good *den*!—for here will I forget you as you are, and re-peruse you as you were... Ah! I remember well my first acquaintance with Joseph Andrews. I was then a very serious yet very happy boy,—any book was a treasure, but a stolen perusal of one like this was a pleasure beyond all price, and worth all risks; for works like this were among the profanities from which I was carefully debarred:—mistaken zeal! If discovered in my hands, it was snatched away;

and if it escaped the fiery ordeal, it was well. But who shall control the strong desires of youth! I remember, too, the candle secretly purchased out of my limited penny of pocket-money; the early stealing to bed; the stealthy lighting of the 'flaming minister' to my midnight vigil; the unseen and undisturbed reading of this very book deep into the hours of night: and the late waking, and pallid look, the effects of my untimely watching. I remember, too, how nearly my secret was discovered; for laughing too loudly over the merry miseries of poor parson Adams, the thin wain-scot betrayed me; I remember, ere I had breathed thrice, the sound of a stealing foot heard approaching my bed-room door—the light out in an instant—the book thrust deep down under the bed-clothes, and how I was heard snoring so somnolently, that I should have deceived Somnus himself."

"Ecod, you did'n capital!"

"Eh? what!—what, have you been eaves-dropping at my elbow all this time, you Titus Oates of a traitor?"

"Yeez, zur, you didn't tell I to go."

"Go, bring in candles and a pint of sherry—let down the blinds, heap the fire—and don't disturb me till I disturb you."

"Yeez, zur."

"Vanish, then, good bottle imp!—And now for Joseph Andrews. Capital! excellent! inimitable and immortal Fielding!—And thy bones lie unhonoured in an alien's grave, and not a stone in thy native land records the name of the instructor and delighter of mankind!—Well, there is no accounting for the negligence of nations. * * * Who knocks? Come in."

"Do you mean to sleep here to night, sir?"

"Sleep here, Mrs. Furlong! No—quite the reverse."

"I thought you did, as it is so late."

"So late! how late?"

"Eleven, sir."

"Impossible! Have I been reading so long?"

"It is very true, sir."

"And what kind of night is it?"

"Starry and frosty, and the moon is rising."

"What, in England? Then let me have my bill, for I shall be glad to witness such a phenomenon."

"La, sir, it is ten miles to town, and a gentleman was stopped on this road only last week!"

"How long did they stop him, Mrs. Furlong?"

"Long enough to rob him of his watch and ten pounds, I assure you."

"Well, as I have no watch, and only five, they need not detain me half the time. And if I should come back, bare and barbarously beaten, like poor Joseph Andrews, you are no Mrs. Tow-ouse, madam—I could not be in better hands."

"I am glad to see you so merry, sir."

"Merry, madam! I never mean to be serious again, except at my own funeral, and then it will be expected of me to look grave. I have learnt, since that I have been here, that melancholy is to be medicined by mile-stones;

that a slight attack of it is to be subdued by four of those communicative monuments taken in the morning before breakfast, and four at night following supper; a severe one, by twenty ditto, in two portions or potions, washed down by three pints of sherry, and kept down by two mutton chops and shalots, and two volumes of Joseph Andrews,—a prescription of more virtue than all which have been written from old Paracelsus's days to Dr. Paris's."

"Well, sir, you certainly are not the gentleman you came in, and I am glad to see it. Here is your bill, and if you will run the risk of the road at this late hour, I can only wish you safe home, and a long continuance of your present good spirits."

"Thank you, Mrs. Furlong, thank you! And if I come this way again, I shall certainly, as the poet says,

"Stop at the widow's to drink."

So good night, madam. Once more, good night * * * Blessings be on every foot of Mrs. Furlong—that best of physicians; for SHE HAS CURED ME OF MYSELF!"

Fair, Frank, and Foolish.—A handsome woman of common-place mind, and talkative, complained to Madame de Genlis of being constantly plagued by poor admirers. "Oh, my dear lady," said Madame Genlis, smiling, "you may soon get rid of that evil; you have only to say something to them—no matter what."

Those who from a constant change and dissipation of outward objects have not a moment's leisure for their own thoughts, can feel no respect for themselves, and learn little consideration for humanity.

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MARIANNE CHIMOT.

(FOR THE "FLY.")

The house of Master Capron, an old bachelor, retired from the practice of pharmacy some thirty years since, was, as he delighted to say with a sort of pride, the house best regulated in all Cambray. The reason was that the house of M. Capron found itself governed by the most perfect type of housekeepers, old Marianne Chimot. Nearly, but not quite, as old as her septagenarian master, the worthy spinster preserved together her active habits, and the necessity, as she deemed it, of everlasting cleaning—inmate, I believe, among the Flemings. Marianne might be seen at day-break, her arms bare to the elbows, a broom in one hand, and a pail of water in the other, conspicuously sluicing the floors of *terra cotta* (of which for the most part the dwellings of Cambray are composed), giving them all their gay and primitive redness. By this operation, we must say, Marianne Chimot introduced a good deal of damp into the house, but in return she obliged the visitors to dry their feet three or four times on mats and rugs, spread at the entrance of each apartment; and when they omitted these important preliminaries, she would say to them with more or less politeness, according to their station, as it happened to be, "Pray wipe your feet, if you please." After the red flags or panicles came the furniture, which the indefatigable Marianne cleaned, waxed, coaxed, and made so shining as to tempt you to use certain pieces of it as a looking-glass. Then, when the window curtains were shook and put again into their plaits, when once the hearth was swept, the fire lighted, the carpet and drugget replaced, when once in fact all was in order, Marianne crossed her arms, and cast round her a look at once inquisitorial and satisfied. After being sure that nothing was at

variance with the harmony and scrupulous nicety of the house, she felt proud of her work, and would gaze upon it some time with much self-complacency, then tearing herself from so sweet a contemplation, she would hasten up to her little room, there to adjust her own toilet.

A quarter of an hour after Marianne would descend, dressed in her bodice, decked up with a lively freshness and prim decorum. A cap of fine *batiste*, quilled in little plaits, covered her hair, carefully powdered, such being the mode of that period, and then she addressed herself without more ado to making the chocolate, which formed the daily breakfast of M. Capron.

Nine o'clock usually struck by the village clock when Marianne, the cup of chocolate in her hand, entered the sleeping-room of her master.

"*Bon jour, M. Capron*, have you slept well?" said she, in the complaisant tone of a person content with herself, and the work she had got through since her rising. At these words the ex-apothecary partly rose from the bottom of the pillow, where he had been buried, a large figure redolent of fat and good humour.

"I have slept well, Marianne—indeed, very well;" and his nostrils dilated with the exquisite perfume of the chocolate, and his hands, agitated by a slight emotion, were extended towards the enormous cup which Marianne Chimot presented to him. While he breakfasted, Marianne opened the window shutters, extinguished the night-lamp, blew up the smouldering embers, and laid at the foot of the bed a wadded *robe de chambre*, and his slippers of crimson velvet, which she had herself embroidered with gold. After his cup was empty, and Marianne standing near the bed had taken it from his hands, M. Capron quietly laid down his head upon the triple pillows at the bed's head, fetching a deep

sigh, like a man who respires largely after eating a little too quickly.

"What news in the village, Marianne?" said he. Marianne, meanwhile, furbishing up, and smoothing, and brushing about the room, detailed the little gossip of the place, with which she much amused the old apothecary. This sort of prattle usually lasted till near ten o'clock.

"Ah! *mon doux Jesus!* ten o'clock. Come, M. Capron, we must make haste and dress you, or there will be nothing left in the market."

Then the old apothecary sighed again; but this time it was one of resignation, as if protesting against the tyranny of Marianne, who obliged him so cruelly to rouse himself up. Still he submitted to pass his hands into the sleeves of his gown, and thrust his large feet into the soft and warm slippers of which we have already made mention. This finished, and as if he had gone through a prodigious fatigue, he let himself easily down into a capacious arm-chair with side pillows, which the all-careful Marianne had well toasted by the fire. After being well satisfied that nothing more was wanting by her master during the short absence she was going to make, Marianne took her mantelet and departed. Marianne had made all her marketing, and by a quarter past eleven is returned in good time to skim her *pot au feu*, which now boils and bubbles with great impatience, and has been partner with the hob since seven in the morning. She mounts up to her room, undresses, puts on her kitchen habiliments, and prepares her master's dinner. During this time M. Capron, his feet resting on the andiron, reads a treatise on pharmacy, laying down his book from time to time to inhale the beating vapour which escaped from the kitchen, and made its way into his chamber.

"Marianne, child, what have we got for dinner?" said M. Capron, raising his voice.

"Oh, something remarkably good!" answered Marianne, with no little degree of satisfaction. "First of all, there is the *pot au feu*: it has been simmering gently since seven o'clock this morning. Then there are a few snipes—they were the only lot in the market, and for all that I did not pay over dear for them, though I was determined to have them, cost what they would."

"What, snipes! Indeed, Marianne," replied the apothecary, his mouth watering as if already he was devouring them in imagination.

"Aye, snipes, M. Capron, snipes as big as one's thumb—and fat and tender too."

"And what have we besides, my child?"

"A slice of fresh salmon."

"Fresh salmon! did you say fresh salmon, Marianne?" repeated the old gourmand, laughing and almost crying with joy.

"And for dessert an almond cake, for I know you are fond of an almond cake."

"You are a brave and worthy girl, Marianne; you are a faithful and well-tried servant, the joy and comfort of my life in this nether world. And at what o'clock shall we dine, Marianne?"

"You well know, M. Capron—at the usual hour; at one precisely," replied Marianne, a little disconcerted, and with a sort of wounded pride. (To be continued.)

LINES.

Adieu to the sports of the green,
Which no longer have charms in my sight,
Now my Ella has fled from the scene,
And with her all joy and delight.

See the jessamine bower which I made,
And the floweret which she planted there,
How they wither and hang down their heads,
With grief for the loss of my fair.

On the moss-covered banks of yon rill,
Which meanders in alternate shade
Of yon wood, and the heath-covered hill,
How oft with my Ella I've strayed.

There in notes so melodious and sweet,
She would sing of true love, and would sigh,
And would blush with confusion replete,
When I caught a soft glance from her eye.

The maid, sure, possessed every charm,
Which the heart could express or desire,
Her smile age's bosom could warm,
And the youthful with rapture inspire.

ON A CHILD.

Adieu, sweet innocent, adieu!
Thou'rt gone 'tis doubtless whither,
Thy artless charms still I must mourn
Though lost to me for ever.

In silent adoration oft,
When in thy lamblike play,
I've viewed parentally, and thought
When time should make me grey,

Thou'dst be the comfort of my age,
And all I wished to see;
But hopeless now am I dear maid,
All—all is fled with thee.

WATERLOO BANQUET SONG.*

(FROM THE "BRITANNIA.")

The Soldier-Chief of England
His banquet board hath spread,
In honour of our living brave!
And of our noble dead!
And war-crown'd Wellington to-night
Sits with his warrior crew,
To keep within his battle hall,
The feast of Waterloo!

Britannia's brightest blood of pride
Burns crimson on her brow,
And all her lion-heart is brimmed
With exultation now!
Full, full of glory doth she mark,
With eyes of living light,
The signs of all her victories,
That crown the feast to night!

The banquet board! It's massive gold
See glitter to the flame!
It's silver like a burnished shield!
What then? It is ALL FAME!
It is not purse-proud wealth that seeks
To rear a pompous head;
Each symbol is a monument
For living and for dead!

The meanest trifles there are of
The world's most precious things;
The virtue-trophies to the brave,
The honour-gifts of kings!
They give the reflex of proud days,
That saw our flags unfurl'd—
In battles where our heroes raised
The war-cry of the world!

The right! Old England ever fought
The right against the wrong!
'Twas so her victories grew so bright—
Her battles were so strong!
So, Wellington led forth her troops
With heart as well as sword;
And evermore so brought them home,
Triumphant and adored!

Now for their feast of conquest! lo!
Where Honour sits and sings!
And over threescore of her sons
Spreads forth her golden wings!
Why, triumphs on the very plates
Are carved, from which they dine;
And every shining cup embalms
A vict'ry in its wine!

And, oh! what thrilling tumult fills
Their hearts who pledge the bowl!
To-night they quaff not wine alone,
But glory from the soul!
A toast goes round; their iron lungs
The brave old soldiers strain;
And Wellington and Waterloo
Are blended once again!

"Hurrah! we are the happy men
Who fought in his command,
And help'd to fight his famous fight,
And officer'd his band!
Battled the foes; the banners bore,
To charge, defeat, pursue,
And shed heart, hope, and blood with those
Who won at Waterloo!"

Britannia brightens all her soul,
And perfects here her bliss!
Pity all England could not dine
At banquet such as this!
When war-crown'd Wellington in pride
Sits with his warrior crew,
And keeps within his battle-hall
The feast of Waterloo!

* Suggested by a sight of Mr. Salter's imposing picture of this splendid feast, in progress of publication by Mr. Moon.

† The superb service of Dresden porcelain on which the battles are painted.

JACK GRAB AND THE PIG.

Before entering upon his new speculation, he spent much time in ascertaining the price of pork and bacon; reckoned to a farthing what he should gain by selling it out and out to the butcher, or curing it himself, and disposing of a ham here and a flitch there; nor did he ever dream of putting a morsel to his own lips. Day after day, and week after week, did he scour the country in search of a cheap pig; hoarding up, in the mean time, rubbish enough to feed it for a month. He wandered as far as the next town every market-day, and was once or twice within a shilling of making a bargain; and one morning he saw a farmer purchase a whole litter of pig-savine one, and, to the amazement of Grab, it was the largest that he left behind. Grab took a close survey of the grunter before he ventured to ask the price, and also looked narrowly into the face of the man, for he had before been threatened with divers kickings for bidding so much below the sum named.

"What may you be asking for that little thin pig?" inquired he at length.

"Do you want to buy?" said the pig-jobber, in his turn eyeing Jack from head to foot, as if he doubted whether such a "thing of shreds and patches" possessed a sum of money sufficient for the purchase.

"That all depends upon what you may ask," answered the ever-cautious Grab.

"I have had some thoughts of keeping one, you see, when I could meet with it cheap; but I'm in no hurry—no hurry; only I thought, as it was the last, you might ask very reasonable for it. What is the very lowest you mean to take now—at a word?"

"Well, then, at a word, twelve shillings," replied the pig-jobber; "and, if you understand pigs at all, you must know that's very cheap."

Grab looked at the man, then at the pig, then at the ground; he saw a rusty nail, but did not stoop to pick it up; he could afford to miss a nail for once, for he knew that the pig was very cheap; he had been asked eighteen shillings for one much less, and had even bid fifteen.

"Will he eat well?" was the next inquiry.

"Eat!" exclaimed the countryman. "Ay, any manner of thing; there isn't a pig in the country with a better appetite. Bless you! when he was among the other pigs he used to root out all the tit-bits into one corner of the trough, and have them to himself—he's a deep pig."

"Is his health good?" inquired Grab; "for I reckon pigs are somewhat like Christians—liable to a few complaints now and then."

"He's as hard as nails," answered the pig-jobber, "and never had an hour's illness since he was born; when all the rest were ill, he was up and eating; and he cut his teeth like winking."

"Well, then," said Grab, drawing in his breath heavily, and speaking in a faint tone, "I'll give you ten shillings for him;" and he thrust his hand into his pocket, that he might feel the smooth silver once again before he parted with it for ever.

"Too little," said the man. "I'll stand a tankard of ale and bread and cheese, but I'll take no less."

But he did take less, after much bantering, for he sold his pig for eleven shillings, and gave the old miser threepence for his share of the refreshment, as he excused himself from going to the alehouse for want of time. It is impossible to sketch Grab as he looked when paying the money into the broad brown open hand of the pig-jobber. First he pulled out three shillings, and laid them down in the form of a triangle, muttering, "It's a deal of money to part with at once." Then he drew out two more, growling deeper than ever; the next time he put his hand into his pocket, he fished up but one shilling, saying, "That makes six, and the pig may die—a great deal of money—a great risk. I almost wish—"

"Hark you," said the countryman, closing his hand on the six shillings, "if you don't pull out the other five a little quicker, I shall walk off with both the pig and the money; so pay the remainder down, then grumble as much as you like after—a bargain's a bargain."

The threat had the desired effect; at one desperate plunge Grab dragged up three more shillings; two more rapid dives into his pocket drew forth the remainder—and, heaving a deep sigh, he paid for the pig. Long and many were the contests between Grab and his pig before they reached Warton Woodhouse, nor did he get clear of the market town without encountering many perils, for the pig seemed willing to go any road but the right one; and instead of "larding the lean earth," like Falstaff he showed no more marks of fatigue than a piece of parchment which has been blown across the road. He soon managed to slip the string, and bolting from Grab shot between the legs of a little lawyer, on whose silk stockings he left the marks which he himself had gathered in a gutter. But the dire disaster was running against a table which was covered with bottles of ginger-beer, and carrying away a leg of it, which had but that morning been indifferently spliced with very slender string. The proprietor of this rickety establishment, without once pausing to listen to the hiss and fizz, and foam and tumult among his broken bottles, set off full speed after Grab and the grunter; deeming no doubt that the old adage of one bird in the hand being worth two in the bush, might be applied to his case of the pig. Away shot the worker at more than pig's speed, and luckily

he took the very road which Grab had in vain attempted to drive him, plainly showing that although roads "were as plentiful as blackberries," he would take none of them on compulsion; he never did a pig shoot off at such speed! he would have won the St. Leger from all the tribe of pork. He had no more fat upon him than a dead stick; "he lay to the earth," to use a sporting phrase, like a greyhound; for like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," he was—

"Long, lank, and brown,"
As in the ribbed sea sand."

After the grunter went Grab, and after both the ginger-beer man, who, being fat and asthmatical, groaned again like a railway engine when it is stopped, and shouting (a word at a time) stop—that-pig-stop—that-man—they've—ru—ined—me—my—beer—pig—man—table—bottles—dam—a—ges." Butcher-boys and dogs joined in the chase at full cry; never bad such a shouting and yelling been heard at that peaceful end of the town since the day of election, when, to show their independence, they pelted out both the candidates. Fortunately for Grab, a whole herd of swine chanced to be before him, their noses pointing twenty ways; and as his own pig shot through the bristling ranks without a pause, and turned up a narrow lane, he was soon lost to his pursuers, and shut out from all eyes except Grab's. It need not be wondered at that out of so large a herd of swine the ginger-beer man at last "caught the wrong pig by the ear;" for one more nimble than the rest shot out from his companions, and was followed by both men and dogs until he was captured, when the mistake was found out; but how rectified our story sayeth not. After many ins-and-outs, shoutings and kicks, and divers coaxings, and not a few turns at carrying him, Jack and his pig at length reached home in safety.

MORNING.

Hark! from every bush,
The lark and thrush,
Announce with joy returning morn,
See the dew glistening on the thorn,
See light ethereal wide extending,
And Nature's beauty re-expanding.

Anecdote of Nash.—A young lady who had just come out of the country, and affected to dress in a very plain manner, was sitting on a bench at Bath, as Beau Nash, the director of the ceremonies at that place, and some of his companions, were passing by; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, "There is a smart country girl; I will have some discourse with her." Then going up to the lady, "So child," said he, "you are just come to Bath, I see." "Yes, sir," answered the lady. "And you have been a good girl in the country, and learned to read your book, I hope?" "Yes, sir." "Pray, now," said he, "let me examine you: I know you have read your Bible, and the history of Tobit and his dog; now, can you tell me what was the dog's name?" "Yes, sir," said she, "his name was *Nash*, and an impudent dog he was."

THE LOVE OF FAMILY INHERENT.

Parental affection is certainly inborn, and the love of children for their parents comes from the same source; but whether to the like extent I am not able to determine. I incline to think not. Love of family, I am of opinion too, is inbred; and whatever strife or bickerings take place under the paternal roof, there is still among the inmates a sort of compact, and mutual interest in each other's good, that in a list of friends, however large it be, is never felt after that fashion. I will try to illustrate this by a short story.

I have a sister with whom, in early life, I was associated in that kind and easy intercourse that commonly subsists between brother and sister. Time sweeps on. The family hall had passed into other hands; the children were grown up and dispersed; the parents had long since been gathered to their ancestors. I now seldom see this sister. Alas! for me. Time and circumstance might account for this estrangement which in cases of a like nature are found to depend less on ourselves than upon others. It is some years since I have seen my relation, probably not more than three or four. A few Sundays ago (it was at church), a young female was shown to a seat near the pew where I was sitting. At the time, I did not remark her countenance, or notice her otherwise, than as she appeared scrupulously neat in her person, and one who seemingly belonged to the upper class of Abigaila. Some time after she raised her head, and mine by accident was turned that way. The sentimental reader can best judge of my surprise. There was the same full eye, the pencilled brow, the nose, a particular character in the mouth, and above all the general expression in the face, or what is known better by the term "family likeness," with that of my sister, which, but for a few years the less on the part of the fair handmaid, would have changed the illusion into reality!

I confess I was strangely moved by the incident, and had my face been tested by a mirror on the instant, I hardly doubt that a more pale cheek than that with which I entered the parish church would have been presented to my view. Of the various emotions which that casual glance called up in my mind at the time, a feeling of pleasure was undoubtedly the prevailing one, after the first assault by surprise was over. Hence I am inclined to think—and schooled by the past—that love of family is inherent in our nature; though less fervent in spirit than either parental or filial affection. F. E.

NOON.

'Tis now high noon,
Behold the sun,
With rays effulgent spreading wide,
Throughout the universal void,
Warming with genial heat the earth,
And giving vegetation birth.

THE MOTHER'S WARNING.

By L. E. L.

Pray thee, dear one, heed him not,
 Love has an unquiet lot;
 Why for words of fear and fate,
 Should'st thou change thy sweet estate?
 Linger yet upon the hour
 Of the green leaf and the flower.
 Art thou happy? For thy sake
 Do the birds their music make—
 Birds with golden plumes that bring,
 Sunshine from a distant spring,
 For thine eyes the roses grow,
 Red as sunset, white as snow.
 And the bees are gathering gold
 Ere the winter hours come cold.
 Flowers are colouring the wild wood,
 Art thou weary of thy childhood?
 Break not its enchanted reign,
 Such life never knows again.
 Wilt thou love? Oh, listen all
 I can tell thee of such thrall.
 Though my heart be changed and chill,
 Yet that heart remembers still,
 All the sorrow that it proved,
 All I suffered while I loved.

'Tis to waste the feverish day,
 In impatient hopes away.
 Watching with a weary eye
 For a step that comes not nigh:
 'Tis to pass the night in weeping,
 Vigils the heart's penance keeping;
 Shedding tears that, while they fall,
 Are ashamed to weep at all.

There are darker hours in store,
 Loving—yet beloved no more.
 When the lover's heart is changed,
 And the lover's eye has ranged.
 Sit thou down as by a grave,
 Weep o'er all thy young faith gave;
 Weep and weep in vain, for never
 Could endurance or endeavour,
 Love in every action shown,
 Keep the false heart for your own.
 It is won of little cost,
 But still easier is it lost.

I shall see that sunny hair,
 Braided with less anxious care;
 I shall see that cheek grow pale,
 As the lily in the vale.
 I shall hear those steps whose flight
 Is so musical and light,
 Dragging onwards, languid, slow,
 Caring nothing where they go.

Wo! for all I see will come!
 Wo for our deserted home!
 If to love thy choice shall be,
 Farewell, my sweet child, to thee!

JUSTICE IN A HURRY.

We will suppose ourselves in the Town-hall, as we have often been during trial, whilst all assembled have a word or two to drop in just as it suits their fancy.

"What charge now?" said the justice, looking at the clock, and thinking of his dinner.

"Stevenson, who keeps the chandler's

shop, against Freeman and Hardcastle," said the constable.

"State it quick," continued the magistrate.

"Your worship will please to remember that these two crusty old fellows had a four hours' dispute under my window, until I began to think that they never, never intended to separate; so I went up stairs and emptied a pail of clean water upon their heads. Well, your worship, instead of laying on each other with their sticks, as they mostly do, they both set on and broke my window."

"False evidence, your worship!" exclaimed old Freeman; "the water was dirty, and smelled as if he'd been swilling his filthy shop floor in it—it stunk as bad as his shop."

"My shop's sweet, you calumniating old villain," replied the chandler, shaking his fist in the other's face.

"Well, well, don't fight here," said the magistrate; "if you want to fight, get out—there's more room outside—and settle your dispute amongst yourselves. What damage have they done?" continued the justice.

"Broken twelve panes of glass," replied the chandler, "at three shillings a pane—thirty-six shillings, your worship."

"It's false," shouted old Hardcastle, stamping his stick on the floor; "five of them were cracked, and one was stuffed full of old rags, and another had a piece of bacon reared against it, as dry and hard as a board to keep the wind out."

"Quite time they were replaced with new ones, then," continued the magistrate. "But what have you two quarrelsome old fellows to say for yourselves? Did I not last time decide that he who had the right hand of the wall should not give it up?"

"But your worship must decide which is to have the wall," said Stevenson, "when both their backs are against it."

"Humph—hey? Is there any case to decide by in Blackstone?" inquired the magistrate of the clerk.

"None, your worship," was the reply.

"Then you must pay the damages," said the justice; "and, for the other matter, fight it out as usual."

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THE DUEL.

* * * * * In that giddy whirl of noise and confusion the men were delirious. Who thought of money, ruin, or the morrow in the savage intoxication of the moment? More wine was called for, glass after glass was drained, their parched and scalding mouths were cracked with thirst. Down poured the wine like oil on blazing fire: and still the riot went on—the debauchery gained its height—glasses were dashed upon the floor by hands that could not carry them to lips, oaths were shouted out by lips which could scarcely form the words to vent them in; drunken losers cursed and roared; some mounted on the tables, waving bottles above their heads, and bidding defiance to the rest; some danced, some sang, some tore the cards and raved. Tumult and frenzy reigned supreme; when a noise arose that drowned all others, and two men, seizing each other by the throat, struggled into the middle of the room. A dozen voices, until now unheard, called aloud to part them. Those who had kept themselves cool to win, and who earned their living in such scenes, threw themselves upon the combatants, and, forcing them asunder, dragged them some space apart.

"Let me go!" cried Sir Mulberry, in a hoarse voice; "he struck me! Do you hear? I say he struck me. Have I a friend here? Who is this? Westwood. Do you hear me say he struck me?"

"I hear, I hear," replied one of those who told him. "Come away for to-night."

"I will not, by G—," he replied, fiercely. "A dozen men about us saw the blow."

"To-morrow will be ample time," said the friend.

"It will not be ample time!" cried Sir Mulberry, gnashing his teeth. "To-night—once—here!" His passion was so great that he could not articulate, but stood clen-

ing his fist, tearing his hair, and stamping upon the ground.

"What is this, my lord?" said one of those who surrounded him. "Have blows passed?"

"One blow has," was the panting reply. "I struck him—I proclaim it to all here. I struck him, and he well knows why. I say with him, let this quarrel be adjusted now. Captain Adams," said the young lord, looking hurriedly about him, and addressing one of those who had interposed, "Let me speak with you, I beg."

The person addressed stepped forward, and, taking the young man's arm, they retired together, followed shortly afterwards by Sir Mulberry and his friend.

It was a profligate haunt of the worst repute, and not a place in which such an affair was likely to awaken any sympathy for either party, or to call forth any further remonstrance or interposition. Elsewhere its further progress would have been instantly prevented, and time allowed for sober and cool reflection; but not there. Disturbed in their orgies, the party broke up; some reeled away with looks of tipsy gravity, others withdrew noisily discussing what had just occurred; the gentlemen of honour who lived upon their winnings remarked to each other as they went out that Hawk was a good shot; and those who had been most noisy fell fast asleep upon the sofas, and thought no more about it.

Meanwhile the two seconds, as they may be called now, after a long conference, each with his principal, met together in another room. Both utterly heartless, both men upon town, both thoroughly initiated in its worst vices, both deeply in debt, both fallen from some higher estate, both addicted to every depravity for which society can find some genteel name, and plead its most depraving conventionalities as an excuse, they were naturally gentlemen of most unblemished honour them-

selves, and of great nicety concerning the honour of other people.

These two gentlemen were unusually cheerful just now, for the affair was pretty certain to make some noise, and could scarcely fail to enhance their reputations considerably.

"This is an awkward affair, Adams," said Mr. Westwood, drawing himself up.

"Very," returned the captain; "a blow has been struck, and there is but one course, of course."

"No apology, I suppose?" said Mr. Westwood.

"Not a syllable, sir, from my man, if we talk till doomsday," returned the captain. "The original cause of dispute, I understand, was some girl or other, to whom your principal applied certain terms, which Lord Frederick, defending the girl, repelled. But this led to a long recrimination upon a great many sore subjects, charges, and counter-charges. Sir Mulberry was sarcastic; Lord Frederick was excited, and struck him in the heat of provocation, and under circumstances of great aggravation. That blow, unless there is a full retraction on the part of Sir Mulberry, Lord Frederick is ready to justify."

"There is no more to be said," returned the other, "but to settle the hour and the place of meeting. It's a responsibility; but there is a strong feeling to have it over: do you object to say at sunrise?"

"Sharp work," replied the captain, referring to his watch; "however, as this seems to have been a long time brooding, and negotiation is only a waste of words—no."

"Something may possibly be said out of doors after what passed in the other room, which renders it desirable that we should be off without delay, and quite clear of town," said Mr. Westwood. "What do you say to one of the meadows opposite Twickenham, by the river side?"

The captain saw no objection.

"Shall we join company in the avenue of trees which leads from Petersham to Ham House, and settle the exact spot when we arrive there?" said Mr. Westwood.

To this the captain also assented. After a few other preliminaries, equally brief, and having settled the road each party should take to avoid suspicion, they separated.

"We shall just have comfortable time, my lord," said the captain, when he had communicated the arrangements, "to call at my rooms for a case of pistols, and then jog coolly down. If you will allow me to dismiss your servant, we'll take my cab, for yours, perhaps, might be recognised."

What a contrast; when they reached the street, to the scene they had just left! It was already daybreak. For the flaring yellow light within, was substituted the clear, bright, glorious morning; for a hot, close atmosphere, tainted with the smell of expiring lamps, and reeking with the steams of riot and dissipation, the free, fresh, wholesome air. But to the fevered head on which that cool air blew it seemed to come laden with remorse for time mis-spent and countless opportunities neglected. With throbbing veins and burning skin, eyes wild and heavy, thoughts hurried and disordered, he felt as though the light were a reproach, and shrunk involuntarily from the day as if he were some foul and hideous thing.

"Shivering!" said the captain. "You are cold."

"Rather."

"It does strike cool, coming out of those hot rooms. Wrap that cloak about you. So, so; now we're off."

They rattled through the quiet streets, made their call at the captain's lodgings, cleared the town, and emerged upon the open road, without hindrance or molestation.

Fields, trees, gardens, hedges, every thing looked very beautiful; the young man scarcely seemed to have noticed them before, though he had passed the same objects a thousand times. There was a peace and serenity upon them all strangely at variance with the bewilderment and confusion of his own half-sobered thoughts, and yet impressive and welcome. He had no fear upon his mind; but as he looked about him he had less anger, and though all old delusions, relative to his worthless late companion, were now cleared away, he rather wished he had never known him than thought of its having come to this.

The past night, the day before, and many other days and nights beside, all mingled themselves up in one unintelligible and senseless whirl; he could not separate the transactions of one time from those of another. Last night seemed a week ago, and months ago were as last night. Now the noise of the wheels resolved itself into some wild tune in which he could recognise scraps of airs he knew, and now there was nothing in his ears but a stunning and bewildering sound like rushing water. But his companion rallied him on being so silent, and they talked and laughed boisterously. When they stopped he was a little surprised to find himself in the act

of smoking, but on reflection he remembered when and where he had taken the cigar.

They stopped at the avenue gate and alighted, leaving the carriage to the care of the servant, who was a smart fellow, and nearly as well accustomed to such proceedings as his master. Sir Mulberry and his friend were already there, and all four walked in profound silence up the aisle of stately elm trees, which, meeting far above their heads, formed a long green perspective of gothic arches, terminating like some old ruin in the open sky.

After a pause, and a brief conference between the seconds, they at length turned to the right, and taking a track across a little meadow, passed Ham House and came into some fields beyond. In one of these they stopped. The ground was measured, some usual forms gone through, the two principals were placed front to front at the distance agreed upon, and Sir Mulberry turned his face towards his young adversary for the first time. He was very pale—his eyes were bloodshot, his dress disordered, and his hair dishevelled,—all most probably the consequences of the previous day and night. For the face, it expressed nothing but violent and evil passions. He shaded his eyes with his hand, gazed at his opponent steadfastly for a few moments, and then taking the weapon which was tendered to him, bent his eye upon that, and looked up no more until the word was given, when he instantly fired.

The two shots were fired as nearly as possible at the same instant. In that instant the young lord turned his head sharply round, fixed upon his adversary a ghastly stare, and, without a groan or stagger, fell down dead.

"He's gone," cried Westwood, who, with the other second, had run up to the body, and fallen on one knee beside it.

"His blood on his own head," said Sir Mulberry. "He brought this upon himself, and forced it upon me."

"Captain Adams," cried Westwood, hastily, "I call you to witness that this was fairly done. Hawk, we have not a moment to lose. We must leave this place immediately, push for Brighton, and cross to France with all speed. This has been a bad business, and may be worse if we delay a moment. Adams, consult your own safety, and don't remain here; the living before the dead—good bye."

With these words, he seized Sir Mulberry by the arm, and hurried him away. Captain Adams, only pausing to convince himself beyond all question of the fatal result, sped off in the same direction, to concert measures with his servant for removing the body, and securing his own safety likewise.

So died Lord Frederick Verisopht, by the hand which he had loaded with gifts, and clasped a thousand times; by the act of him but for whom and others like him he might have lived a happy man, and died with children's faces round his bed.

The sun came proudly up in all his majesty, the noble river ran its winding course, the leaves quivered and rustled in the air, the birds poured their cheerful songs from every tree, the short-lived butterfly fluttered its little

wings; all the light and life of day came on, and, amidst it all, and pressing down the grass whose every blade bore twenty tiny lives, lay the dead man, with his stark and rigid face turned upwards to the sky.

SONG.

There's not a heath, however wide,
But hath some little flower;
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own.

THE COURIER DOVE.

Outstrip the winds, my courier dove!
On pinions fleet and free;
And bear this letter to my love,
Who's far away from me.

It bids him view thy plume whereon
The changing colours range;
But warns him that my peace is gone,
If he shall also change.

It tells him thou return'st again,
To her who set thee free;
And oh! it asks the truant when
He'll thus resemble thee.

LINES.

Written by Sir John H——, in 1664, on seeing a lady feed her birds.

Be still ye sweet linnets, and flutter no more,
But think yourselves blest in your place;
Learn with me your fair feeder to love and adore,
For innocence smiles in her face.

Were I but a bird to be fed by her hand,
And could her attention engage;
Well pleased I'd subsist upon groundsel and seed,
And contentedly live in a cage. L. E.

Curious Historical Fact.—During the troubles in the reign of King Charles I., a country girl came up to London in search of a place as a servant-maid, but not succeeding she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brew-house, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant; and after a while, she behaving herself with so much prudence and decorum, he married her; but he died when she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon), finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, Queen of England.

MARIANNE CHIMOT.

(FOR THE "KLY.")

(Continued from page 106.)

"Good! good! but that sad fellow, Lahoust, the barber, is not come yet: you see I shall not be shaved and dressed for an hour. It is always the case 'now-a-days.'"

While M. Capron thus took on, Marianne had returned to the kitchen, and with an eye to the ragouts, found time to spread the table in the dining-room. Meantime the barber is arrived, and has shaved the apothecary, assisting, moreover, in putting the finishing touch to his dress, knowing by a thousand good stories how to make his sleek customer forget the delay, and to render less long the time that still lingers to dinner.

"There's one o'clock, and one minute past—one o'clock, and two minutes past—one o'clock, and three minutes past, and Marianne has not announced dinner. It is enough to make one lose patience. Heaven be praised! here she is;" and, leaning on the arm of his housekeeper, M. Capron is about to take post at table in his large easy chair. It is Marianne who attaches the napkin under the chin of her master. It is she who froths up his tumbler; Marianne cuts the most delicate morsels; Marianne cautions him now and then; and by no means the least necessary of her mild importunities, to eat a little more slowly. After dinner, Marianne conducts him to the drawing-room, where a soft and quiet *siesta* facilitates the digestion of the old man, and refreshes him after the weighty affair of dinner. On waking, M. Capron finds the table cleared, the kitchen is in order, the casseroles, cleaned and bright, have taken their places over the dresser against the wall; and Marianne, in best bib and tucker, near her master, is knitting him worsted hose, and waiting till it should please the good man to wake up, and avail himself of his governant's arm into the village, to make one at Pope Jean, or piquet at Madame de Fremery's.

At nine o'clock precisely Marianne is arrived, lantern in hand, to escort back the old apothecary, who on arriving at home finds a supper prepared of light meats, such as suit him to eat at his age before going to bed. Supper done, he moves slowly off to his chamber. Then Marianne undresses him, draws on his head a warm cotton nightcap, and puts him to bed as a mother would lay down her infant. Then she tucks under the old gentleman's feet a stone bottle of hot water, which maintains a mild heat in the bed, already pan-warmed; after which adjusting the eider down coverlet, and lighting the lamp, she salutes her master with a respectful "*Bon soir, M. Capron.*" M. Capron does not always reply, for the greater part of the time he has been consigned to the arms of Morphens.

Such has been the life for twenty years that the old apothecary and his gentle housekeeper have led together. Existence quiet, good, and uniform, as free from regrets as the evening as without care for the morrow; existence caressed, and even tinctured with love, for habit had given to Mari-

anne more devotion for her master, and denial of self, than the most juvenile or violent passion could have produced. Her master was her only thought—her every moment's occupation—the end of all her actions—the object of all her care. She would have felt more for the indisposition of her master than if the house had been put into disorder. It was the constant study of Marianne to project some new species of comfort for the excellent M. Capron. One might see the satisfied look, the mysterious smile of the old housekeeper, after preparing something of this sort, and had brought it for her master's approval. You might observe, too, the big tear standing in the eye of M. Capron, whenever he witnessed any fresh mark of attention from Marianne. Sometimes it was a cushion a trifle too hard, which was replaced by a down top, that an archbishop might envy. Then again it was a carpet to remedy the slight cold that might come from the hearth before the fire had drawn up. At night the flame of the candles vascillated a little, from a slight current of air produced from a door badly jointed. Next day a sand-bag or a parcel of wadding has effectually closed up the chink, and the old apothecary sees with satisfaction the candles burn straight and evenly. Marianne showed the like attention at all times, and for every thing: nothing, in fact, was a trouble or fatigue to our housekeeper. "*Monsieur* will be surprised and pleased," she would say; and in this thought there was ample recompense for any pains, however long or irksome. By dint of care and precautions so minute, Marianne had succeeded not only to keep off many infirmities attendant on old age, but to render them almost imperceptible when they did come. Thus, for instance, when the hearing of the good man became dull, Marianne raised her voice when she spoke, and recommended the friends of M. Capron to do the same; and as long as their visit lasted, there she was on her guard, and ready by sign to stimulate their voices when she perceived them on the point of disregarding her admonitions. Thus it was that the ex-apothecary would sometimes flatter himself on not being over cut up, for his age; and the gout excepted, he would say, which from time to time attacks my legs, I am still a young enough man, for Marianne had persuaded him that the weakness of his legs (*quasi paralytique*) came in good sooth *d'une attaque passagere de goutte*, that he would speedily leave him, and which for all that had lasted ten years.

The Revolution and terror came, thereby rendering to M. Capron the devotedness of Marianne still more necessary. M. Capron had made his fortune by supplying medicine to the numerous convents at Cambray; this as a source of emolument had long ceased to exist, and the destruction of nunneries, with the consequent dispersion of the sisterhood, deprived him of many small presents which his fair friends failed not to load their old apothecary. Besides which, he knew them to be wandering without homes, and reduced to poverty. But at seventy we are apt to turn egotist, forgetting the evils of others, whilst we ourselves feel them but lightly. And then

Marianne's confectionary was so good, and besides she had learnt the art of making her *marchpayne* pastery so perfectly, that M. Capron had imperceptibly resigned himself to the then state of things, and talked no more about convents than as a mechanical want, backed by a sort of mute sympathy, which old people feel in regretting that which no longer exists.

As to arrests, which daily occurred at Cambray, and threw some friend or acquaintance of M. Capron from time to time into prison, the ex-apothecary, who since the last year found much trouble in walking, was of necessity forced to keep the house, and knew nothing of all this: Marianne expressly recommending to those who came to visit her master an obedient regard, and the most rigid silence on that head. Now, should any of them have thought fit to counteract these judicious preliminaries of Marianne, he would have not only renounced all invitations to dinner at M. Capron's (who never asked friends without the participation of his housekeeper), but would have stood a chance of having shut in his face for the future, by the pitiless *gouvernante*, the old doctor's street door. Of this, every one being aware, all were on their guard; for, beside the never-failing sources of imagination which Marianne displayed, people dined well at her master's in spite of the scarcity and the *maximum*, most strangely contrasted *within* doors and *without*.

A frivolous incident came unexpectedly to destroy all this present contentment. One of the old friends of M. Capron, Madame de Fremery, had lately died; and the notary, charged with the performance of her last wishes, wrote to the ex-apothecary, informing him that the respectable lady had bequeathed him twelve silver table spoons, and her parrot. One article of the will consigned the said parrot in especial to the care of Mademoiselle Marianne Chimot. Marianne promised to fulfil to the letter the recommendation of the defunct, and went to take possession of the parrot. The arrival of this bird was an event for M. Capron and for his *gouvernante*. The cage scowled, rubbed, and waxed, was placed at a window looking into the inner court, and M. Capron had his arm chair wheeled near this window. There he passed many hours of the day, not only with gorging the parrot with lumps of sugar, but also in striving by every means in his power to make the bird talk. The animal surprised, and doubtless out of sorts at changing its domicile, and the sight of strange faces, most pertinaciously held its peace. Nevertheless, some days after its arrival, under a bright sun, the rays of which fell warm upon the cage, it began to talk, and you may imagine the joy of M. Capron, when he heard the bird gravely repeat the sacramental phrase—"Have you breakfasted, Jacot?" In spite of the difficulty in walking, the old man dragged himself down to the kitchen to apprise Marianne of this grand piece of news. Marianne, with eager haste, almost infantine, ran to the cage. The bird was now become as bold and talkative as he was formerly disposed to silence; he laughed, sang, and talked

and whistled to be heard at a hundred yards' distance. The two good people could hardly contain themselves for joy, exchanging with one another looks of astonishment, not daring to pronounce a word, lest they should check the strain, or close up the bird's vocabulary. For two years there had been no joy like it in the house.

(To be concluded next week.)

LETTER-BOX.

We direct the attention of our subscribers to an announcement in this number of a dinner given by the veteran Dibdin, of poetic fame, to his friends and the public. Many of our readers will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity of joining such a party as the summons of the last of the Dibdins must gather round him.

"Mr. H——." We are too well suited to think of changing; at least at present.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

She holds the letter in her eager hands,
'Tis from an absent one, most loved, most dear;

Yet statue-like and motionless she stands,
Nor dares to seek her fate, she looks in fear
On the mute herald, ready to bestow
The tidings of her weal, or of her woe.

Perchance that long-wished record may contain

The chilling courtesies of studied art;
Or speak in friendship's calm and steady strain,

Mocking the feeling of her fervent heart.
Perchance, oh! thought of bliss, it may discover,
The hopes, the fears, the wishes of a lover.

See, she unfolds the page and trembling reads,

From her dark eye one tear of feeling gushes;

The sudden sunbeam of a smile succeeds,
And now a radiant host of burning blushes
O'erspread her cheek and brow, her doubts
are past,

Love crowns her truth and tenderness at last.

Fain would she silent sit, and meditate

O'er her new bliss, through evening's placid hours;

But gay assembled guests her presence wait,
And she must brand her ebony hair with flowers:

And join the throng, with hurried steps she flies,

Her soul's sweet triumph sparkling in her eyes.

Within the gathered folds of snowy gauze,
That veil her bosom rests the imaged scroll,
And those who greet her entrance with applause,
Guess not the talisman, whose dear control

Teaches each look—each accent to express,
The thrilling sense of new-found happiness.

She wakes her lute's soft harmony and sings,
Ah! once her very songs appeared a token
Of her deep grief, and she would touch the strings

To tales of hopeless love, and fond hearts broken.

But now her lays are all of hope and youth,
Of joyous ecstasy and changeless truth.

Her guests depart, the moonbeams clear and bright

O'er her still chamber cast their radiance even;

And kneeling in the pale and silvery light,
She breathes her grateful orisons to heaven.

Then seeks her couch, oh! may repose impart
Fair visions to her young and happy heart.

L. E.

THE



FLY.

The regular subscribers to the "Fly" are informed that another grand picture is nearly completed for *gratuitous presentation* with that work. The subject is her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, attended by his Grace the Duke of Wellington, King Leopold, Lords Hill, Melbourne, &c., departing from Windsor Castle on horseback, to review the troops. The likeness of the Queen is the most accurate that has been taken, and the surrounding figures are grouped together in a masterly manner; it will on its completion be decidedly the best picture that has been given with the "Fly."

A specimen of this print will be shown at the office on the 19th inst., and issued to the trade in the ensuing week. A few of the early impressions on Imperial Proof paper will be prepared for sale at a Shilling each.

MACREADY!

The proprietors of the "Fly" beg to announce for gratuitous presentation with the 39th number of their popular periodical, a splendid portrait of Mr. W. C. Macready, in the character of "King Henry V." This print has been some time in careful preparation, and is now produced at the auspicious era when the brilliant career of Mr. Macready, as lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, has ended. Specimens have been supplied to the principal venders, and a few fine proofs taken, which will be sold at One Shilling each. They are worked on Imperial paper for framing.

THE LATE LADY FLORA HASTINGS!

An accurate portrait of this much lamented lady is carefully preparing, and will be presented with the 30th number of the "Fly" on the 27th instant. The columns of the "Fly" will on this occasion contain much original and interesting information concerning the melancholy and premature death of this much calumniated woman.

FRAMES FOR THE FLY'S PICTURE GALLERY.

A GREAT VARIETY of FRAMES, from the common Black up to the most elegant and richly emblazoned Gilt, suited to every style of print or picture, constantly on sale at the manufactory, 220, Deansgate, Manchester.

Notice the following extraordinary prices:—

	s.	d.
1½ inch Rosewood } with Glass {	3	0
Black }	1	8

being one-third less than is usually charged by frame-makers.

N.B.—Splendid engravings, portraits, &c., may be had (glass, &c., complete) at 4s., 4s. 10d., and 6s. the pair! Frames made to order of any pattern, at equally low prices.

Any quantity forwarded to the trade, at the shortest notice.

DR. TAYLOR'S PORTRAIT

will be ready for delivery on Saturday, the 13th inst., being the sixth of a series of

PORTRAITS OF THE PEOPLE'S FRIENDS.

The following have already appeared:—

1. Rev. J. R. Stephens.
2. Mr. Richard Oastler.
3. Mr. John Frost.
- 4.
5. Robert Owen, Esq.

Each portrait is surrounded by an emblematic design, which gives to the picture a highly interesting and elegant appearance.

In rapid succession will appear, portraits of Messrs. H. Vincent, F. O'Connor, O'Brien, Lovett, &c., &c.

2d., 3d., and Proofs for framing, 6d.

Also, on ONE SHEET, portraits of Feargus O'Connor, Bronterre O'Brien, R. Oastler, Harry Hunt, and William Cobbett. Price only 2d.

A. Carlile, publisher, Water-lane, Fleet-street, London; and Thomas Paine Carlile, 220, Deansgate, Manchester.

DIBDIN'S DINNER.

T. DIBDIN most respectfully announces to his Friends that a DINNER will take place on Wednesday, the 17th instant, at the National Bath Tavern, 218, High Holborn. A select few of his professional brethren will attend upon the occasion to sing some of his most popular compositions. Tickets 5s., including Dessert.

Mr. LIONEL GOLDSMID will take the Chair.

Published for JAMES GLOVER, at Water-lane Fleet-street.

John Cunningham, Printer, Crowe-court, 72, Fleet-street.

THE FLY.

"UBI MEL,



IBI MUSCA."

No. 29—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, JULY 20.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT of MACREADY as "Henry V." which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

THE FLY'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

(No. 29.—New Series.)

MEMOIR OF W. C. MACREADY, ESQ.

BY JAMES REES.

(FOR THE "FLY.")

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, whose portrait graces our present number, is, we believe, the only son of Mr. Macready, the actor, and some time manager of the Bristol Theatre. Perhaps no man has formed for himself a more durable fame. From the first night of his appearance in London he has preserved untarnished the high rank to which the public raised him. He was born about the year 1790, in Charles-street, near the Middlesex Hospital. From early life he evinced the usual attributes of genius—a powerful thirst after knowledge and ambition for distinction. He was fated, however, unlike many of our brightest minds, to receive all those benefits which a liberal and classical education could bestow. His singularly comprehensive mind, joined with indefatigable industry, speedily raised him to the highest posts of merit, and drew him into a very flattering and honourable distinction among his schoolfellows. While yet a youth, he discovered that fine vein of rich sentiment and intense feeling which he possesses in so extraordinary a degree. The great facility with which he could command the English language, and the graceful action which even then he could assume, led his father to think seriously of educating him for the law. Had he done so, that learned body might justly boast of him as a scholar, a gentleman, and an orator; but the fascinations of poetic lore, more kindred to his brilliant mind, had already bound him in a spell, and his destination was one of greater brilliancy and wider fame. His inclination for the stage was naturally opposed by a parent who had formed, what he perhaps considered, more

noble and lofty views. The theatrical profession, even in those times, was in less repute than now, when many men of talents, wealth, and influence, by their connection with it, have raised it into respectability and strength. But we may justly suppose that in the embryo mind of Macready the feeling and desire once harboured became an all-engrossing passion. His admiration of the great poet, with his own extensive and imaginative powers, must have pictured in glowing colours the career that was before him. After all necessary practice in the country, he was at length announced, in 1816, at Covent Garden Theatre, as Orestes, in "The Distressed Mother." That was not a character which one would consider adapted for a first appearance; but his fame had travelled before him, and the critics were prepared to call in question the provincial judgment. His reception, though not enthusiastic, was hearty. Kean was in his glory, and there was much to struggle against. His peculiarities were at first little relished; but, before the close of the play, he convinced his admiring audience that they beheld an actor of the very highest stamp. His clear and dignified utterance, his intensity, his love of the sublime and beautiful, together with his melancholy pathos, drew shouts of applause from the delighted throng. The Rubicon was past by the theatrical Cæsar, but there was yet a greater achievement. The peculiarity of Macready's acting, with the originality of his manner, although it procured him many admirers, also produced for him many enemies; and each new character in which he appeared was the opportunity for both praise and censure. He was no longer an established actor only, but rapidly becoming the dangerous rival of Kean. The remembrance of Kean's Richard was yet fresh in the minds of all, and it was deemed little short of madness when the playbills announced "Richard the Third;" Gloucester by

Mr. Macready. The house was thronged. Even his own friends trembled for him. The house gave him an enthusiastic reception only to be disappointed. The opening soliloquy was so utterly different to what they had expected. The three first scenes were wanting in the deep cunning of the character. As he proceeded his natural powers overcame every defect, and before he had commenced his fourth act the applause was overpowering. Kean's best friends trembled when the couch was presented to view for the ever memorable tent scene. They had expected something near akin to Kean's representation, with more physical energy and power: when, however, Macready rushed forward from the couch, baring his naked arm, it was the signal for a burst of tumultuous applause. His good sense had, however, on that occasion, almost proved his foe. He died on falling; omitting the curse—"Perdition catch thy arm." The audience were disappointed; but, on the whole, although he had not shaken the throne of the tragic king, he had considerably augmented his influence and fame. After the death of Kean there was none who could for a moment dispute with him. In figure, Mr. Macready is tall and well formed—his walk is particularly graceful and majestic. His countenance is not prepossessing nor handsome—the intellectual preponderating so as to destroy the symmetry. His countenance is very expressive, and his eye possesses an almost magic power; witness his scene with Hubert in "King John." In the characters of William Tell, Ion, King John, Virginius, Werner, Claude Melnotte, and Richelieu, he is without a rival. In private life he is much respected, ever maintaining the character of a gentleman. If report speaks truly he has attempted authorship, with, we believe, indifferent success; although we hold it next to impossible that he could produce any thing essentially bad.

With his extreme liberality, and display of genius and ability as lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, the public are well acquainted. His Shaksperian revivals have drawn forth the unqualified admiration of every lover of the drama, to whom his hasty secession from the post he has so triumphantly filled must be a source of great regret.

SONG.

BY THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

O weel befa' the guileless heart,
In cottage bright, or pen,
And weel befa' the bonny thing
That smiles in yonder glen;
The lovely flower I like sae weel,
Wha's aye sae kind, and aye sae leel,
And pure as blooming asphodel
Among sae mony men.
O weel befa' my bonny thing
That smiles in yonder glen.

There's beauty in the violet's vest,
There's hinny in the haw,
There's dew within the rose's breast,
The sweetest o' them a'.
The sun may rise and set again,
And lace with burning gowd the main,
The rainbow bend ontower the plain,
Sae lovely to the ken;
But there's naething like my bonny thing
That smiles in yonder glen.

'Tis sweet to hear the music float
Along the gloaming lea;
'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note
Come pealing frae the tree;
To see the lambkins' lightsome race,
The speckled kid in wanton chase,
The young deer cower in lonely place,
Deep in her flowery den;
But O, what's like the bonny face
That smiles in yonder glen?

MAID OF PALESTINE.

Oh, dark-eyed maid of Palestine,
Though thou hast set me free,
Mistake me not, I cannot breathe
Affection's vow to Thee.
The love that I can never feel
My lip would scorn to feign,
Then summon forth thy father's guard,
And give me back my chain.

Far in a land thou ne'er wilt view
I left a gentle bride,
I know that in my plighted vow
Her fond heart will confide;
She may be told that far away
Her captive love was slain,
She shall not hear that I was false,
Then give me back my chain.

I see a tear steal o'er thy cheek—
My sentence I await—
But now thy trembling finger points
To yonder open gate!
Dark maid of Palestine, I seek
My plighted bride again,
And when we cease to pray for thee,
Oh, give me back my chain.

THE BLIND MAN'S SONG.

Nay, stranger, do not pity me,
Nor pass me with a sigh,
Because the great and blessed light
Is hidden from mine eye.
What! though I cannot see the orb,
I feel the warm sun shine;
My mind has conjur'd up a world
As beautiful as thine.

I mark no change, I know not what
The world has called decay;
My fertile spots are ever green,
That never fade away.
I never doubt—I never fear—
I praise—but seldom blame;
My creed it is a blessed one,
And always is the same.

I never knew a vain regret,
I never wish'd to see;
I would not that ideal lose
So beautiful to me.
They tell me of strange sights and scenes,
Of splendour and of state;
But tell they not of others too,
Too fearful to relate?

What, though I cannot gaze upon
The beauty of the rose;
Nor ponder o'er the flowers
That such variety disclose.
I do not see them one by one
Droop—withered—fade and die;
Their perfume is as dear to me
When they forgotten lie.

I cannot see the antique form
Of viol, harp, or lute;
I know no beauty of the shape
When their strange tones are mute.
But when I strike the loud wild chords,
Or they are struck for me,
I feel as only those can feel
Who feel but do not see.

They say the plumage of the bird
Is lovely to behold;
As 'mid the living morning air
His wings he doth unfold.
I do not see—but I can hear
The soft sweet strains above—
That seem to breathe the melody
Of nature and of love.

I know those tones are hush'd awhile,
But winter hath its glee;
The circle round the cheerful hearth
Hath many charms for me.
And if the chilly north wind cause
But momentary pain,
Do I not know the spring time soon
Will glad all hearts again?

Then, stranger, do not pity me,
Nor pass me with a sigh,
Because the strange and outward form
Is hidden from mine eye.
He cannot walk in darkness
Who throughout his life has trod
The paths of virtue, and who feels
The presence of his God.

MARIANNE CHIMOT.

(Continued from page 112.)

"But a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself!"
SHAKESPEARE

(FOR THE "FLY.")

Alas! this joy was of short duration, for the parrot began to cry, in its sharp squeaking voice, "*Vive le roi! vive le roi!*" Marianne thought she should have fainted, but, gaining strength from the immensity of the peril, she caught up the cage, and bore it away with all haste to the cellar. It was too late. A near neighbour of M. Capron, a wine-seller and pork-butcher, a good for nothing *sans-culotte*, cutpurse of a fellow—besides a grudge to the old man, for Marianne had transferred the custom of the house, and bought her lard and sausages elsewhere—was already gone to denounce the criminal chatter he had heard at citizen Capron's. An hour afterwards two gendarmes carried away the old apothecary and Marianne to the convent of the English Benedictines, now transformed into a state prison.

Marianne's first care on entering this place was to endeavour, by dint of entreaties, and at the price of gold, to be suffered to remain with her master: he, like one struck dumb and confounded, breathed not a syllable, but imagined himself the sport of some horrible dream. After lighting a fire in the chimney, and being satisfied her master would not be extremely ill lodged, and that there were clothes enow on the bed, to which nevertheless she had added her own mantelet, Marianne helped to undress M. Capron, and strove to keep up his spirits by good and soothing talk.

"We must not give way, Monsieur-citizen, I would say," added she (for in speaking to her master we know she was obliged to raise her voice a good deal, and spies it was likely were set at the doors), "we must not give way, for they will soon be assured of our innocence, and set us at liberty. Bah! bah! a day or two in prison will make liberty sweet when it comes, and *Vive la Liberté!*" cried she with a meaning, for she had seen through the cleft of the door some rays of light, which announced the arrival of some one. It was the gaoler and the supper. The supper, dearly paid for, with some deductions which Marianne's good housewifery had effected, was not altogether so bad; so that commodiously served in his bed, and comforted by a good meal, M. Capron was not long before he sank into repose, which lasted till eight o'clock the next morning. Upon that day at nine two gendarmes came to escort him and Marianne to the revolutionary tribunal. On their way Marianne, with an object in view, and in a manner to be heard by the gendarmes, spoke in an under voice of her parrot.

"Sir," said she, "I am sorry for this mischance, which has been caused by my foolish bird. It was I that brought him up, I learned him to speak, and I am now angry with myself that I did not apprise you, that, contrary to your orders, I had brought it into the house. *Mais que voulez vous?* you would have turned

us both out of doors, you are so staunch a patriot."

The old man was too deaf to hear, and too feeble of mind to suspect the generous motives of Marianne. They arrived at the Tribunal. "Capron, do you know that parrot?" asked the public accuser.

Marianne repeated, in changing the question put by the president to her master, who did not well understand it, "The citizen asks if you know my parrot?"

Her eyes fixed on her master's face, and her heart beating violently in fearful suspense, she awaited the answer.

"Yes," said M. Capron, yielding without knowing it to the friendly impulse of his governante: "yes, it is Marianne's parrot."

Marianne respired again.

"And where did it come from?"

M. Capron did not clearly comprehend the question put by the public accuser, and answered as before: "As I have already had the honour of telling you—to Marianne."

"Yes," said the generous woman, "when my parrot cried '*Vive le roi!*' and as that made my mast—the citizen Capron angry, he called me aristocrat, and would have turned me away, so I put the poor animal to board at Madame de Fremery's, but she died, and I was obliged to take back my parrot. I never told this to my mas—to the citizen Capron, who knew nothing of the parrot being in the house, for he would have killed it at once—he is so hot a patriot—that old *sans-culotte* there."

In saying this she took care to turn her back on her master, that he might not hear the flattering epithets applied to him. At this juncture there was a stir among the auditory, and some one was making way through the crowd, and had advanced up to the barrier which kept off the public from the space reserved for the members of the court. It was the notary, and executor to the will of Madame de Fremery; he was on the point of speaking to prevent the old housekeeper from criminating herself in place of her master, but Marianne stopped him by a look at once submissive and imploring. "The sympathising heart rocks at professions, and gives the lie to colour." The notary retired back among the crowd.

Those composing the court, wholly indifferent to the devotion and attachment of this heroic woman, and without taking thought of it, or even perhaps suspecting it, interrogated the old man afresh, who answered in a manner so vague, and without meaning, as not to compromise himself, nor make null, the generous falsehoods of Marianne. In brief, he was acquitted, and she found guilty on the barge. At the moment the judge raised his voice to pronounce sentence, Marianne made some little noise, in order that her master might not hear it. In this she succeeded to the utmost of her wishes.

According to the custom of those horrible times, she was immediately conducted into an adjoining room, where the executioner was already in attendance. During this time the private friends of M. Capron conveyed him

home, carefully concealing from him the terrible lot reserved for Marianne;—of Marianne who the old man was astonished at not finding beside him. Whilst "the man of business" *faisait la toilette* of Marianne, there was by chance among the lookers-on of this sad ceremony a person who was known to our heroine.

"Listen to me," said she to him; "go on my part and seek out Françoise Chomez, my cousin; tell her that I desire she will henceforth be my master's housekeeper. He is an old gentleman, mild and easy to serve; he will take her into his service, as soon as he knows it is I that have sent her. My master needs that his habits should be respected; he must retire by times to bed; if his pillow is not high enough, the blood will mount to his head, and might bring on a fit of apoplexy. *Mon Dieu!* if I could but see Françoise, and give her these directions myself. Have I yet time, citizen?"

The executioner answered by a sign of the head negatively.

"That is unfortunate. Poor *Mons*—Capron, what will become of him without my assistance?"

They led her away to the scaffold. In mounting the fatal steps she turned her head round in search of him among the crowd who was to bear her instructions to the future governante of M. Capron.

Eight days after died M. Capron. They had watchfully kept from him that Marianne, by a devotion truly sublime and disinterested, had died in the place of her master. But he could not live without her, without hearing her voice; without being always made sensible of her goodness. He died of grief—died from the absence of Marianne—died in calling for her to give him his diet, drink, which was in vain offered to him by Françoise Chomez. Thus habit had its heroism: in like manner habit had its victim.

Could gratitude, ties of blood, love itself have produced a more devoted or a tenderer one? F. E.

APRIL AND MAY.

May never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April wet with rain,
For love is full of showers.

EPIGRAM.

Pray it is owing to the weather
That *U* and *I* can't come together?
Why no; the reason is, d'y'e see,
U cannot come till after *T*.

THE ROSE.

FROM THE GREEK.

Roses are flowers to-day,
With us they are too sweet to stay;
They shortly flourish—then are gone,
Returning, you will find a Thorn.

In proportion to the number of persons we see, we forget that we know less of mankind.

A NAME.

Beats there a heart that does not bound
With a trembling thrill at the holy sound
Of a name beloved, which does not swell,
As it hears a note which it loved so well.

Though years have passed since we have heard
From stranger lips the well-known word;
Yet pronounced by chance, it awaken'd the ear,
And the soul delightfully turns to hear.

That word is breathed in a softer tone,
And possesses a music not its own;
And the letters which speak the name to the eye,
Appear to combine more gracefully.

When we utter their name, the absent are near,
The beloved themselves become more dear;
And the dead at that heart-swelling sound will be
In more vivid and instant memory.

Oh! a name beloved becomes a part
Of the dearest feelings of the heart;
And until the heart itself shall decay,
That feeling will never pass away. L. E.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

GRATIS WITH THE "FLY."

The following portraits are given with numbers of the *old series* of the "Fly," which may be had on order of any bookseller, price 2d. each:—

Mr. Macready as "Virginius;" gratis with No. 1.

Edmund Kean as "Brutus;" gratis with No. 4.

Charles Kean as "Hamlet;" gratis with No. 14.

Charles Kean as "Richard III.," and Mr. Macready as "Macbeth" (a double picture); gratis with No. 16.

Madame Vestris and C. Mathews (a double picture); gratis with No. 34.

Mrs. Nisbett as the "Young King;" gratis with No. 55.

Mrs. Honey as "Don Juan;" gratis with No. 57.

MADAME VESTRIS,

THE FUTURE LESSEE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Mr. Glover, print-publisher, "Fly" office, Water-lane, London, begs to re-announce his accurate portrait of this beautiful and talented actress. It is a full-length drawing, by the first artist in lithography, and is printed on India paper, imperial size, for framing. Reduced price 6d.

MACREADY AS HENRY V.

A few copies of this excellent print have been worked on imperial drawing paper, expressly for framing. They are very fine impressions, and are sold at 1s. each.

THE LATE
LADY FLORA HASTINGS!

A portrait of this much-lamented lady has been prepared for *gratuitous presentation* with the next number of the "Fly," to be published on the 27th inst. The accuracy of the resemblance to the deceased lady is complete, and will render this print exceedingly popular among those who can rightly appreciate the memory of this calumniated woman. The columns of the "Fly" on this occasion will contain much original and interesting information concerning the melancholy and premature death of the lamented Lady Flora.



The regular subscribers to the "Fly" are informed that another grand picture is nearly completed for *gratuitous presentation* with that work. The subject is her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, attended by his Grace the Duke of Wellington, King Leopold, Lords Hill, Melbourne, &c., departing from Windsor Castle on horseback, to review the troops. The likeness of the Queen is the most accurate that has been taken, and the surrounding figures are grouped together in a masterly manner; it will on its completion be decidedly the best picture that has been given with the "Fly."

TO THE TRADE.

The proprietors of the "Fly" beg to announce that they have again reprinted many of the numbers of "The Fly's Picture Gallery" (old series), and are now prepared to supply lots of from 12 to 50 dozen, at a considerable reduction of price. Purchasers of a gross save *six per cent.*, and 50 dozen entitles the buyer to an *additional profit of Twelve-and-a-Half per cent.*!! Country shopkeepers will find these well-assorted lots admirably suited to their purpose.

"Fly" office, Water-lane, London.

TO BOOKSELLERS in MANCHESTER and its VICINITY. The Trade are informed that T. P. Carlile, General Periodical and Newspaper Publisher, 220, Deansgate, Manchester, has effected arrangements with the principal publishers in London, which enables him to supply all the periodicals, &c., &c., on the most moderate terms.

T. P. C. is appointed Agent for
THE NOVEL NEWSPAPER.
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July 19, 1839.

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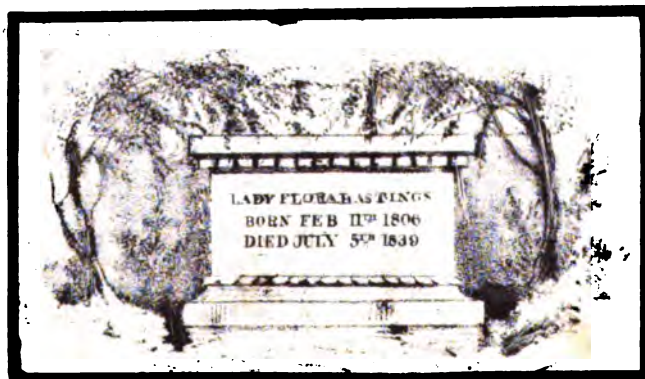
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*To the Court of QUEEN VICTORIA. Her Portrait
 as indicated by - T. D. 1839*

THE FLY.

"UBI MEL,  IBI MUSCA."

No. 30—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, JULY 27.

[TWO PENCE.]

This number of the "FLY" not only contains a most interesting and complete Memoir of the late LADY FLORA HASTINGS, but entitles every purchaser to a beautiful LITHOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT of the deceased, which is presented GRATIS.

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE LATE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE THIRTIETH NUMBER OF THE "FLY."

I.

The knell hath ceas'd! That echo was the last
Which the rude winds shall vibrate to the ear
Of her whose transitory scene is past,
Whose spirit's fled, whose virtues we revere!

II.

Yes! If in other worlds, as sure there be,
One high reward awaiting martyr'd saints,
'Tis there, fair lady, midst the good and free,
Thy soul reposes, far from slander's taints.

III.

And this shall give the world another sign,
That virtue seated in a maiden's breast,
Can with undaunted courage, faith divine,
Yield, calm as childhood, to the sad behest,

IV.

That burst the ties that bound thee to the earth,
Where all the pleasures that the world can give—
Wealth—title—friendship—high unsullied birth,
Yes; all were thine, and made it joy to live!

V.

What thought was thine e'en in the troublous hour,
When man's strong mind before the tyrant quails;
When death had seized thee with resistless power,
And nought but conscious innocence avails.

VI.

To cheer the spirit, when to realms unknown
It stands prepared to take its doubtful flight;
Where kings shall tremble, and where rank's unknown,
And where no more the war-chief boasts his might.

VII.

As from thy sight the gorgeous vision fled,
That once had whispered long prospective years,
O'er which fond hope her fairy colours shed,
Now darkly clouded—all obscured with tears.

VIII.

Though soon within the cold oblivious grave,
The world's opinion would to thee be nought;
Yet from the world thy future fame to save,
Was the last charge thy dying accents taught.

IX.

To those who round thee with impotent skill
Had vainly strove to ward the fearful blow,
"Though mine 'twill be the heavenly choir to fill,
Oh! save my memory from one stain below!

X.

"Let not a pang my mother's heart assail,
Let not a blush my brother's cheek pervade;
Let Slander weep to see her arts prevail,
And Envy shudder at the wreck she's made."

XI.

'Tis done! Fair spirit! though thy mortal part
Lies shrouded 'neath the pall of vulgar earth,
Thy fame survives, pure as thy guileless heart,
Bright as the rays which give the morning birth.

XII.

Wronged maid adieu! what though to thee
Are sighs below and fond tears given,
From earth released, who would not be,
Like thee, an angel bright in Heaven?

THE FLY'S PICTURE-GALLERY.
(No. 29.—New Series.)

MEMOIR OF
LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

Mother with a tearful eye,
Thou hast seen the loved one die;
Hopes resigned and joys departed,
In thine old age broken-hearted.
To her God her soul has gone,
Brother, sister, mother, lone!
Her joy and grief alike are o'er,
God hath got an angel more.

Her ladyship was born in Queen-street, Edinburgh, on the 11th of February, 1806: she was consequently thirty-three years, four months, and twenty-three days old when she died. She was the eldest child of the late Marquis of Hastings by Flora, in her own right Countess of Loudoun in the peerage of Scotland. The marriage, which took place while the Marquis (then Earl of Moira) was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Scotland, was celebrated with much state, on the 12th July, 1804, at Lady Perth's house, in Grosvenor-square. The noble bride was given away by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the ceremony was performed by the Bishop of London. The father of Lady Flora, at the age of 17, and so early in his career as at the battle of Bunker's Hill, by his gallantry in leading on the grenadiers of the 5th regiment, elicited from General Burgoyne the celebrated exclamation, "Lord Rawdon has this day stamped his fame for life!" On his return to England, after having distinguished himself throughout the American war, George III. created him a British peer, and appointed him one of his own aides-de-camp.

In 1803 his lordship was appointed to the high and exalted rank of General, and to the command of the forces in Scotland. In 1806 he became Master-General of the Ordnance and Constable of the Tower. In 1813 he was named Governor-General of India, and Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces in the East Indies; and on the 6th of February, 1817, the thanks of Parliament were voted to his Lordship, then Marquis of Hastings and K.G., for his judicious arrangements in the plan and direction of the military operations against Nepal, by which the war was brought to a successful issue, and peace established on just and honourable terms. The noble Marquis subsequently went to Malta as Governor and Commander-in-Chief, and died there in 1824. Few men enjoyed a more brilliant career, and none were admitted to a closer friendship with the King whom he served.

Thus nobly descended, it would be exceedingly difficult to assign a cause for the base and assassin attack which was made upon the unblemished fame of Lady Flora. Had she been a flirting, coquetting miss, in her teens, her spirits mercurial, and her conduct unguarded, though innocent, it might not have excited surprise if some of the Court babblers had ventured to assail her reputation. But she was not a giddy girl; thirty-three years and a half had rolled over her head, and had

introduced her into the maturity of staid womanhood. Her temperament was not warm; her words were few; and her manners, though cheerful and obliging, were nevertheless so restrained and so guarded, that they would have rendered her the ornament of any circle into which she might have fallen. She had the dignity required for a Court, united with the unaffected simplicity and the unsophisticated innocence, which are the appropriate—as they are the characteristic—jewels of the humblest cottage girl. Such being her character, so prudent and so mature, so guarded and unstained, why was it ruthlessly assailed? Whence came the assassin hand which sought so pure a victim?

Early in March, 1839, the crop of Court scandal was exceedingly plentiful, and there was no lack of calumny-mongers to reap it. Not to speak of the statements relative to disgraceful reductions in the salaries and allowances of the royal servants, we proceed at once to that which was the crowning scandal of them all: the basest in its origin, and, thank God, the only one which was murderous in its consequences. As Maid of Honour to the Duchess of Kent, Lady Flora Hastings was a frequent guest at the royal table; and none were more worthy, either as regards the honours of her family, or the lustre of her own private virtues. The daughter of the great Moira—a member of one of the most resolute liberal families—was well entitled to grace the Court of her who fills the throne of a monarch, who called Flora's father his intimate and cherished friend.

It would be useless to inquire how long the authors of the scandal gloated over it in private, before they ventured to let it reach the royal ear; but the following is a correct statement of the first intimation respecting it, which was made to its own unhappy object. The facts have been given to the public under the signature of Hamilton Fitzgerald, Esq., Lady Flora's uncle, and have not been contradicted in a single particular. He wrote his statement on the 21st of March, and the following is its substance.

Some weeks previous, Lady Flora arrived in London from Scotland. Her ladyship was in a bad state of health, and was attended professionally by Sir James Clarke, who was then physician to the Duchess of Kent, as he still is to the Queen. Her disease manifested itself by a swelling of the stomach—for the enlargement of the liver downwards had not then proceeded so far as to affect the lower abdominal parts. Her ladyship took much and severe exercise, and the swelling was much abated. On the 1st of March Sir James Clarke went to her room, and told her that it was the opinion of some of the ladies about the Court that she was pregnant.

It was thus abruptly and unceremoniously that the strange imputation was conveyed to Lady Flora. Of all the Queen's friends, even including her mother, no female was selected to bear the delicate message: not the least regard was paid to the feelings of the noble lady; and if, in acting thus, the Queen did right, heaven forefend us from palace propriety!

The indignant lady repelled the foul slander as became her station, her family, and her innocence. Sir James, however, begged her to admit the condition in which she was, in order to save her character. Lady Flora, in the pride of conscious integrity, declared that she had nothing to confess. Her ladyship spurned the proposal, and the chagrined doctor then declared that it was the will of the Queen—of that young and inexperienced creature—that Lady Flora should not again come into her presence, until it had been proved that she was innocent, by a medical examination of her person.

From the room of Lady Flora, whom he left in sorrow and affliction of spirit, the doctor went to the Duchess of Kent and expressed to her his belief that Lady Flora was with child. The plot was well laid; and as soon as the doctor had left the apartments of the royal mother, in came Lady Forbes, who communicated to her the command of the Queen, that Lady Flora should not again enter the royal presence until she had undergone a personal examination for the purification of her character from the foul accusation, which some enemy whom she knew not had made. The Duchess of Kent, as became a woman and a mother, met such a proposal with the contempt which it merited. She said that she knew too much of the honour of a Hastings, and too much of Lady Flora's own virtue, to believe the calumny; and she refused to permit Lady Hastings to undergo the coarse and degrading ordeal, for which the Queen and her physician called.

On the 2d of March, the consent of the Duchess was, however, obtained; and to vindicate her character, by instantly giving the lie to the slander, Lady Flora consented to the examination. It is stated to have been a very strict one; the result was the triumphant establishment of her untarnished innocence. Oh! but at the expense of how much feeling was that vindication wrought! How many and bitter were the pangs which the struggle between personal delicacy and outraged character occasioned! From that hour she scarcely smiled again; though innocent, she drooped; though vindicated, she died:—honour is a tender plant: once smitten with the rude breath of falsehood, it seldom again rears its head in vigour and loveliness.

Sir James Clarke, and another Clarke called Sir Charles, immediately upon the examination, gave her ladyship a certificate that she was not pregnant, and that there were no appearances upon her person that she had ever been so! A certificate indeed! What a plaister for a wounded mind! And then—thus ticketed and certificated—the injured and insulted virgin might join the Queen's circle, and sit in the presence of her slanderers. The Maid of Honour was assimilated to the maid of the kitchen, and must produce a character, or be supposed to want one. Such is the marvellously proper Court of her Majesty!

When it was too late—when the injury was done—when the degradation of an examination was accomplished—the Queen communicated to Lady Hastings her sorrow at what had happened, and even tears rolled down the

royal cheek, whilst her Majesty regretted that she had been betrayed into the conduct she had pursued. Why did she not offer the only reparation in her power—namely, the exposure of those who had betrayed her, and slandered an innocent woman, whose family has rendered such eminent services to the nation.

The Duchess of Kent, who acted like a mother throughout the whole of the melancholy and disgraceful transaction, wrote a most feeling letter to the Dowager Countess of Hastings, the mother of the Court victim, to soothe her afflicted maternal feelings. That venerable lady is now on the verge of death; her life has been a protracted one; but her heaviest sorrow was reserved to the last; it came at a moment when its force was not needed to snap the worn thread of life. She lived to know that Flora was dead—that heaven had received from the palace an inmate; and in all probability, before these pages meet the public eye, the mother and her child will have met in the regions of glory, where the roses never fade—where slander cannot come, and “bliss perennial reigns.”

On Monday, July 1, the symptoms were such as banished every hope. She lingered however—though happily not in severe pain—until two o'clock on Friday morning, when her brother, at length unmanned, shed his tears upon the sad

“last scene of all,

That ends this strange, eventful history.”

Her death was tranquil, as her life was pure: she closed her eyes as if to sleep—but it was the sleep of eternity—and those eyes, which have recently shed so many tears, will be opened no more until that day “of solemn and irrevocable doom,” when one of the tests of merit will be, “Hast thou borne false witness against thy neighbour?” Her last moments were composed and self-possessed, and her last words breathed forth blessings upon the mourning relatives, friends, and attendants who surrounded her.

Notwithstanding the bitter persecution and the fiend-like malice which had shortened her days, no syllable of reproach or enmity escaped her lips. May the display of Christian and of feminine excellence which shed its mild and melancholy lustre over the death-bed of Lady Flora Hastings, produce its natural and salutary effects wherever the example of Christian and feminine virtues is required!

When the Queen was informed of her death she wept bitterly; she ordered the Palace to be closed, and every mark of respect suitable to so solemn and melancholy an occasion was strictly observed.

On the subject of Lady Flora's death much more might be said—not to prove the innocence of the deceased lady, for that was sufficiently established,—but in representation of her conduct of those persons who stepped out of their path to heap ignominy on one who was all purity—all truth—all virtue. We pity not the feelings of the parties implicated in the atrocious conspiracy, which must have embittered the closing hours of a virtuous existence. The wickedness of the originators

of the foul slander will be amply punished in the calm moments of reflection, by the recollection of the injustice which had been inflicted on one every way worthy of commiseration, and altogether unworthy of the malignant feeling which prompted the attack upon her fair fame.

Lady Flora Hastings, two days before her death, requested that her remains should be subjected to the most minute examination. Let the world think of this request so urgently enforced. Let mankind figure to themselves a noble lady, exquisitely susceptible of all those emotions of female delicacy which impart to English women their peculiar and their greatest charm—let them think of her issuing from her dying lips, with an earnestness, with an energy which physical weakness made more authoritative and sublime, a request—a command—that she should be subjected, after death, to an examination, the very idea of which is repugnant to feminine sensibility. And, impressed with this image, which seems so monstrous and unnatural, let them reflect upon the circumstances which produced it, and which render it natural, lovely, chaste—upon the circumstances which transform a vision of horror into all that is “wisest, virtuous, discreet, best.”

The post-mortem examination of the body was performed at Buckingham Palace, on Friday, July 8th. Doctors Chambers, Holland, and Merriman, Sir A. Cooper, and Sir B. Brodie were present. Sir Benjamin Brodie was the officiating surgeon. Her ladyship died from an enlargement of the liver, which, pressing downwards, produced an enlargement of the abdomen, and internal inflammation. This enlargement was the only pretext for the slanderous imputation, from which the detailed report of the surgeons fully cleared her. Any strong mental anxiety would accelerate the death of a patient labouring under disease of so important an organ.

THE VICTIM.

“She knew that she was dying,
But she dreaded not her doom.”

BATLEY.

She stood amidst the courtly throng
Of England's nobles, England's fair,
Blithe was the dance, and sweet the song
Which rang melodious through the air;
But languor sate upon her form,
And dimness veiled her drooping eye—
Poor girl! the rage of slander's storm
Had quenched her youthful brilliancy,

False flattery spoke in accents loud
Within that proud and splendid scene;
Peers, prelates, statesmen, cringing bowed,
And crouched before the baby Queen.
Each word, each gesture in that place
With low servility was fraught,
While sported there the gaudy race
Of reptiles which infest a court.

But she, the stricken, seemed alone
Amidst that crowd of creeping things,
To pine as though she would be gone,
As though her soul's impatient wings

Would fain transport her far from here,
From princely pomps and palace glare,
Unto some higher, brighter sphere,
To breathe a kinder, purer air!

Alas! foul slander's venom'd dart
Had done on her its work of shame,
And the same blow had pierced her heart
Which struck her fair and spotless fame.
None could give back the glad bright dreams
Which cheered her youth in other days;
None could re-light the faded beams—
None could the shattered structure raise,

Curse on the base and lying quack,
Whose sordid soul with gladness sped
Along the dark and slimy track,
Where courtly dames had deigned to tread;
Curse on each rouged decrepid hag,
Who strove by slander's hidden arms,
To her own level down to drag
That injured maiden's helpless charms.

But such has been, and e'er will be
The still recurring, grateful meed,
Which they obtain who bow the knee
To princes, in their loyal creed.
She who had served a virgin Queen—
She on whom royalty once smiled,
Is summoned to a brighter scene,
Though slighted by the sceptred child.

THE



FLY.

The regular subscribers to the “Fly” are informed that another grand picture is nearly completed for *gratuitous presentation* with that work. The subject is her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, attended by his Grace the Duke of Wellington, King Leopold, Lords Hill, Melbourne, &c., departing from Windsor Castle on horseback, to review the troops. The likeness of the Queen is the most accurate that has been taken, and the surrounding figures are grouped together in a masterly manner; it will on its completion be decidedly the best picture that has been given with the “Fly.”

Orders should be given to the respective agents immediately, as the considerable increase anticipated in the demand renders an early application imperative.

AN ECCENTRIC.

Dr. Taylor, the Chartist, is truly an eccentric fellow, as the following ebullition of his erratic brain will show. It is an acknowledgment of the newly-published portrait:—

“Mr. Alfred Carlile.
“Sir,—I have to thank you for your present of six portraits of that damned Chartist, the Black Knight of Elderslie, commonly called Dr. John Taylor. I am much pleased with it; and, if I am any judge, it is a capital likeness.

“Yours truly, JOHN TAYLOR.

“London, July 22, 1839.”

• Vide advertisement in last number of the “Fly.”

MACREADY!

The enormous increase in the sale of the "Fly" last week, and the assurance that extensive orders yet remain to be executed by the trade, induce the proprietors to announce entire new drawings of the GREAT TRAGEDIAN as "Henry V," which are now ready for delivery, with a new edition of No. 29.

A few copies of this excellent print have been worked on imperial drawing paper, expressly for framing. They are very fine impressions, and are sold at 1s. each.

THE FLY'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

(New Series.)

For a list of the plates presented with the New Series, see the last number of the "Fly." Every purchaser of a single number is entitled to a print *gratuitously*.

A full list of the *Old Series*, with plates (63 in number) was printed in No. 16 of the *New Series*.

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But she dreaded not her doom."

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are illiterate has increased from 1.2 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015.

to the fact that the *in vitro* and *in vivo* results are not directly comparable. The *in vitro* results are based on the use of a single cell type, whereas the *in vivo* results are based on the use of a whole animal. The *in vitro* results are also based on the use of a single dose, whereas the *in vivo* results are based on the use of a range of doses. The *in vitro* results are also based on the use of a single time point, whereas the *in vivo* results are based on the use of a range of time points. The *in vitro* results are also based on the use of a single cell type, whereas the *in vivo* results are based on the use of a whole animal. The *in vitro* results are also based on the use of a single dose, whereas the *in vivo* results are based on the use of a range of doses. The *in vitro* results are also based on the use of a single time point, whereas the *in vivo* results are based on the use of a range of time points.

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THE DYING BABE.

Designed for and Presented GRATIS with N°31 of the FLY!

THE FLY.

"UBI MEL,  IBI MUSCA."

No. 31—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT of "The Dying Babe," which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

"Done to death by slanderous tongues."
SHAKESPEARE.

(FROM THE "BRITANNIA.")

[The following was intended for last week, but could not be inserted, on account of press of matter.]

Most hapless lady! That her spirit now
Unfolds bright wings to take a heav'nward
path,
Should colour woman's cheek, pale manhood's
brow,
Fill English bosoms with the flame of wrath,
Set goodness all in tears, make maiden hearts
Sob out their spite at envy's venom'd
breath;
For here hath malice played its worst of parts,
And virtue hath been "slandered unto
death."

Behold a gentle maiden, proud of birth,
Descend in beauty from a lofty line,
Laid young among the dying ones of earth,
'Too sweet a sacrifice for slander's shrine!
While all the world with her bright fame is
loud—

Fame which her clear-made innocence did
save.
Lo! purity, soul-sadden'd, weaves the shroud
To wrap her stainless in a holy grave!

She had a royal mistress, whom, 'fore God!
She loved and served with maiden truth and
grace—

Duty filled all her heart. Where'er she trod,
Her innocence sat smiling in her face!
That royal mistress' brow now sorrow shades,
She comes, fond watcher! to that scene of
woe,

To mark her cherish'd flow'ret while it fades;
Pity that vipers coiled where it did grow!

She is a star 'mid England's palace halls,
Whose Queen, ere-while her playmate,
called her friend—

Sudden, a rumour foul her heart appals,
Which serpent-tongues had raised her soul
to rend.

A question'd honour! whispered hints of
shame!

Up boils the blood of all her ancient race!
One trial is brook'd, and now out-gleams her
fame,

Like sunshine spreading o'er some sacred
place!

One trial—but what a trial! no poison bowl
Brew'd the fierce malice of the horrid thing
Brought from the hell-spot of some sinful
soul,

Up to suggestion on a devil-wing!
Yet borne! And so, to show the admiring
world

How bright unsullied virtue plays her part,
The flag of death this dauntless girl unfurl'd,
And, for her spotless honour, broke her
heart!

Yet hath the Godlike sanction of the good
Sooth'd the pale wanderer on her tombward
way,

And conscious innocence, in holiest mood,
Play'd round her spirit with its purest ray;
And all the warm affections of the earth
Gather'd to crown her love in its last hour
When it too sadly seems no hope has birth,
And Death will claim his melancholy power.

A brother's manly woe—a sister's sighs—
The tears of friends, with fond and watch-
ing ways;

And her dear mistress, who, with sadden'd eyes,
With that poor dying lady kneels and prays!
All that can calm the heart—religion's priest,
Affection's blessed soothers, there have been,
Last, tho' in sorrow's earnestness not least,
Her early friend, and ever loved, her Queen!

Now, women-wolves, come from your slander
den,
Tho' it be cushion'd all with down, and
wear

The crimson of a palace. Out! All men
Should see with what a callousness you bear
The brand of infamy! Dull dotard too!
Thou, physis puppet, with a heart of steel,
And just enough of drivelling wit to do
That which would kill with wounds that
none could heal!

And thou, old hoary Peer! priest of the
Court,
Round thy young Queen arch shelterer of
wrong!

Who let them make of injured virtue sport,
And scorn'd the innocent to screen the
strong!

Go thou—and all—and near yon darkened
room,

See young Victoria's heart—without alloy,
Of your foul presence—soothe the sufferer's
doom,
And glad her soul with its last draught of
joy.

Then, if remorse can touch you, backward
tread,
Leave the Queen maiden with her early
friend;

Pray for the peace of such a dying bed,
And Heaven your retribution to forefend!
For earth will not. Deception—treach'ry—
hate,

Crown the dark crime you paused not to
fulfil;

Now the world brands you with the sland'rer's
fate,
Loathes—scorns—abhors—but yet remem-
bers still!

Every man, in his own opinion, forms an
exception to the ordinary rules of morality.

PEACE.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know,
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And asked if Peace was there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer—"No,
Go seek it elsewhere."

I did; and, going, did a rainbow note;
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat;
I will search out the matter.
But, while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell."
But when I digg'd I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man;
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly liv'd; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes,
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
Which many wond'ring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth;
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtues lie therein;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

"Take off this grain, which in my garden
grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it; and that repose
And peace, which every where
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there."

TO ADA.

If to adore thee to that fond excess,
No thought can reach, no language can express;

If in thine absence to lament the day,
To sigh all night, and weep the hours away;
If to regret each thought not bent on thee,
As a deep crime to love's fidelity;
To consecrate my thoughts, my wishes, tears,
To the sole object of my hopes and fears;
If still to wish thy presence bless'd my sight,
And think thy absence a perpetual night;
To own no pleasure but what flows from thee,
Sweet spring of joy, and source of misery;
If this be love, oh! such fond love is mine,
This is my love, and this my love is thine.

L. E. T.

PUNCH SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Four noble elements,
Joined in the bowl,
The mirror of life are,
The light of the soul.

Crush first the golden lime,
Crush his bright rind,—
Aye, sharpness and bitterness
Joy leaves behind.

With the sugar-cane's milk, from
The isles of the West,
Tame his fierce bitterness,
Calm him to rest.

Dash in the water, now,
Foam-gleaming tide,
Water embraceth
The universe wide.

Next the spirit who builds on
The wine-press his throne,
He that the life of life
Giveth alone.

Quick! ere he vanisheth,
Fill for the brave;
While yet glows the nectar,
Drink deep of his wave.

STANZAS

Farewell to all! I shall not gaze
Again on the blue sea;
As flits the shadow o'er the wave,
So flits my life from me.

Farewell, then, to the glorious main,
The beauty of the sky;
The memory of the orange groves,
Where dreams like time pass by.

I bid farewell to each and all,
But bid it not to thee;
Oh! surely even in the tomb
Some signs of love may be.

When thou art mourning o'er my grave,
My spirit may be near,
Come on the breeze to catch thy sigh,
To keep away a tear.

And should another ever claim
The heart once only mine,
What comfort that the heart is still,
Which could but beat to thine.

L. E. T.

FLOWERS.

Flowers are fleeting things, however bright,
The sun, the shower, the winter, or the night
Will mar their fragrance, rob them of their bloom;

And what is beauty but a flower—a toy,
Which griefs, or time, or accident destroy?
And leave like this lone cypress round a tomb,

A dull memento of departed years,
When life was fresh, and joy too full of tears.

L. E. T.

BOUSARD LE BRAVE HOMME.

The town of Dieppe is placed in the first rank of sea towns that have given birth to celebrated men. Its ancient name, the flourishing state of its port, as well as of the brave and adventurous character of its sailors, all win for it a full share of satisfaction from this pomp of circumstance. If the eclat of military glory, despite its bloody sacrifices, offer more seductions to the warm imaginations of our youth, the acts of devotion and humanity having for their object the preservation of life, have not for that reason a less charm upon which the mind loves to repose itself.

Among the men who have devoted their laborious lives to the preservation of their species is particularly distinguished the pilot, Nicolas Bousard. Born at Dieppe of honest but poor parents (carrying on the trade of fishing), obliged to struggle from his infancy with the dangers inseparable from that perilous occupation, he accustomed himself to meet and oppose them by a courage and hardihood much beyond his years. Simple, and without ambition, he passed his youth upon the coast and sands of his native town, springing out all the dangerous spots, in order to afford assistance in extremity. Remarkable in later times for his attachment, ability, and *seu froid*, he was named pilot. This first recompense gave to his services—already many—the ascendancy in his own eyes. Bousard continued with no less fervency the exercise of "his saving help," which he had so generously undertaken. Occasions, unhappily but too frequent, were not wanting to prove his intrepidity, and the night of the 31st of August, 1777, came to show the people of Dieppe how well the pilot Bousard merited their attachment, together with their civic crown. A merchant ship, laden with salt from La Rochelle, was seen towards nine o'clock in the evening before the port of Dieppe. The violence of the wind at that time—it blowing a gale—prevented the pilots from leaving the harbour to bring in the vessel. Bousard was there. Bousard, with whom the increase of danger increased his impatience, tried to direct the vessel by means of the ship trumpet. Seeing she had taken a false direction, he made signals; but, perceiving that the *fracas* of the waves and the darkness hindered the vessel from seeing them, he resolved to try every means to save it from certain destruction. He finished his preparations, when the ship, ill governed and driven by the tempest, was on the point of striking within twenty toises of the jetty. At sight of this appalling spectacle all the spectators witnessing the dreadful scene were seized with dismay, which soon increased the cries of the unhappy crew embarked on board the vessel. To these terrible agonies were joined the impossibility of affording them any relief, and that impossibility was such that no one would have attempted it in his proper senses. Bousard alone, consulting the dictates of his own heart, found on the instant those resources

and courage that no one but himself possessed. Sending away his wife and their young children, for whom parental tenderness might prove an obstacle to his brave design, and heeding nothing but his own temerity, he disposes himself to fly to the succour of the crew. He bound round his body a long cord, which he made fast to the jetty, and then threw himself into the waves, contending and breaking with his vast muscular force those which opposed his passage. After a desperate struggle, he was on the point of reaching the ship, which had now struck, when a tremendous wave threw him back again upon the strand; his body rolling with violence against the rocky shore received divers contusions; but, far from appalling him, his courage was rendered but the more energetic. Recovered in some degree from his confusion, he adventures a second time towards the wreck: again repulsed, he makes yet another effort. He is now about to reach the vessel, which the billows alternatively break over and rive the timbers—he is on the point to grapple with it, when a terrible surge, sweeping the deck, carries overboard one of the sailors; he, perceiving him, seizes the unhappy man, returns on shore to deposit his body, almost deprived of life. His perilous task is not yet over—nine more remain to be saved! The struggle is again renewed between him and the tempest—the sea receives him anew—in vain the surge casts him back on the shore. Surrounded and impeded by the planks of the wreck, which the waves threw in his way, and wounded him by their concussion, the conflict becomes still more fearful and intense. The obstacles give strength to his force—it is the rage of despair! The flashings of the lightning are the only flambeaux from which may be discovered this dismal state of things; he undulating waves, reflecting their brightness, appear a sea of fire, upon which seemingly floats a dark black spot, like a point hanging about, and seeking to fix itself—it is the head of Bousard! A wave overwhelms him and forces him beneath the vessel. Bousard disappears; they believe him lost! To the cries of the shipwrecked people the echoes from the shore repeat the word—lost! lost! But like a grappling iron he has held on to the wreck; he now grasps it firmly in his hands—brave man! the sea will give him up or victims!

(To be concluded in our next.)

"MY COUNTRY."

Oh land of the free and the brave!
The home of the stranger and poor,
A rock in the midst of the wave,
That lashes thy sea-beaten shore:
Remain like the pride of the world,
Undaunted, unshaken by fear;
Thy chieftains have conquer'd,
Thy freemen have hurl'd
Their country's invincible spear.

That glory has beamed on thy crest,
What fame have thy chieftains acquired,
Who sleep now in honour and rest,
In death's gloomy garments attired!

Oh! waken the lay to their praise,
But weep not although they are gone;
Let thoughts of thy warriors
Conquering days,
My country embolden my song.

Thy pennon Britannia has waved,
Alike o'er the deck of the slain;
Thy seamen have pantingly braved
The battle again and again.
Then glorious still be thy pride,
Thy courage and brilliant renown:
Their sons won their freedom,
When boldly they died,
And lowered their enemies down.

Reclined on thy ocean retreat,
Encompassed by surges around,
And all that would dare thee to meet,
Shall bite but the dust of thy ground.
Like the lion thy arm shall watch o'er
The friendless and orphans to save;
Till misery's pang
Be recorded no more,
But hush'd in the gloom of the grave.

L. E. T.

WHIMSICAL SKETCH OF HENRY VIII.

He was born in 1491, and began to reign in 1509. He raised his favourites, the instruments of his crimes, from the very depth of obscurity to the pinnacle of grandeur, and after setting them up as tyrants, put them to death as slaves. He was pre-eminent in religion: first quarrelling with Luther, whose doctrines he thought too republican, he became Defender of the Catholic Faith; and then quarrelling with the Pope, who stood in the way of his murders, he was twice excommunicated. He made creeds and articles, and made it treason not to swear to them; and he burned his opponents with slow fire. He burned an hysterical girl, the Maid of Kent, for her opinions. He disputed with a foolish schoolmaster on the Real Presence, and burned him to convince him. He beheaded Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More for not swearing that his own children were bastards. He robbed the churches, and gave the revenue of a convent to an old woman for a pudding. He burned a lovely young woman (Anne Asoue) for jabbering of the Real Presence.

He was in love, as in religion, delicate and tender. He first married his sister-in-law, and because her children died divorced her; married her maid of honour, and made Parliament and clergy declare he had done well. He beheaded the maid of honour for letting her handkerchief fall at a tilting, and two or three gentlemen with her, to keep her company; threw her body into an old arrow case, and buried it therein, and the very next day married a third wife, and his Parliament and clergy made it treason not to say it was well.

He next proposed to Francis I. to bring two princesses to Guise, and a number of other pretty French ladies, that he might choose a fourth wife among them. The French king was too gallant to bring ladies to market like cattle, so he fell in love with the picture of a Dutch lady, and married her without seeing

her. When she came, he found she spoke Dutch, and did not dance well. He swore she was no maid, and turned her loose; and as he had destroyed Cardinal Wolsey when he was tired of his former wife, so he beheaded Cromwell when he was surfeited with this one.

He married a fifth wife, with whom he was so delighted that he had forms of thanksgiving composed by the bishops, and read in the churches, and then condemned her, her grandmother, her uncles, aunts, cousins, and about a dozen in all, to be put to death. Having done all this, and much more, he died of a rotten leg, in the 38th year of his reign, and the 56th of his life, a royal bloodhound, and a very memorable brute!

THE FLY'S LETTER-BOX.

We are constantly receiving contributions, which, although compelled to reject, we feel satisfied are of a nature that would amuse our readers. The following pieces, conjured from the brain of John Copson by the two last numbers of our Picture Gallery, will afford a fair specimen of the occasional contents of our Letter-box:—

Hail tragic star, Macready by name
How glorious is thy theatrical Fame
thou art Rival'd by few & Equalled by none
For thy Eminent talents can ne'er be outdone.

In Macbeth the tempest, Icar & Melnotte,
Macready for ages Will not be Forgot,
& of a host more of heroes too numerous to name
Macready the champion Will ever remain.

But alas death, I fear in his Iron grasp—
Ere Many More years Will this great actor clasp
if so What a loss Will the drama sustain
for We ne'er May Expect to behold his like again.

End.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

Once so mild & beauteous, alas, Now
In the silent tomb she lies—
Ah! what shall check her friends availless sighs
the bloom that lived upon her cheeks has fled
& all the lustre of those eyes is dead,
too good for Earth, to happier scenes she's
Flown
too good for courts, alas she should have lived alone.

& now let those dispute Who dare
these Which here are Wrote
tha public journals open are
& from them they may quote.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

A new edition of No. 30 of the "Fly" is now ready, accompanied by fine impressions of the portrait, worked from new drawings executed expressly to meet the increased demand.

A few very fine proof impressions on imperial paper, 1s. each.

THE FLY.



The regular subscribers to the "Fly" are informed that another grand picture is nearly completed for *gratis* presentation with that work. The subject is her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, attended by his Grace the Duke of Wellington, King Leopold, Lords Hill, Melbourne, &c., departing from Windsor Castle on horseback, to review the troops. The likeness of the Queen is the most accurate that has been taken, and the surrounding figures are grouped together in a masterly manner; it will on its completion be decidedly the best picture that has been given with the "Fly."

In order to secure time for the production of a sufficient number of plates to meet the increased demand, the proprietors name the 17th day of August as the day on which this really beautiful work of art will be produced. To prevent a recurrence of the disappointment experienced by the trade in procuring the last number of the "Fly," it is suggested that orders should be given in to the publisher as early after the 14th inst. as possible.

Proof impressions may be had on imperial paper, at 1s. each.

TO THE TRADE.

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with important corrections (BY ESPECIAL DESIRE), as to the conduct of the Queen,

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But she dreaded not her doom."

"Go to that chamber of death; take no councillor with thee; commune with thine own heart and be still."

Price Twopence.

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Where also may be had,

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Chronicles of the Sea; or faithful narratives of the most interesting Shipwrecks, Fires, Famines, and Disasters incident to a life of maritime enterprise. On crown 4to., in weekly numbers, at 1½d. and monthly parts at 6d.; each number illustrated by an elaborate engraving.

To the Sporting World.—A new and elegant edition, in weekly numbers, at 3d.; monthly parts at 1s.; or complete in 5 volumes at 10s. each. Every alternate number will contain a portrait of a celebrated Boxer, and from sixteen to twenty-four pages of letterpress. The part will contain two portraits and eighty pages of letterpress.

Pierce Egan's Boxiana; or sketches of ancient and modern Pugilism; from the days of Figg and Broughton to the present time; and biographical memoirs of all the Boxers, their age, weight, and style of fighting; forming a complete Boxing Calendar and a book of reference.

M. Moore, publisher, Warwick-lane, London.

Published for JAMES GLOVER, at Water-lane, Fleet-street.

John Cunningham, Printer, Crown-court, 72, Fleet-street.

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HER MAJESTY VICTORIA 1ST
ATTENDED BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, THE KING OF THE
BELGIANS, LORD HILL &c. &c. DEPARTING FROM WINDSOR
CASTLE TO REVIEW THE TROOPS.



THE FLY.



"UBI MEL,



IBI MUSCA."

No. 32—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT of "The Queen going to a Review," which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

THE FLY'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

(No. 32.—New Series.)

We are under the necessity of prematurely presenting the plate we had intended for the 33d number of the series, owing to a circumstance with which our friends in the trade will be made acquainted through another channel, and which we deem it entirely unnecessary to bring before the notice of our readers.

We do not complain of the pilfering propensities of a contemporary, when we reflect on the very exalted position we have so long maintained in the public favour. We of course expect the shafts of our impotent imitator will occasionally be levelled at us, and hope we may always be as well prepared as we are this week to frustrate his roguery.

We with pride present our picture to the public, and dismiss the subject with a quotation—freely rendered applicable:—

"Look here upon that picture and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of a Queen;
See what a grace is seated on this group—
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every talent has been brought in play
To give the world the excellence of art!
• • • Look you what follows.
Here is the other—"

We are at fault! Shakspeare not having conceived the possibility of any thing so truly contemptible as the futile attempt to filch the beauties of the "Fly," which we allude to in this notice.

LINES TO YOUTH.

Oh youth! thou art a dream of bliss,
Too bright, too pure, to last;
A trance our gathering years dismiss,
A vision fading fast.

Yet still to thee will memory cling,
In sad and after years,
A thought of thee will often fling
Its splendour o'er our tears.

Hope, like a seraph cloth'd in light,
Then revels unconfined,
And glories break upon the sight,
And raptures fill the mind.

And love, the choicest gift we own,
Comes smiling from above;
'Tis given to youthful hearts alone,
To feel the force of love.

Oh youth! thou art a dream of bliss,
Too bright, too pure, to last;
A trance our gathering years dismiss,
A vision fading fast.

BOUSARD LE BRAVE HOMME.

"The fact through length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith; yet shall the same endure."

DRYDEN.

(Continued from page 112.)

Holding on by the wreck of the vessel, he fixes the cord which encircles his body, already made fast to the jetty. In the use of this he instructs the sailors; thus opening to them a passage through the darkness and the billows. He places them, one by one, on this line of difficulty and danger, exhorts them all, supports the weak, and beginning his work of toil he at length arrives at land, preceded by six of the sufferers, dragged from the gulf already open to receive them. Prostrate and overcome by so long a contest, and covered

with blood, Bousard arrived at the land more dead than alive, and in a horrible state from stupor and exhaustion. All hasten to his assistance—they dress his wounds and support him—his stomach has rejected the salt water with which it was oppressed. He begins to revive, his senses return, when lo! a fresh cry is heard from the vessel, and has reached his ear. Humanity still stronger than his reviving senses restores him to his wonted boldness. His strength acquires new vigour; he forgets himself. So long as there remains one unfortunate to be saved, his work is still to do. He will never repose himself. What is life to him? Life to him is the devotion of it to the use of others. He will be the providence of the evening. There he is buffeting the angry surge with fresh energies. Astonishing man! once more on board the wreck—amidst the planks he finds a youth whose weakness prevented his following the rest in their late departure: he has secured him, fixed him on the rope, supports him, and has the happiness to bring him and with life even to the shore.

Of ten men which the wrecked vessel had on board eight were saved, and two were washed overboard, the bodies of which were cast up next day *a la greve*, with other mutilated objects of the wreck. Bousard returned home next day to his house, escorted or rather supported by the eight sailors, the preservation of whose lives were entirely dependant on the energy and intrepidity of a single individual. To all philanthropic eyes such a trophy will be considered to rank with any pitched battle fought and won since the conquest. Dieppe records with gratitude the exploits of its pilot, and the praises of which he was the object made him acquainted with the Intendant of Rouen. He in his turn made him known to M. de Necker. That Minister, amongst other achievements, submitted to his Majesty Louis XVI. an account of his last exploit. The

king immediately ordered this brave citizen to be recompensed, and a letter was dispatched from the hand of the Minister of Finance to him in the following terms:—

"Brave man,—It was only the day before yesterday that I heard, through M. Crosne, Intendant de Rouen, of your heroic action of the 31st of August. I lost no time in making known the particulars of it to the king, who has ordered me to testify to you his satisfaction, by announcing on his part the recompense of 10,000 francs, with a pension of 300 livres. In consequence of which I have written to M. l'Intendant. Continue in the good work of affording help to others when you may, and offer thanksgiving and prayers for your king, who loves brave people, and knows how to reward them.

"*L'Intendant des Finances,*

"NECKER."

This letter, made public at Dieppe, gave new lustre and even higher consideration for their pilot Bousard. The most influential of their citizens urged him to go to Versailles, in order to return thanks to his Majesty. M. Lemoyne, mayor of Dieppe, brought him to Paris, and had the honour to present him to persons of the greatest distinction in that city. M. de Necker presented him to M. de Maurepas. This gentleman and M. Lemoyne conducted him to Versailles, to solicit an interview of his Majesty. Placed in the saloon of Hercules, whose figure he well represented by his athletic form and proportions, the king immediately remarked him, and addressing himself to the Duke of D'Ayon,

"*Monsieur le Duc, who is that man ?*"

"Sire, it is the brave Dieppe pilot, who has come to thank your Majesty for the recompense awarded to his noble services."

"What, is this the person so self-devoted that M. de Necker spoke to me of?"

"The same, sire."

"Approach, my brave fellow," said the king, presenting him to the nobles and courtiers surrounding him. "There," said he to them, "is a citizen who Dieppe is proud to cherish for his noble disinterestedness and attachment. Bousard, like your good city, I honour you too, because you are a brave man, a truly brave man. Gentlemen, do honour to this worthy and generous pilot."

The great men of the Court made obeisance before him, and all loaded him with congratulations, to which the Queen, the beautiful but unfortunate Maria Antoinette, did not withhold the gracious condescension of a smile. After the presentation, the mayor of Dieppe received from his Majesty his further commands to construct without delay a house in all respects suitable for the family of pilot Bousard. This worthy man has been often heard to express himself after the following modest and simple form of language—

"I have before performed similar actions, and I know not how it happens that this last trait has made so much stir. My comrades are certainly as brave as myself, and it is not their fault if my strength afforded me now and then some local advantage over them."

A gold medal had been granted to the father of our hero in times past, as the reward of his services as a pilot. A silver one awarded to the son in recent times completed the trophy; thus winning for each of them, without distinction, that most honourable title of "Brave Man."

F. E.

BRIGHT THOUGHTS.

I would I were a fairy,
As light as falling snows,
To do whate'er my fancy bade,
To wander where I chose;
I'd visit many a pleasant spot,
A merry life I'd lead,
With all of bright and beautiful,
To serve me at my need.

I'd never give a single thought
To misery or care;
My heart should have the gladness
Of a wild bird in the air.
And if perchance a tempest
Should gather in the sky,
I'd crouch beneath a lily-bell,
Until the cloud pass by.

The violet, the cowslip,
The little warbling bee,
That cannot for his life withhold
The music of its glee;
The butterfly, that silent thing,
Of many gorgeous dyes,
The denizen of garden things,
The pilgrim of the skies.

The starry twinkling glow-worm
That like a drop of dew,
Sheds faintly on the trembling grass
A line of emerald hue;
The daisy and the daffodil,
The smell gem on the Lea,
Of these I'd make my playmates,
And these my friends should be.

I'd hie me to the greenwood,
I'd sit me down and sing,
Beneath the quiet curtain
Of the nightingale's soft wing.
My pillow should be rose leaves,
Without a single thorn,
And there I'd chaunt my roundelay,
Until the blush of morn.

The world is full of sorrow,
On every side I see,
Shadow instead of sunlight,
And grief instead of glee:
Or if I hear the trumpet voice
Of pleasure cleave the sky,
The mournful echo sadness
Is certain to reply,

Oh would I were a fairy,
As light as falling snows,
To do whate'er my fancy bade,
To wander where I chose;
I'd visit many a sunny spot,
And far away I'd flee,
Where crime and folly seldom come
Beneath the forest tree.

L. E.

OPINION.

There are often words used in society that fly from mouth to mouth—words stupid in themselves, which make a sort of false glitter for those that use them. The simple and the would-be wits seize upon these to lard their conversation at interludes of the *bouillotte* and *ecarte*. A bit of scandal hatched in one boudoir is soon heard to buzz in a saloon, then two, then three; next at Frascati, then at the playhouse, now every where in town; and the more absurd the report, the more implicitly it is believed. It is a spot of oil that goes on spreading, and never stops till it finds nothing more to spoil. Such and such like words and inuendos form an opinion. Opinion is the tyrant of the world; the caprice or prejudice of the mass against such or such an individual. Opinion may honour a knave, and in like manner may tarnish an honest man's fame. Opinion which dishonours is like a scarring iron; the mark remains with the condemned, whether guilty or not. Opinion makes reputations sometimes without merit, and destroys them oftener without a cause.

THE MARINER'S ADIEU.

"Our bark is on the waters—her flag wave fair and free,
And her bow is bounding proudly on the bright and boundless sea:
The surge is driving cheerily along the billow-blue;
And our hearts are beating wearily to bid the shores adieu.

"The merry dolphin dances in the golden summer day;
And the rainbow, like a cherub, laughs among the diamond spray.
The mighty whale, in awful sport and pride, goes tumbling by;
And, 'To sea! to sea! my gallant lads!' a hundred voices cry.

"The foam is on the mountain side—the bark is on the wave—
The sun shines o'er the summer-tide, to cheer and lead the brave:
Oh! who that's cradled on the sea would perish on the shore?
Away! away! the breeze is up! and the foaming billows roar!

"Farewell, bright land! romantic land: a long farewell to thee!
Three cheers, brave lads! unfurl the sails—heave—weigh—and put to sea!
Away she flies! her timbers creak! how merry we shall be!
Since the free were made for the winds and waves—the wind and waves for the free!"

A GREAT MAN CLEANING HIS OWN BOOTS.

This great man was a good man into the bargain—these two qualities but rarely meet in the same individual; he however possessed these, and many more; above all, he was a

good master of a family. For near a year and a half our great man enjoyed all the pleasures of paternity, and for six months past the son of the great man no longer sucked, and Catherine the nurse, a jolly, fresh country-woman, claimed permission to return to her village, since the little one required her no longer, and who, as she said, already took soup like a grown person. The great man would not hear of the nurse leaving, for the good man too had his prejudices. He thought (the papa) after having given her milk to the son of the house, a nurse, whether of town or country, became one of the family. Thus, when Catherine asked leave to depart, the great man turned a deaf ear, and Catherine had her eloquence and her tears for her pains. Now Catherine was twenty-two years of age, more, she was married—and her husband as big as a Hercules, some forty years old, a mason by trade, and companionable by nature. When Catherine quitted her native village, master Peter said to her, "Now, mother has no call below there for more than one year, else, I come, and *bon gre mal gre*, fetch you back here." The year was ended, and a good deal beyond, when one fine day, master Peter, as good as his word, dropped into Paris.

"Ah! so there you are Peter," said the great man, "and what is it you want?"

"I want my wife."

"Good! but we cannot spare her."

"What's to become of me? do you think, if you please, that people marry to live four leagues asunder? nonsense, I want my wife."

"Well! well! remain here; we'll find you employment."

"To do what?"

"Every thing. I will make you my valet. Catherine shall not leave the child, you shall not leave Catherine."

"I valet de chambre! what do I know about the trade?"

"We will teach you—to beat clothes and black boots is not a difficult business."

"For you, who have the means, perhaps. But for me, a poor mason, it is quite another affair."

"Bast! we will instruct you."

"Who?"

"I."

"You! a great man! you learn me to black boots! don't be hoaxing the people."

"I am not joking, stay where you are; to-morrow morning, call me before any one's up, and I will give you the first lesson."

Next morning, at five o'clock, the great man, who for the most part never rose before twelve, was up and at work. Before him was a white apron; in the left-hand a boot, in the right a brush, and he brushed! and brushed! whilst Peter, armed like his master with a rush, followed with his eyes and attention the benevolent preceptor, who was instructing him to the best of his power.

"Now look, Peter, when you lay on the lacing, take a soft brush as the label enjoins; and you brush as I do at this moment, till the leather is polished quite right."

"Yes, sir."

"Look how well that goes now; there's a magnificent one—what do you think of it?"

"Superb."

"I am delighted at that—now, rub up the other, you, and don't be chary of rubbing. To-morrow I'll show you how to beat clothes; to-day I have no time, and must go to the rehearsal. But to-morrow, Peter! You are now decidedly *valet de chambre*, and we continue your wife. My Paul will be content also; he so loves his nurse."

And the great man went off, moved even to tears. The great man was called Talma, (you had guessed it, no doubt.)

Eighteen years after, the house of the great man was hung in black; near the corpse wept and prayed a woman; beside her an elderly man. The woman was nurse Catherine, the man was Peter.

—We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep!—

F. E.

MADAME VESTRIS,
THE FUTURE LESSEE OF COVENT GARDEN
THEATRE.

Mr. Glover, print-publisher, "Fly" office, Water-lane, London, begs to re-announce his accurate portrait of this beautiful and talented actress. It is a full-length drawing, by the first artist in lithography, and is printed on India paper, imperial size, for framing, Reduced price 6d.

THE TOURNAMENT!

Preparations are making to present the subscribers to the "Fly" with a fine picture, accurately representing the gorgeous TOURNAMENT which is to be held at the seat of Lord Eglintoun, in Scotland.

Great pains have been taken to get correct drawings of the splendid trappings to be used on the occasion, and to render the picture worthy a place in the "Fly's" Picture-Gallery. Further particulars will be announced immediately.

To point out defects, one would think it necessary to be equally conversant with beauties. But this is not the case. The best caricaturists cannot draw a common outline; nor the best comic actors speak a line of serious poetry without being laughed at. This may be perhaps accounted for in some degree by saying, that the perfection of the ludicrous implies that looseness or disjointedness of mind, which receives most delight and surprise from oddity and contrast, and which is naturally opposed to the steadiness and unity of feeling required for the serious, or the sublime and beautiful.

With women, the great business of life is love, and they generally make a mistake in it. They consult neither the heart nor the head, but are led away by mere humour and fancy. If instead of a companion for life, they had to choose a partner in a country-dance or to trifle away an hour with, their mode of calculation would be right. They tie their true-lover's knot with idle, thoughtless haste, while the institutions of society render it indissoluble.

THE FLY'S LETTER-BOX.

"Honesty."—Our correspondent expresses sentiments that do him great credit. The person he alludes to is a *general* publisher, and as such must bear the odium that attaches itself to the dirty actions of those whose productions he is the means of inflicting upon the public. We regret to see him a party to such very paltry conduct. We shall not refer more directly to the subject.

"Herz."—Received too late for notice this week.

"John Copson."—The *flattering* notice taken of this gentleman's *poetic* productions in our last number, has induced him to favour us with the following *morceau*. There can be but one opinion as to its merits.

DEDICATED TO THE EDITOR OF THE FLY,

great Fly, the plate With Which your last
came out

Has Raised a tender thought

Within My Breast

I trust that When to leave this

World of Sorrows We're, About,

Our Souls May all Enjoy Eternal Rest,

When In My young and childish days I
Dwelt,

Under A Fond Parents Eye,

By one dear brothers death bed side I Knelt
& saw him Sleep, alas & die,

That Picture Seemed as if it Were ordained
To raise my thoughts With him to heaven
& I trust the Saviour has our pardon gained
& We may one day rest Where he did at
the age of Seven,

How Striking true to nature are those
scenes

Which thou great artist here hast laid
before us

& unlike Shakspears Kings & queens

No one can say they want a chorus

& now if you (too long) I've been addressing
& on your valued time transgressing
but one more Word Fly say to you
& that one word kind sir's adieu

JOHN COPSON.

End.

THE SHILLING PORTRAITS.

The idea of working the *first impressions* of the most popular drawings that have been given with the "Fly" on imperial proof paper, expressly for framing, having been so favourably received by the subscribers, the proprietors beg to announce their intention of carefully preserving the early copies of any numbers of the Picture-Gallery that may merit extraordinary patronage, which will be offered to the public at 1s. each.

Now ready for sale:—"Mr. Macready as Henry V.;" "The lamented Lady Flora Hastings;" and "The Queen and Suite going to a Review!"

* * Orders received by all venders of the
"Fly."

THE FLY'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

(New Series.)

The following are the titles of the plates that have been *gratuitously* presented with the New Series:—

With No. 1.* Her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

- 2.—1, 2, 3! Kiss the dealer. } a pair.
 3.—The *beau* Window }
 4.—Getting a Rope's-end. } a pair.
 7.—A sudden Squall . . . }
 5.* Where have you been all the day?—
 Highland laddie, soldier laddie.
 6.* Old England's Queen, surrounded by
 Britannia, Hope, Peace, and Plenty.
 8.* Robert Burns and his Highland Mary.
 9.—A Special Pleader suing for *Half a*
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- 10.—Humming Birds.
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 23.—The Rival Pets.
 24.—A Portrait of the Duke of Wellington.
 25.—Oh! say you'll be my Bride.
 26.—Pray answer this quickly.
 27.—Going to Service.
 28.—The Village Toilet.
 29.—Fine portrait of Macready.
 30.—Beautiful portrait of Lady Flora Hastings.
 31.—The Dying Babe.
 32.—The Queen and Suite going to a
 Review!
 . Every purchaser of a number of the
 "Fly" is entitled to a print *gratuitously*.
 Those marked * have been re-executed, and
 fine impressions are warranted.

TO THE TRADE.

The proprietors of the "Fly" beg to announce that they have again reprinted many of the numbers of "The Fly's Picture Gallery" (old series), and are now prepared to supply lots of from 12 to 50 dozen, at a considerable reduction of price. Purchasers of a gross save *six per cent.*, and 50 dozen entitles the buyer to an *additional profit of Twelve-and-a-Half per cent.*!! Country shopkeepers will find these well-assorted lots admirably suited to their purpose.

"Fly" Office, Water-lane, London.

Just published, price 2d.,

AN ADDRESS to that portion of the PEOPLE of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND calling themselves Reformers on the Political Excitement of the present time.

By RICHARD CARLILE.

Manchester: published by T. P. Carlile, 220, Deansgate. London: Alfred Carlile, Water lane, Fleet-street, and sold by all booksellers.

ANOTHER NEW WORK.

TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK.
Splendidly Illustrated.

On the 24th of August will be published the first of a most elegant series of Six Prints, illustrating Turpin's Ride to York; each print to be accompanied by a description of the career of the intrepid highwayman, and his celebrated mare, Black Bess!

Glover, publisher, London. Orders received by all vendors of the "Fly."

This day is published, in Penny Numbers, **G**USTAVUS; or the Young Rake (le Mauvais Sujet). By CHARLES PAUL DE KOCK.

Uniform with, by the same celebrated author, The Barber of Paris; in Twelve Numbers, or 1s. 6d. cloth boards. These two works are the commencement of a series of translations of the French Novelists. They will be given without the least abridgement, and will be the only perfect and vigorous edition of this writer ever published. For cheapness and elegance they will be without parallel, and each work will form a handsome pocket volume, fit both for the library and the traveller.

Also,

The Monk. By M. G. Lewis. From the suppressed edition. Twenty-four numbers, plates 2s. 6d. boards.

The Adventures of an Actor; or, Life of a Strolling Player. Twenty numbers, plates, 2s. boards.

The Demon of Sicily. A famous Romance. By E. Wortley Montague. Twenty numbers, plates 2s. boards.

Memoirs of Harriette Wilson. Written by herself. The original edition of four volumes now first collected into one, with 14 engravings. Forty numbers, 4s. 6d. boards.

On the Possibility of Limiting Populousness; to which is added the Theory of Painless Extinction of Infants. By Marcus. Verbatim from the original suppressed edition. Price 6d.

Richard Oastler's Letter on the State of the Labouring Classes, 1d.

Stephens's Sermons; preached in London and various other places during the present year. Lord J. Russell alluded to these sermons on Friday, the 2d instant, and denounced the doctrines they contained. In Twelve numbers, 1d. each, or 1s. stitched.

London: W. Dugdale, 37, Holywell-st., Strand; and may be had of T. P. Carlile, 220, Deansgate, Manchester, and every bookseller throughout the kingdom.

PORTRAITS of the PEOPLE'S FRIENDS.

The following have already appeared:—

1. Rev. J. R. Stephens.
2. Mr. Richard Oastler.
3. Mr. John Frost.
- 4.
5. Robert Owen, Esq.
6. Dr. John Taylor.

Each portrait is surrounded by an emblematic design, which gives to the picture a highly interesting and elegant appearance.

In rapid succession will appear, portraits of Messrs. H. Vincent, F. O'Connor, O'Brien, Lovett, &c., &c.

2d., 3d., and Proofs for framing, 6d.

Also, on ONE SHEET, portraits of Feargus O'Connor, Bronterre O'Brien, R. Oastler, Henry Hunt, and William Cobbett. Price only 2d.

A. Carlile, publisher, Water-lane, Fleet-street, London; and Thomas Paine Carlile, 220, Deansgate, Manchester.



NAPOLEON for the PEOPLE

Publishing weekly, a splendidly-illustrated history of the Emperor

N A P O L E O N with 500 Engravings.

For neatness, elegance, and cheapness, the NAPOLEON for the PEOPLE surpasses any periodical ever published. Every reader of this publication should possess this unparalleled work, it being worthy the library of Prince, Peer, or Peasant. Numbers—Weekly, One Penny; Monthly Part, price Sixpence.

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster-row; and sold by all agents of this publication in Town or Country.

Price 1s. 1½d. per box.

FRAMPTON'S PILL of HEALTH.—This excellent Family Pill is a medicine of long-tried efficacy for correcting all disorders of the stomach and bowels, the common symptoms of which are costiveness, flatulency, spasms, loss of appetite, sick head-ache, giddiness, sense of fulness after meals, dizziness of the eyes, drowsiness, and pains in the stomach and bowels. Indigestion, producing a torpid state of the liver, and a consequent inactivity of the bowels, causing a disorganization of every function of the frame, will in the most excellent preparation, by a little perseverance, be effectually removed. Two or three doses will convince the afflicted of its salutary effects. The stomach will speedily regain its strength, a healthy action of the liver, bowels, and kidneys will rapidly take place; and instead of listlessness, heat, pain, and jaundiced appearance, strength, activity, and renewed health will be the quick result of taking this medicine according to the directions accompanying each box; and if taken after too free an indulgence at table, they quickly restore the system to its natural state of repose.

Persons of a full habit, who are subject to head-ache, giddiness, drowsiness, and ringing in the ears, arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their immediate use.

For Females these pills are most truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent with the sex, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of the skin, and give a healthy and juvenile bloom to the complexion.

As a pleasant, safe, easy aperient, they unite the recommendation of a mild operation with the most successful effect, and require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use. And for Elderly People they will be found to be the most comfortable medicine hitherto prepared.

Sold by T. Prout, 229, Strand, London. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box; and by the vendors of medicines generally throughout the kingdom.

Ask for "Frampton's Pill of Health," and serve the name and address of "Thomas Prout, 229, Strand, London," on the Government Stamp.

Published for JAMES GLOVER, at Water-lane, Fleet-street.

John Cunningham, Printer, Crown-court, 73, Fleet-street.

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 28.—The Village Toilet.
 29.—Fine portrait of Macready.
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with that collectedness which always betokened a storm, "Count Daru, you are a man of the pen, and not one of the sword: in a word, you are the Intendant of the army, and for that very cause are unable to give judgment on a like subject. I bear no ill will for the incautious zeal which has dictated the words you have just uttered; however, believe me you had better have abstained from using them." Then turning to Berthier with an impulse and quickness of movement, he said, affecting a more decided look of serenity, though become now exceedingly pale, "As for you, M. Major-General, I am ignorant if between us our condition might not exchange places; but this I know now, that there are men, who, like fortune, change day by day.—I know there are some here who prefer the sweets of idle life to the noble duties of a camp;" then making two paces towards the Major-General, who he intently regarded, "there are, I tell you, who would like better to hunt on their princely domains, than to work with me here in the integral preservation of territory, and the maintenance of national honour: is it not so, Prince of Neufchatel? and these very men I know—and since more I tell you so. They are men that I raised from the dust to load with honour and wealth—men who are indebted to me every thing but gratitude. These, however, are not my soldiers—my soldiers are unchanged, and will never change. Gentlemen, with God's assistance and that (the Emperor here struck smartly the flat of his left hand on the sheath of his sword), I know how to humble princes, who, because I have given them too much their way, would now plot my destruction; but foul base traitors and ungrateful subjects! Let them look to't.

"Crowns have their compass, length of days their date;
Triumphs their tombs; felicitie her fate."

The sublime gesture which Napoleon had assumed in delivering himself of those words, had come upon the messengers, Daru and Berthier, like a thunder-clap, though to a certainty they could not be understood as applying to them, personally—"*As surplus*, you know long since," replied he, almost immediately, addressing himself to Berthier, "your opinion has never entered for any thing into my determinations; you might, therefore, have spared yourself the trouble of expressing yourself as you have done just now: and as to those who have sent you to me!" cried he, raising his voice, "tell them their line of duty is clear, they have but to obey." Then calming himself by little and little, he sat down, and after having dried his forehead, with his handkerchief, he added coldly—"Gentlemen, you have my answer," and with a sign of his hand, he dismissed them.—(*To be continued.*)

The Rewards of Perseverance.—He that labours in any great or laudible undertaking, has his fatigues first supported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy; he is always moving to a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more distant invites him to a new pursuit.

THE FALL OF THE CRESCENT.

The foe is advancing, the enemy's snigh;
Their chargers are prancing, and proudly on high;
The broad-cross is gleaming, their helmets are bright,
Their banners are streaming—prepare for the fight.

• • • • •

'Tis the dead of the night, but the strife is not o'er:
And thousands have fallen to rise up no more.—
Fiercely rages the fight: Hark! hark! what's the cry?
That sounds through the din—victory! victory!
God wills it, God wills it,—'tis ours; it is ours:
Already the cross stands on most of its towers.
'Tis day, but the reign of the crescent is o'er,
The cross now is shining where it shone before.

J. D. V.

SCRAPS FROM HOOD.

A kind-hearted gentleman of the name of Corkindale, having saved the life of a female who was near drowning, "the Humane Society" unfortunately sent him a silver medal; and from that hour the desire of saving increased upon him as it does with a miser: He neglected his business to take long daily rambles by the Serpentine, or wherever else there seemed a chance of gratifying his propensity—and, above all, he haunted the scene of his former exploit, under the very common expectation that what had occurred once would happen again in the same locality. And, curiously enough, the calculation was partly to be realized.

At the same hour, on the same day of the week of the same month, as before, I was walking with him on the road to the Wells, when lo and behold! at the identical spot we perceived a boy in the last stage of distress, wringing his hands, weeping aloud, and gazing intently for something which seemed to have disappeared in the river. We of course inquired what was the matter; but the poor fellow was too overcome to speak intelligibly; though he was able to intimate by signs that the cause of his agony was in the water. In such cases every moment is precious; and merely throwing off his new hat, Corkindale was instantly diving in the stream, where he kept under, indeed, so long, that I really began to fear he had been grappled by some perishing wretch at the bottom. At last, however, he emerged; but it was only to ask eagerly for a more explicit direction. By this time the poor boy was more composed, so as to be able to direct the search rather more to the left—which was with the current. According down went the persevering Corkindale, the second time, in the direction pointed out; but with no better success; and when he came up again between agitation and exertion he was almost exhausted. At last he was just able to

articulate, "Gracious Heaven!—Nothing—not a shred." The anxiety of the poor boy, in the mean time, seemed extreme.

"Laws bless you, sir, for ever and ever," said he, "for going in, sir—but do just try again—pray, pray do, sir!"

Corkindale did not require urging. "Quick, quick," says he, making himself up for another attempt—"tell me—man or woman?"

"Oh! how good on you, sir," cries the boy, poor fellow, quite delighted at the fresh hope—"Oh how very good on you, sir. But it's nobody, sir, but a nook!—a nook for fishing!—And O Lord! O Lord!—if you don't find it—for I've got never a fardin far to buy another!"

THE MAN OF DISSIPATION.

Passing through the delightful village of—, Mr. Stanmore, whose gay equipage and splendid retinue attracted the notice and wonder of its inhabitants, beheld at the window of the elegant and retired cottage of her father the lovely Arabella Newton. He had not proceeded far from that mansion of innocence and tranquillity, before his carriage, passing too near a small declivity, was overturned. Mr. Newton was by birth and manner a gentleman; his unmerited misfortunes had reduced him to exchange an abode of splendour, where parade and etiquette destroyed every comfort, for one which necessity had indeed provided, but which peace had crowned with the richest blessings. Here no child of distress applied in vain; the garden gate of the Grove-house was often opened by objects trembling with sickness and biting penny, but never was it known to have been shut against them, until medicine, food, advice, and counsel had relieved, if not restored.

Mr. Stanmore remained unhurt, and the injury his carriage received was easily to be rectified by a wheelwright, who resided about three miles distant. But night was coming on, and at Mr. Newton's earnest request was passed in the abode of cheerfulness and hospitality.

Stanmore was in the full possession of every art to win upon the attention of the softer sex. Arabella had long been marked for his victim, and his servants, in giving the appearance of accident to the concerted plan of their employer, had done no more than obey orders.

Music had ever been the delight and solace of Mr. Newton, who had spared no expense in rendering his daughter a proficient in his favourite science: indeed his fondness for Arabella had induced him to provide the first masters in every showy accomplishment, and by great good luck who should call in upon his return home but Mr. Symphony, the composer. The unsuspecting father congratulated himself upon so pleasing a circumstance; his guest was remarkably attached to what he termed the science of the soul. A neighbour was summoned to the party, and it was not till a late hour that it broke up. The neighbour, a friend of Symphony's, returned home, and Mr. Newton retired to rest, leaving his devoted child to study a new air, in which her master had been remarkably happy, and which

Stanmore was so deeply enraptured with, that he promised Mr. Newton to prolong his stay for a day or two, if he would permit the young lady to perfect herself in it before she retired to her chamber. The deluded parent was too easily prevailed upon, having no suspicion that the convenient, the bribed Symphony was soon to discover that the day's fatigue demanded repose.

Symphony performed his part, agreeable to directions, and, by the mutual consent of Arabella and her admirer, they were at length left alone, to repeat words and breathe sounds adapted to the purposes of the pitiless seducer, who proved but too successful; and Miss Newton, in the loss of innocence, and the desertion of the perfidious Stanmore, who left her never to repeat his vows, fell a sacrifice to shame, sorrow, and remorse, but not before he had received her parent's forgiveness, who did not long survive the loss of his dishonoured child.

It has been observed by strict moralists, who have watched, with marking and reflecting minds, the various ways by which insidious vice pursues those who violate its laws, and who, in many a terrible example, have been convinced of Heaven's power to punish,—that evil deeds will rankle in the bosom of guilt."

Our libertine, pondering on the mournful flects which a short year had produced, became uneasy under the impressions of retrospect.

To the protection of her father Arabella ad consigned a lovely female infant. Determined on acting the part of a parent, Stanmore repaired to the dwelling of its nurse: Mrs. Northcote could only inform him, that, by the side of its mother, the child slept in peace. Restless, oppressed by remorse, and recreating himself, the unhappy Stanmore fled his country, and endeavoured, by travel and change of place, to beguile reflection. Time, at length, seared over the wound it refused to cure; and those passions which he ever endeavoured to check he still continued gratify.

In the winter his town residence was open a constant round of visitants, and during a summer months the sports of the country kept away from his mansion the extreme bitterness of reflection; which, nevertheless, sometimes waked him to its poignant stings the season of silence and darkness, and he was put to himself the important question, When all my expedients to stifle thought rendered abortive, how shall I weather an eternal night?"

Many years passed on without any circumstances arising material to this relation. Mr. Stanmore had flown to dissipation to steal him from himself, and in consequence he became debilitated, and afflicted with complaints such need not be sure to produce. At this period, owing to the possession of a large estate, he changed his family name, and took that of Matthews. But, alas! wealth soothed not mental anguish, which now threatened speedy dissolution, and his terrified imagination armed it with all its terrors. Fear of

death—not fondness for life—induced the wretched man to pursue with rigid exactitude the means to restore his health, and in a great measure it was at length re-established.

His illness produced a change in his way of thinking. Far removed from scenes of former dissipation, they now only floated on his memory as the visions of a perplexing dream. He had resided ten years in the peaceful and secluded mansion of Mrs. Marshall and her daughter. Mrs. Marshall's fond attention led him to regard her with affection; and before the year had seen its last day they were married. In the company of his wife and his daughter he experienced as much of tranquillity as his heart could possibly admit of, but its peace was never to be thoroughly restored. His lady beheld with grief the effect of mental ailment; but as her husband had never explained its real cause, she had too high a sense of her own duty not to wait his time for declaring it.

Miss Marshall had for some months received the addresses of Sir Edward Northington, in every respect a pattern to be followed by young gentlemen of fashion, pretension, and family. Sir Edward pursued his suit with ardency. Mr. Matthews and his lady entertained the highest respect for his character; Emily Marshall was above disguise, and an early day was fixed upon for their nuptials.

On the evening preceding that day a violent storm of thunder and lightning prevented Sir Edward from returning home; for he it known he was one among the very few who feel for others—one who could not sit with an easy mind, "sheltered from the war of elements," and view his domestics exposed to their fury, and shrinking beneath the "pelt-ing of the pitiless storm."

As the ceremony was to be performed in the morning, it was proposed to assemble at an early hour in the breakfast parlour. When the clock struck eight Sir Edward arose, but before he had finished dressing he was alarmed by a noise upon the stairs, succeeded by an exclamation from Mrs. Matthews, "Oh! he's killed! he's killed!" Sir Edward rushed from his room to learn the cause of her terrors, when passing the door of Emily's apartment, a piercing and convulsive shriek from that young lady increased his distress; he did not hesitate a moment, but flew to her bed-side, and beheld her pale and motionless. In a few minutes Mrs. Matthews entered the room—her daughter began to revive: Sir Edward said coolly, "You'll take care of Miss Marshall," and then retired abruptly.

It remains to explain the cause of the late alarm. Mr. Matthews, who was an early riser, had quitted his chamber in order to take a turn in the garden before breakfast, and as he reached the lower landing-place his foot slipped, and he fell to the bottom. Fortunately he received no hurt, and Emily and Mrs. Matthews soon joined him in the breakfast parlour. Sir Edward sent an excuse by his gentleman; the family sat down without him, but Emily presently burst into tears, and retired to her chamber. When the clergyman

arrived, Sir Edward expressed a wish to have some conversation alone with Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, who had observed with much anxiety a reservedness in his manner towards themselves, and a most chilling indifference—not to say more—towards the amiable young creature who was deeply affected at the altered countenance and conduct of the man who was so soon to become her lord and husband. When they were alone, Sir Edward thus addressed the old gentleman and lady, who sat in trembling expectation:—

"I perceive your anxiety—I pity your distress—I thought to have called an angel mine—I have lost all that I could have held dear—and the intended union of this day can never take place."

Mr. Matthews remained silent for a time—his lady was dissolved in tears. At length the former, with great dignity, rose from his seat and advanced to Sir Edward, saying,

"It is well, sir! I cannot, will not suspect my child—explain this painful mystery, and, while I listen to your words, remember—I can resent an insult, if you presume to offer one."

"It is I," rejoined Sir Edward, "who have been insulted, and most cruelly deceived."

"By whom, sir?"

"By your daughter."

"My daughter is a stranger to artifice, and I am happy your daring imputation has saved her from destruction."

Mrs. Matthews requested the gentlemen to be calm, saying,

"Answer me, Sir Edward, and let it be without reserve. Are you not at this moment under the influence of jealousy? Do not you suspect the honour of our child? Mr. Matthews reddened, and rose to quit the room. "Do not—oh! do not, sir, retire. I have, it is true, a task to perform, a secret to unfold, which I could have wished to have kept for ever to myself—hear me then while I break a vow made to the departed; and, strange as it may yet seem, my duty demands it from me. Saw you not this morning, resting on the pure bosom you have so lately pained by your cutting reserve, a miniature picture of a young gentleman. Alas! sir, most probably the original is now mouldering in his grave; or, if living, living but to remorse and anguish for his perfidy towards the mother of that child, who now wears the semblance of her erring father!"

"Mr. Newton was the friend of all. Benevolence lessened his fortune, and untoward circumstances impaired it. A lovely daughter remained his only consolation. The man she loved betrayed her, and when she fell a sacrifice to imprudence and a broken heart, she left behind her the offspring of unhallowed affection! The father soon followed his deluded child, and at the side of his death-bed thus expressed his last wishes:—'My daughter has paid the forfeit of her error, in her deep sorrow and untimely death; you, Mrs. Marshall, mourn the loss of an only child; can I bear to think that the fruit of misplaced love may yet be claimed by its unfeeling father, and

reared up, perhaps, to vice and infamy! I have ever held deceit in abhorrence; yet, madam, I call upon you at this awful moment, and with an approving conscience, call upon you to practise it. See speedily the nurse; pay her the hundred pounds mentioned in my will; take to yourself (with the remainder of my fortune) the unoffending innocent; and if the father should demand it, let her say,—by the side of its mother the child sleeps in peace! I have a small mansion, far removed from a spot which cannot, now, have any attractions for you. There I could wish you to reside; and there, as you delight in doing good, objects for your benevolence will not be wanting. Take this picture, for I must fulfil the last request of my daughter. Her infant is to wear it till death; and when she grows up to reason, tell her it is the semblance of her parent; tell her her own story, and love her as the child of your heart." "He added but 'Farewell,' and expired. "How I have obeyed his injunctions is known to myself and Heaven, where I look up in confidence; and the only mortification I now feel arises from the necessity of owning that Emily is not my own child; but still I glory, I rejoice in saying, she is the child of my bosom, and the comfort of my declining age."

"Dearest, best of women, exclaimed the agitated Stanmore, destined by Heaven to be my friend, my preserver, and in a two-fold sense the mother of my child. The 'erring father' is not 'mouldering in his grave;' no, he lives to embrace that child; for learn, you have taken to your heart the once wretched Stanmore; but he has wept in secret anguish for his errors, therefore do not cast him from it; let your tenderness and love still prove a balm to his wounded soul, for if you renounce him his punishment is indeed complete."

Mrs. Stanmore pressed with eagerness to her bosom the dear, the repentant master of it.

This scene was too much for Sir Edward to support; he wept—he knelt down, and implored their mutual blessing, then hastened to the dear object of his steadfast love, and led her to her father, who on that happy day saw his child united to the best of husbands, and the best of men.

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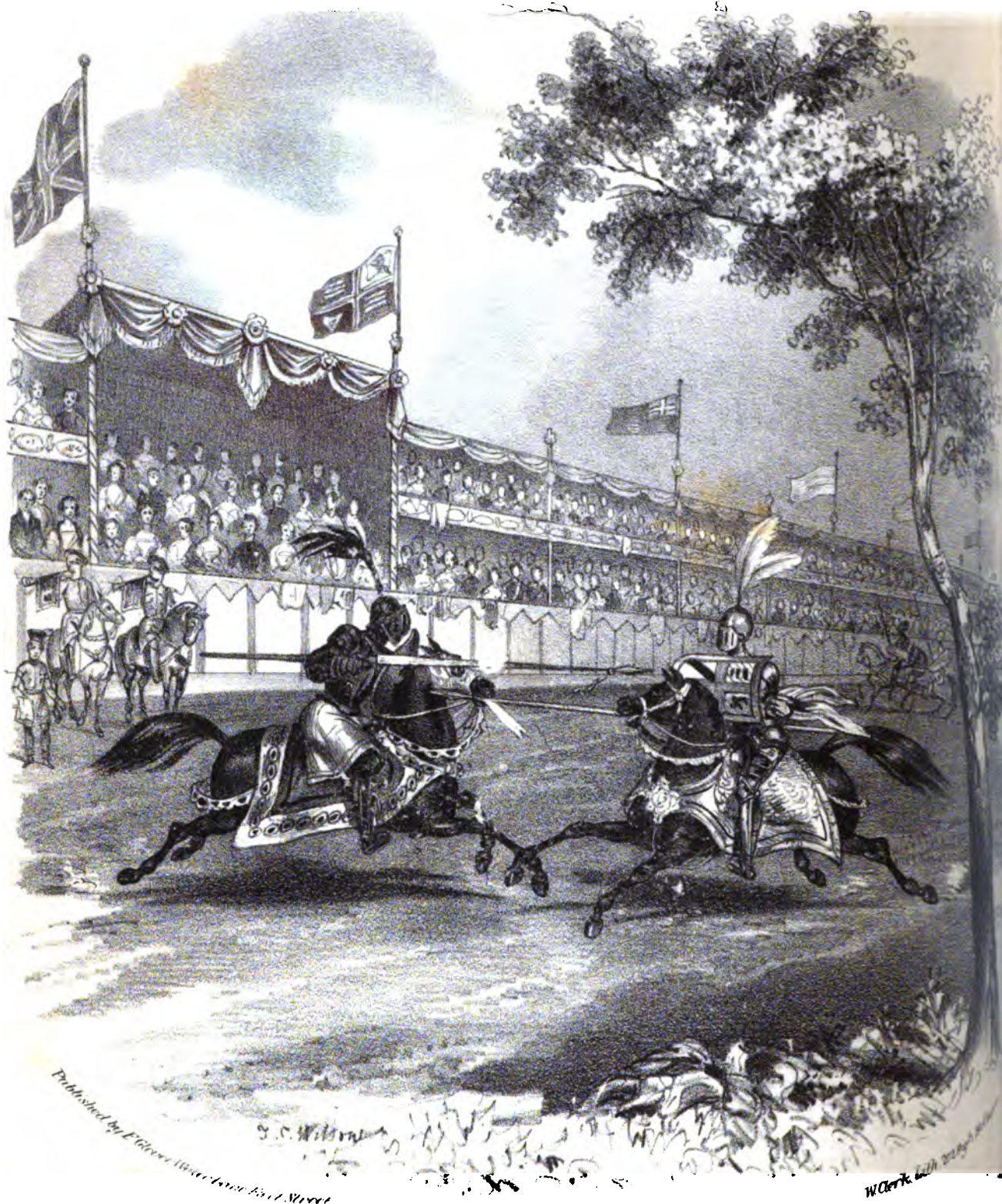
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AT EGLINTOUN CASTLE.**

Designed for and presented GRATIS with N° 34. of the FLY!

THE FLY.

"UBI MEL,  IBI MUSCA."

No. 34—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24.

[TWO PENCE.]

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GREYNA GREEN.

If Greyna green marriages do not always prove the happiest in the end, they are at least by far the merriest at the time; and Miss Lydia Languish was partly in the right when she pettishly remarked that there was no fun in a love affair at all that did not lead to a leap from a window into a lover's arms, a chase, a challenge, and, as a matter of course, a paragraph in the newspapers. At all events, few men make a pilgrimage to the temple of *Hymen*, situated on the Border, and in the near neighbourhood of more than one depot of smuggled whiskey, who can lead their brides unchallenged to the altar, start after breakfast in a chaise-and-four, spend the honeymoon on the banks of Windermere, and turn to their own quiet domiciles amidst the glowing smiles of kindred and friends. No, opposition and elopement are but other names for cause and effect; and in this view a village of Springfield may be regarded as a sanctuary for distressed lovers. Now and then we find parents inexorable as well as dictators; but let an unfortunate debtor cross strand at Holyrood House, or a bonny lass at the narrow boundary betwixt England and Scotland, and then farewell alike to bolts and bars—mercantile keenness and parental tutelage. The author of "Peter's Letters" fully affirms that it is easier to get quit of a debtor than a *doer*; but the remark, if true at all, cannot be said to apply to England. There matrimonial mesh is so curiously woven, if it be difficult to get in, it is ten times so to get legally out of it; and I have always thought, that, but for the safety-valve alluded to, a legal engine of such tremendous pressure would be incident to very serious explosions. In England they make great fuss about an ordinance, which in

Scotland is the simplest business imaginable. Proclamation of bans is all very well, so long as a brace of lovers, with their maid and man, can slip into the manse, together or separately, at any hour of the day they please, or even appoint the clergyman to meet them in some quiet corner, where nobody suspects that a marriage is going forward; this, I say, is all very well, but it is quite another thing when you must walk in procession to the parish church—form a sort of semi-circle round the altar—answer a great number of questions—and return in nearly the same order, exposed to the gaze of bevy of gossips, and annoyed by crowds of idle boys who run shouting and hallooing, and begging a largess, like the crones that followed our funerals of old. Such an exhibition is more than the nerves of many maidens are equal to; and I have always thought that my fair countrywomen are more beholden than they are probably aware of, to the superior simplicity of the presbyterian formula of marriage. In fact the laws of England, on this important point, seem so well adapted to repress freedom of choice—the natural birthright of every Englishwoman—in every instance where friends are unwilling, and fortune unkind, that I have often asked through what strange fatality they could have so long existed in a country so intelligent and happy as our own. But the Court of Chancery!—aye, there lies the rub; and when we may expect matters to mend is a question which, though easily put, it is difficult to answer. The venerable Lord Eldon had more wards than ever Solomon had wives or concubines, and wherever an honest gentleman pressed his suit successfully, without his lordship's permission, his case became as ticklish as that of the horse-stealer, unless he could prove that he rode behind the crupper of my lady's saddle, and that, in place of running off with a rich heiress, the rich heiress ran away with him.

Yet mistake me not, gentle reader; I am no advocate for imprudent marriages, and have no great respect for your boarding-school misses, who devour novels until their heads are turned, and with their feelings wound up to the highest pitch are ready to fly into the arms of the first man they meet, whose address is easy, face handsome, and carriage debonair. Love, they say, must be caught at first sight; and yet I should doubt whether a courtship in which the eye is the sole arbiter is likely to lead to the happiest results. A good husband gained in this way would be as great a windfall as the highest prize in a state lottery; and for every rash and inconsiderate nymph who espouses a man of sterling sense, whose talents and industry more than compensate his lack of fortune and humble lineage, there are probably a hundred that throw themselves away upon dolt and dandies, who are generally too much in love with themselves, to become permanent worshippers at any other shrine. On this principle, a cross maiden-aunt or an obdurate parent, who looks exclusively to a union of interests, may often do the state signal service by checking the evils of which Dr. Malthus is so much afraid. But are there no cases of a different character?—is there no bane of an opposite nature, to which Greyna-green furnishes an antidote? If rashness be the besetting sin of youth, avarice is the besetting sin of age; and again and again instances have occurred in which a father, though kind and indulgent even to a fault, has actually set his daughter up to auction, and knocked her down to the highest bidder. Here, then, we have two evils to guard against; and truly it would be difficult to determine which is the greatest. To baulk the hopes of lovers in Scotland requires a stretch of parental authority, and implies a degree of personal restraint which few persons can reconcile their minds to; but in England the matter is managed so easily, that a father,

in place of immuring his daughter in an attic or grated room, and acting at meal time the part of turnkey, has only to hint his wishes to the priest, and on the occurrence of an event which is, of course, known to the whole parish, walk up to the altar, and forbid the bans. In the case of minors, such a challenge would be quite effectual; and minors or not, few ladies have so much hardihood as to commit publicly, and with their eyes open, an act on which their parents frown defiance. At this rate even free and merry England may be called a huge prison-house, in so far as the young and the fair are concerned; and as the haste, danger of being followed, and, generally speaking, the poverty of lovers, prevent them passing to foreign countries, or *legally domiciling themselves* in a different division of their own, I really know not what would become of them if they wanted such a loop-hole as Gretna-green.

Thoughts and fancies, such as these, were passing rapidly through my mind on the 25th of August, 1824, as I was riding with a friend from Annan to Langholm, and nearing the celebrated village of Springfield. My companion, who was busy looking at the crops and the country, paid little attention to my seeming absence; but on approaching what appeared to be the principal inn, he quietly reminded me, that, as our ride was one of mere recreation, it might be as well to bait the horses there, and wend our way to Langholm in the cool of the evening. "Agreed," said I, and in the twinkling of an eye mine host himself led the way to the stable-door, while his better half, equally attentive, busied herself in preparing our early dinner. The frugal meal was soon dispatched, and after divers questions put to the landlord, as well as to the tidy maiden who waited on us, touching the important business of marriage, it was mutually agreed that we should send our compliments to Mr. Elliot, one of the priests, and invite him to join us in a glass of toddy. His reverence (I use the word in no offensive meaning), who very probably expected a job, was not slow in making his appearance; and indeed from the hints, whispers, and looks of the landlady, I am firmly persuaded that the belief was general, that myself and companion, if not the principals, were at least the messengers, of a marriage-party. But here they laboured under a great mistake; bigamy is not permitted in Britain; and even were it otherwise, neither of us, I suspect, had found the cares of the married life so light as to think of playing the fool over again. Be this as it may, our courteous guest neither expressed nor looked disappointment. The cheerful glass circulated freely, and before we parted he became complimentary, and more than once confessed that he was better pleased with the polite manner in which we had requested the favour of his company, than if he had been sent for professionally, and with the prospect of receiving a pretty handsome fee. The effect of liquor in opening and softening the human heart has been compared to the power of a lighted taper placed in an alabaster or any other vase. And so I found it in the

present instance. The man, who seemed naturally shy and taciturn, gradually became frank and communicative, and in the course of a pretty long sederunt, I gleaned from him the following facts and circumstances, which I now lay at the feet of the reader, in the hope, that, when he is not better employed, they may serve to wile away an idle half-hour.

At what precise period the first runaway marriage was celebrated at the spot called Gretna-green, cannot now be satisfactorily ascertained; but in common parlance the custom is said to have existed from time immemorial. Old Joseph Paisley, who died in 1814, at the advanced age of four-score years, resided in his youth at Megg's-hill, a small farm situated betwixt Gretna and Springfield; and hence the name of Gretna-green. But so far back as 1791, he abandoned Megg's-hill, and removed to Springfield as a more convenient spot, and though the popular name is still kept up, it is no longer geographically accurate. Though he generally went by the name of the "Blacksmith," he knew nothing of the secrets of the anvil and the forge. On the contrary he was bred a tobacco-nist, and continued to roll and liquor the seaman's quid until the trade he had followed merely as a bye-job throve so surprisingly, that he found he could subsist by it alone. "Welding," or joining, is a term well known in the smithy; and it is believed that it was the metaphorical application of this term that procured for Paisley the appellation of "Blacksmith." Though neither avaricious nor cold-hearted, he was a rough, "out-spoken," eccentric fellow; drank like a fish, swore like a trooper, and when once in his cups forgot entirely the character he had assumed. Still he monopolised the whole trade, and was only on one occasion threatened with opposition; but he soon put an end to his rival's pretensions by proposing a copartnery, in which the assistant, in addition to the hope of a lucrative succession, was allowed to pocket the whole profits accruing from the visits of pedestrian couples. Repeatedly he earned the handsome fee of a hundred guineas, in a briefer space than a barber consumes in shaving a country bumpkin. Old Charles B——, Lord Deerhurst, and one or two others, paid fully that sum; and though these were wind-falls of rare occurrence, many of the inferior fees were so handsome, that the priest, had he been careful, might have lived merrily, and died in affluent or easy circumstances. But he liked his bottle too well for that; and the same remark, I understand, applies to his successors. What is easily come by goes as cheaply, and the trade of marrying, though not so hazardous, has this feature in common with the trade of smuggling, that there is seldom much money gained by it in the end.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ENVY.

Envy often arises from weakness of judgment. We cannot make up our minds to admit the soundness of certain pretensions; and

therefore hate the appearance, where we are doubtful about the reality. We consider every such tax on our applause as a kind of imposition or injustice; so that the withholding our assent is from a fear of being tricked out of our good opinion under false pretences. This is the reason why sudden or upstart advantages are always an object of such extreme jealousy, and even of contempt; and why we so readily bow to the claims of posthumous and long-established reputation. The last is the sterling coin of merit, which we no longer question or cavil at. The other, we think, may be tinsel; and we are unwilling to give our admiration in exchange for a bauble. It is not that the candidates for it in the one case are removed out of our way, and make a diversion to the more immediate claims of our contemporaries; but that their own are so clear and universally acknowledged, that they come home to our feelings and bosoms with their full weight, without any drawbacks of doubt in our own minds, or objection on the part of others. In our envy were intrinsically and merely a hatred of excellence and of the approbation due to it, we should hate it the more, the more distinguished and unequivocal it was. On the other hand, our faith in standard reputation is a kind of religion; and our admiration of it, instead of a cold, servile offering, an enthusiastic homage. There are people who would attempt to persuade us that we read Homer or Milton with pleasure, only to *spite* some living poet. With them, all our best actions are hypocrisy; and our best feelings, affectation.

SONG.

MISS LONDON.

Farewell! and soon between us both
Will roll the trackless sea;
I would that it would wash away
All thoughts of thine and thee.

Fast flies the white sail o'er the wave,
I would I too could part,
As I part from the sand and rock,
With all that wrings my heart.

But what can I see that will not
Bring thee to my mind?
Thy smile is in the clear, glad light,
Thy voice in the soft wind:

And even if I could forget
The blank that then were mine,
Were worse than all: oh! better far
Be wretched, and YET THINK.

SONG.

MISS LONDON.

Full well I know my heart
Worthless all may be,
Yet not for that the less,
Is it vowed to thee.

As in some eastern land,
They place upon the tomb,
Offerings of sunny fruit,
Of flowers and sweet perfume.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 31.

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JOUSTS AND TOURNAMENTS.

(*Vide Fly's Picture-Gallery, No. 34.*)

"The challenger with fierce defy,
His trumpet sounds, the challeng'd makes reply;
With clangour rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.

Their vizors closed, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring, see decrease the middle space."

The tournaments so long famous in Europe, and so often anathematised by the Church, were far nobler games than those of the Greeks, and much less barbarous than those of the Romans; the former consisting principally in wrestling matches, and foot and chariot races, and the latter in the combats of the gladiators.

The tournaments materially differed from all these games; they originated in Italy, about the time of Theodoric, in the fifth century, who abolished the gladiators, not by violence, but by reproaching the Romans with the inhumanity of these spectacles, himself being of barbarian descent.

These military exercises shortly afterwards became very prevalent in Italy, especially among the Lombards, and are preserved to this day at Pisa and Venice.

The word Jousts is derived from *joute* (tilting) or *jouter* (to run a tilt); and tournaments, probably from *turneamento*, Ital., or *tourney* Fr.

One of these military festivals was given in the year 920, at the inauguration of the Emperor, *Henri l'Oiseleur*, and the knights were mounted on horseback; they afterwards became universal in France, Spain, and England.

From the tournaments sprung the coat of arms and crests, which have now become so universal, as each knight who presented himself at the lists was of necessity compelled to have his device painted on some conspicuous

part of his habiliments, in order that he might be recognised: from hence the famous mottoes in romances.

The tournaments were repeatedly forbidden by the Popes and clergy, but their censures were as often despised; Pope Nicholas III. excommunicated all the knights who had combated, or even assisted at a tournament given in France in the reign of *Philippe le Hardi* in 1279. The tournaments were, however, tolerated by some of the Popes. King John, when prepared for the conquest of Palatine, held one at Avignon, in honour of Pope Urban; it was very late when these military games were introduced into the Grecian empire, for the Greeks held all the eastern customs in sovereign contempt, especially "the coat of arms," which they considered the very essence of folly; but at length the Emperor *Andronicus II.* having espoused, in the year 1326, the daughter of a Savoyard Count, the subjects of her father migrating from Savoy held a tournament at Constantinople, which we may date as the epoch of their reception into that empire, though the exercise of these games did not enable them to withstand the Turks, who, shortly afterwards, invaded their territories on all sides.

Tournaments were practised in Europe previous to the Norman conquest of England, and it was to be expected that the Normans would have established them in England; but William and his successors rigidly forbade them, on account of the expense and danger with which they were attended. During the troubled reign of Stephen, these precautionary laws were disregarded, and tournaments frequently held by the nobility. Henry II. revived these prohibitions. Tournaments were again allowed by Richard I. in 1194, in consequence of his having seen the foils and insults his own unskilful knights had suffered at the hands of those of France: but, nevertheless, he would only allow them to be held at

five places in England; and, in order that he might replenish his exchequer, he compelled those who attended, to purchase licenses, the prices of which to vary according to the rank of the parties.

From this period, the tournament occupied an important place in the national institutions in England.

Tournaments were generally held in honour of some important event, as a coronation, a marriage, or a great victory. Previous to the commencement, heralds were sent to announce the joyous spectacle, with an invitation to all true and good knights to repair to the solemnity; the inmates of the palace, the castle, and the hut, all hastened to the appointed spot, either as spectators or combatants. The space marked out for the combat was a level piece of ground, cleared of every impediment that might annoy the feet of the horses, and strongly paled in: this enclosed ground was entered by two gates, one at the east, and another at the west; and round the palings, scaffolds were erected for the ladies. In order that no unworthy competitors should intrude themselves, the shields of the intended combatants were hung up in a neighbouring church for some days previous to the conflict. If any of the candidates were charged with an offence against the rules of chivalry, the accusation was sometimes made by a lady touching the helmet with her wand. Indeed, so tenacious were they of guarding the tournaments from profanation, that if a knight behaved discourteously to any lady, he was immediately driven from the enclosure.

Two modes of fighting were practised. The one, called "joisting," an encounter performed with the lance; the chief excellence of a combatant in this kind of exercise consisted in bearing the point of his spear against the breast or helmet of his adversary, so as to throw him backward out of the saddle to the ground; or, in failing of this, to shiver his own weapon.

in the encounter, in order to avoid a similar downfall for himself. The laws allowed every knight to bring with him a page, who stood aloof from the contest, and supplied his master with a sword or truncheon. The combatants, in two parties, having entered the barriers, the one by the eastern, and the other by the western gate, arranged themselves for battle; and at the cry of the heralds—"To achievements! to achievements!" they closed their visors, couched their spears, and impatiently waited the signal of onset. This was given by the president dropping his wand or truncheon, and the trumpets at the instant sounding the charge; and then commenced the furious hurtling of men and horses, and shivering of spears, and the clashing of helmets and shields. Ghastly wounds, lameness, and death, generally summed up the disasters of the day. At the close of each day, (tournaments sometimes last for several days,) the names of those who had most distinguished themselves were proclaimed by the heralds, and the rewards distributed by the ladies; after which the joys of the banquet succeeded; the successful combatants, after being unarmed by those fair hands that had distributed the prizes, were advanced to an honoured place at the board; where their value was commended by princes and redoubted warriors, and sung by attendant minstrels. Such was the nature of that august festival, which may be regarded as the great master-piece of chivalry.

Edward III. saw in chivalry the instrument most suited to the temper and circumstances of the age, and that, therefore, by which his vast designs could be accomplished. Every showy tournament he proclaimed increased the number and spirit of his supporters, and added to his real strength. His great opponent, Philip of Valois, adopted the same course, and a rivalry in these splendid pageantries was the consequence. In 1344, Edward gave a grand tournament at Windsor; and to avoid a distinction of rank, he erected a circular hall, 200 feet in diameter, where he feasted all the knights at one table, which was called the Round Table, in memory of Arthur: the French king, Philip, then established one similar in Paris. Edward instituted the since illustrious Order of the Garter, April 23, 1349, and Philip increased the number and splendour of his jousts and tournament.

In 1374, he held a grand tournament in Smithfield, to gratify the pride of Alice Pierse, whom Edward III., in his dotage, had chosen for his mistress, and on that occasion had dignified with the appellation of *Lady of the Sun*. She appeared, by the king's side, in a triumphal chariot, clothed in gorgeous apparel, and accompanied by a great number of ladies of high rank, each of whom led a knight on horseback by the bridle. The procession set out from the Tower, and was attended by the principal nobility, richly accoutred; and many gallant feats of arms were performed by the knights who entered the lists, which were kept open during seven successive days.

(To be continued.)

TO THE AUTUMNAL CROCUS.

Crocus of autumnal day,
Flower of amethystine ray—
In thy modesty of mien,
Thou dost strive thy charms to hide;
But where beauty thron'd is seen,
Though retired 'tis surely spied,
And from place conceal'd the gem,
Graces sovereigns disclaim.

Crocus, sweet's thy loveliness,
In thy bashful nakedness,
Thou art like our youthful queen;
Clouds are o'er and storms are round ye,
May you both on pureness lean!
May no ills or sorrows wound ye,
And the hard such wish may own,
Though he loves not—crown or throne.

What's the worth of dress or gaud—
Why do men such trifles land?
Autumn's Crocus! thou dost rise
Naked from the rich parterre,
Leaves nor sheath the florist spies,
All thy beauties naked are;
Yet thou dost not charm the less,
In thine own sweet loveliness.

And thou loamest o'er the stream,
Pictured in the watery gleam,
Like a damsel stripp'd to lave,
'Midst the music of the waters.
Oh! that those who view the wave
Of earth's many-hearted daughters,
Were as fair and pure as thou,
Making worth their empery!

When the flow'et shares the fate
Of all beauty, soon or late,
Then in greenery of hue,
Tapering shoot thy pencill'd leaves,
Nurst by sun and fed by dew,
Which the garden joy'd receive.
Thus when beauty far is fled,
Virtue lifts its verdant head!

GRETNA GREEN.

(Concluded from page 134.)

Until lately there were two rival practitioners at Springfield, one of whom married the grand-daughter of Paisley, and fell heir to his trade, in much the same way that some persons acquire the right of vending quack medicines. Still the other gets a good deal of custom; and here, as in every thing else, competition has been favourable to the interests of the public. Though a bargain is generally made before hand, a marriage-monger who had no rival to fear might fix his fee at any sum he pleased; and instances have occurred in which the parties complained that they had been taxed too heavily. Not long before my visit to Springfield, a young English clergyman, whose father disapproved of the choice he had made, arrived for the purpose of being married. The fee demanded was 30 guineas, a demand to which his reverence demurred, and at the same time stated that though he had married many a couple himself, his fee never exceeded half a guinea. The clergyman, in fact, had not so much money about

him, but it was agreed at last that he should pay ten pounds in hand; and grant a promissory note for the balance; and the bill, which was certainly a curiosity of its kind, was regularly negotiated through a Carlisle bank, and as regularly retired when it became due. At the time alluded to, there were two rival inns, as well as rival priests, at Springfield, and the house at which a lover arrived was regulated by the inn he started from at Carlisle. Though he might wish to give a preference, and issue positive orders on the subject, those orders were uniformly disobeyed. The post-boys would only stop at their favourite house, and that for the best of all reasons, that the priest went snacks with them, and knew full well the value of their patronage. Excepting in the case of sickness or absence, the "welders" never deserted their colours—all the guests of the one house were married by Mr. Laing; of the other by Mr. Elliot; so that those who were not deeply concerned had very little to say in the business. In this way something like a monopoly existed; and what is more strange still, not only the post-boy who drove a couple but the whole of his brethren about the inn were permitted to share in the profits of the day. Altogether the marrying business must bring a large sum annually into Springfield; and persons may be met with who confess, without scruple, that it forms "the principal benefit and support of the place." Upon an average, three hundred couples are married in the year, and half-a-guinea is the lowest fee that is ever charged, even in the case of what are called poor and pedestrian couples. In September last one gentleman had given forty pounds; and, independently of the money that is spent in the inns, many hundreds annually must find their way into the pockets of the priests, and their concurrents, the post-boys. In its legal effect the ceremony at Gretna-green merely amounts to a confession before witnesses that certain parties are man and wife; and the reader is aware that little more is required to constitute a marriage in Scotland—a marriage which may be censured by church courts, but which is perfectly binding in regard to property and the rights of children. Still a formula has a wonderful value in the eyes of the fair; and the priests, I believe, read a considerable part of the English marriage service, offer up a prayer, request the parties to join hands, sign a record, &c. But on this part of their vocation they presently observe a strict silence; for, although the law cannot reach them at present, they could scarcely hope to escape punishment were they openly to assume the character of parsons. They also grant lines, of which the following is a literal copy:—"These are I certify to all whom it may concern, that ——— and ——— came before me, and declared themselves to be both single persons and were lawfully married according to the way of the Church of England, and agreeably to the laws of the Kirk of Scotland. Given under my hand at Springfield, and Gretna-green, this — day, &c., before them witnesses."

At my request Mr. Elliot produced the marriage record, which, as a public document, is regularly kept, and which, to confess the truth, would require to be correct, seeing that it is sometimes tendered as evidence in court. It is true, they cannot subpoena a witness from Scotland, but the priest is of course allowed his expenses, and as he himself remarked, "when a man knows that he goes in a good cause, why should he be either backward or afraid?"

A stranger who had leisure to rusticate about Springfield, tippling with the priests, and pumping the crones and oracles of the village, might pick up many a queer story that would add to his stock of standing jokes, or peradventure eke out the well-thumbed pages of the "Encyclopædia of Wit;" but, as my time did not admit of this, I can only retail one or two.

Not long ago, a gentleman who had settled somewhere in Cumberland arrived at Springfield, and spent an hour or two in one of the inns, chiefly, I believe, from motives of curiosity. He was accompanied by his daughter, a very beautiful and interesting creature, though not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age. As the parties had never crossed the Sark before, they were both more than ordinarily curious to know every thing about Scotland and Scotch marriages. In particular they expressed a wish to see the "Blacksmith," not doubting that a true son of Vulcan, with a begrimed face and leathern apron, would pop in upon them and demand their pleasure. But here they were speedily undeceived, and when Mr. Elliot arrived, the gentleman endeavoured to be as witty as possible, stating, among other things, that he wished to introduce to him a young lady, who, at some future period, might have occasion for his services. To this salutation Mr. Elliot answered drily that he had known as unlikely things come to pass; and in less than three or four months the same young lady actually came before him, and was married to one of her father's ploughmen. In point of looks the bridegroom and bride seemed formed for one another, and the jocular priest, who from the first recognised his old acquaintance, ventured to hint after dinner that surely Mr. — would not be angry with his fair daughter for proving herself so apt a scholar, and profiting by the lesson he had himself taught. But alas! alas! the blow fell so heavily on the poor Cumbrian, that it at first threatened to break his heart, or unsettle his understanding. The lovely and light-hearted Beatrice was the apple of his eye—the stay and pride of his maturer years; and so far from wishing to match her with a common clown, there were even of the better class of yeomen that he deemed worthy to aspire to such an honour. In the course of time, however, the old man's wrath gradually gave way to better feelings; and, taken for the son-in-law, was stocked and *plenished*, nobody knew how; and if report may be credited, the praiseworthy conduct of the young people led before long to a complete and permanent reconciliation.

On another occasion, a middle-aged gentle-

man arrived from the south of England, and was united to a lady considerably his junior in years and appearance, and who, very unfortunately, happened to be the sister of his former wife. The veteran bridegroom was in high spirits, scattered his money very freely, and seemed so well satisfied with the accommodations of the place, that he was in no haste to retire from the scene of his second nuptials. At length, however, the carriage was ordered to the door; and just as the sun was sinking in the west, the happy pair bade adieu to Springfield, and with a degree of haste, not at all requisite in their situation, made the best of their way to merry England. Nor had they left the inn above an hour or so, when a second chaise and four drove up, and discharged a fresh cargo of lovers, younger, fairer, and better matched, but neither so wealthy nor so prodigal as the first. And whom, reader, might the second pair be?—whom but a handsome, well-favoured youth, and the only daughter of the former bridegroom, who, in revenge for her father's frailty and folly, had yielded to the entreaties of an honest yeoman, that had wooed her long and loved her dearly. On fair grounds the young lady had no objection whatever to a step-mother, but a step-mother and an aunt in the same person formed a species of relationship utterly irreconcilable with her notions of propriety; and as she was determined to change her residence at any rate, she thought it just as prudent to change her condition at the same time. On arriving at Carlisle, the father found a letter awaiting him at the inn, marked "in haste," and revealing to him the secret of his daughter's elopement; and not doubting that the parties had gone on the same errand as himself, he immediately ordered fresh horses, and hurried back to Gretna-green. The carriages, in fact, must have met on the road; but the night being dark, neither party was aware of the circumstance; and though the Yorkshire proprietor reached Springfield before his daughter and her lover had departed, he was unfortunately a stage too late. Long and loudly he bragged and bullied, and vain would he have carried his daughter along with him; but to this the yeoman objected most stoutly, and when the other threatened to disinherit his child, he coolly replied, "that he knew the value of a good wife, though without a guinea or a friend to take her part—that in a moderate way he could do his own turn, as well as the purse-proud gentleman he was addressing—and that as to the rest he would trust to Providence and his own industry."

"Nobly spoken!" roared the exhilarated priest; "and faith, let me tell you, sir, though the lines are now your own property, if you'll restore the bit of paper, I'll hand you over every note, and wash my hands of the whole business."

But to this condition the Yorkshireman demurred, and perceiving that matters could not be mended, he left the apartment and the village too, "growling all the while like a Russian bear."

I have still another anecdote to relate, the

hero of which was a spruce young Irishman, who dealt extensively in bacon hams, and who, in the course of his trade, became acquainted with a rich wholesale merchant in Portsmouth, who, after years of trafficking, conceived so good an opinion of Pat, that he invited him to drink tea, and spend the evening. Now, it so happened that the said merchant had a fair daughter, who was blessed with a pair of beautiful sparkling eyes, the radiance of which suffered no diminution when they chanced to bend on a well-favoured man. One visit led to another, until the parties from acquaintances became friends, and father and daughter agreed so cordially as to the merits of the Irishman, that the latter at least saw no objection to a closer connexion. Maidenly modesty is a jewel in woman, and though she durst not say so in as many words, her eyes—aye, her charming black eyes—looked and laughed unutterable things. And did their eloquent expression—their soul-melting languishment—find no response in the breast of the other? Tell it not in Gath. The temperament of an Irishman is too ardent to prove a non-conductor to the electricity of love; want of gratitude, want of devotion, are none of the besetting sins of his nation; and shew him but a fair one anxious to be wooed, willing to be won, or in other words in a positive state, and his heart that instant loses its former negative character, and becomes filled to overflowing with the subtle fluid. And so it fared in the present instance. In the course of time the lovers had arranged the whole preliminaries, and as the consent of the father was not to be obtained, the Hibernian resolved to run away with his daughter, even at the risk of losing an excellent customer for his hams. Once, twice, thrice, he tried to effect his romantic purpose, but every time he was pursued and overtaken, and on the last occasion had nearly fallen by the hand of a gentleman he was anxious to call by the name of brother. But Miss — had a maid—that maid was in the lover's interest, and through her agency a fourth elopement was planned and executed. Pat, in the mean time, had visited Scotland, had spoken with the "welder" at Gretna-green, had even left a trunk of clothes at the inn; and returning to England at the appointed time, maid, mistress, and man started a fourth time for the wished-for goal, under new and happier auspices. Aware that they would be rather hotly pursued, they halted at a stage, where different roads met, hired a second chaise, sent the maid off as a decoy duck, bribed the post-boys to tell a cock-and-bull story, and then held on their way rejoicing. The ruse took; Pat gained several stages in advance, yet fearing he might be overtaken, at Carlisle he preferred the shore to the inland road, arrived at Sanfield, engaged a boat, and, though the tide was ebbing, immediately passed to the opposite side. For a mile or more the lady had to be borne through the sand and sludge; and, by the time the boatman had gained the beach, she was in a pretty plight for a bonny bride. The night, in fact, was dark, and the hour late, but the lover's heart was light notwith-

standing, and bounding away to Springfield, he soon ascertained that the coast was clear, hired a chaise, and returning to the shore, introduced the shivering fair one first into the presence of his friend, Mr. Elliot, and afterwards to the comforts of a cheerful fire, a glass of negus, and a bit of supper.

The infuriated father, who, thanks to the decoy duck, had been sent a wool-gathering somewhere in Yorkshire, did not arrive till late next day; and on learning how snugly matters had been managed, his passion absolutely knew no bounds. Two of his daughters, he said, had married *foreigners*—one an Irish, the other a Scotch rogue, but the evil consequences of their disobedience would cleave to them through life, and for his part he would not have cared though they had mated with clerks, so that they had been natives of his own country. Even the priest came in for a share of his ungovernable fury, and in an unguarded moment he actually prayed that his house might ere long tumble about his ears, and bury his wife and family in the ruins.

It is a remarkable fact that the two former occupants of the woosack were both married at Gretna-green. I allude, of course, to Lords Erskine and Eldon, and could tell a long story of the former, did not delicacy warn me to forbear. A white counterpane is preserved at the inn, as a sort of relic, which was thrown over his lordship, his children, and spouse, while the priest discharged the duties of his assumed office. In place of the usual marriage lines, the ex-Chancellor, who arrived bonneted and dressed like a female, wrote, as I was told, "a long paternoster of his own;" but he afterwards applied for a regular certificate, which was forwarded to him on payment of an additional fee. Mr. Laing, since deceased, engrossed the greatest share of business, and in his register appeared the following names, with many others of nearly equal note:—Earl of Westmoreland; Hon. Charles Law, son of Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough; Sir Thomas Lethbridge, Bart., and his son John Lethbridge, Esq., who, in this instance, was careful to tread in the footsteps of his father.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that the villa at Gretna, so long the residence of Col. Maxwell, has been for some years occupied as an inn, and that this circumstance, coupled with the change that had previously taken place in the road over which the mail travels, have done no good to the village of Springfield. At first, the landlord of the new inn sent to Springfield for the priest when his services were required; but as this was inconvenient, and as the "welder" was not always at his post, a substitute was found in another individual, who, after a very little practice, acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all concerned.

JOHN M'DIARMID.

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APROPOS OF THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG, AND THE PLACE VENDÔME.

"A knight he was whose early youth had shown His love of arms, and passion for renown."

(FOR THE "FLY.")

(Continued from page 135.)

At the time when the Place Vendôme bore the name of *Place de Piques*, and where the steps of the monument raised to Louis XIV. were grown over with moss, rude and unsightly, in 1794, a man in the uniform of an officer of artillery, whose precision in dress made the antiquity of his apparel the more conspicuous, walked backwards and forwards on this spot almost deserted with a pensive air, his arms crossed behind his back. This person appeared at the most to be 25 years of age; he was of low stature, extremely thin, yet well set and upright; his long black hair cut *en veilles de chien*, according to the fashion of the time, reached to his shoulders, and gave to his countenance, naturally pale, but animated by eyes remarkably vivid, a look of indescribable rigidity. The officer stopped from time to time to contemplate, with an air of melancholy, his place, guiltless of any trophy; up to that time no statue having embellished it. Then he fixed his eyes upon the pedestal of the absent statue, and anon raised them towards heaven, like a man who was building in mind an arch, temple, or a column. The officer was busy in this species of ecstasy, when a young gentleman, rushing out from a door of a neighbouring hotel, approached him on a sudden, asking him with a boldness quite military—
"Are you not a general, citizen?"
"No, my little friend."
"Ah! you are not a general, then? nor in the artillery either?"
"Pardonnez moi, I have the honour to be-

long to that arm of the service, but am only commandant; that's no great matter, is it?" added he, with great simplicity.

"Commandant! commandant!" repeated the child, with an air of reflection, then raising his head, and opening wide his eyes, "*c'est égal*," replied he, in giving a deeper tone to his voice, "I should like to be commandant myself, I have heard my uncles say it was not much amiss."

"I saw by your uniform that you were in the artillery, though Job would not allow it; but he takes delight upon all occasions to snub me."

"And who is this Mr. Job, that is so fond of vexing you?"

"Oh! it is mamma's jockey; we were both in the balcony looking at you above there; you see where they have written in red letters beside the large window: *vivre libre ou mourir*: it is more than an hour that you have been walking about these stones, is it not, think you?"

At this brusque demand of his new acquaintance, the military man blushed. "It is true, indeed, I have been waiting a long time for somebody," said he, smiling.

"Since your friend has not come," returned the little *bon homme*, casting about him a look of inquiry, "I may ask you a question without fear of teasing you."

"Put all the questions you please," immediately rejoined the officer, who, unacquainted as he was with the child, began to feel a particular interest for him, "I shall be delighted to answer you, if I am able."

"Well, then, tell me at once, will you receive me into your regiment? I am tall, I can read freely, I write tolerably, I study geography, and my master assures me, that—"

"Oh! oh! my young comrade," interrupted the officer, "soldiers are not taken by their size, of this you may judge by me, but by age and patriotism."

"How old are you?"

"I shall complete my eighth year shortly, citizen.—Now well look at me," and the little manikin put himself into a position of a soldier without arms: his heels brought together, his elbows to his body, and quite upright, his head erect, and eyes front. In this posture he lost not an inch of his height and appearance, at once gracious and sprightly.

The commandant threw on him a look of kindness and affection, and a fresh smile played round his thin, blood-reddened lips. "My little friend," replied he, "you are still much too young; in default of height enjoined by the order, one must have strength to endure the fatigues of war."

"But still there are drummers and fifers not a bit bigger than I am. If Job was here, he would say the same thing; yesterday we saw them pass on the boulevards, *des Droits de l'Homme*, at the head of a regiment, before the music even they were going, to fight the army, it was said, of the Sambre and Meuse."

"It is very likely, but that is not a reason," rejoined the officer, shaking his head; "the subject is a mere matter of force, and besides one should be able to manage a sword; for look you, my young friend, in front of the enemies of one's country, the heart and the head are not all in all."

"Oh! if it only depended on that, I can wield a sword pretty well; only ask my uncles, who are soldiers like you, if I cannot poise their great sword with only one hand; you shall see if I cannot." Then mounting, with the activity of a cat, the stone bank, near which they were talking, the little *bon homme* rested one hand on the commandant's shoulder, and with the other seized the hilt of his sword, and attempted to draw it out of the scabbard. At this unlooked-for *manœuvre*, the officer made a quick motion, and retained the hand of the

frolicksome boys saying to him in a serious tone, and looking quite grave :—

"One minute, no one touches that but myself, it is one of those things that a child should never jest with.—Now, come down, sir, directly!"

"It was only to show you," stammered out the youngster, with an air of contrition; "are you angry with me, citizen?"

In saying these words, he gently threw his arms round the neck of the commandant, his forehead resting against the officer's cheek, upon which the latter felt a burning tear trickle down; the child repeating in a voice which made his sorrow more touching—

"Pardon me, citizen, indeed I will never do the like again."

Moved in the highest degree by the emotion of the child, the officer embraced him over and over again.

"No, no," said he, in placing him upon the ground, "I could not allow you the experience you endeavoured to gain; but to prove that I am not displeased with you, and yet to satisfy your belligerent turn, I offer you a handsome gingerbread sword; will you accept it? perhaps some day I may give you one of a different sort; but it is on condition that you dry your eyes, because by your tears you distress me as well as yourself."

JOUSTS AND TOURNAMENTS.

(*See Fly's Picture-Gallery, No. 34.*)

"The challenger with fierce defy,
His trumpet sounds, the challeng'd makes reply;
With clangour rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.

Their vizors closed, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring, see decrease the middle space."

(*Concluded from page 134.*)

The taste for chivalry among classes of people apparently little susceptible of its influence, may be learned from the masquerading tournament of Edward; for knightly games must have been well known to the citizens of London, or the proclamation would not have been issued that the lord mayor, aided by the court of aldermen and the sheriffs, would, on a certain day, hold a solemn tournament. The same taste was proved some years before, when the Black Prince entered London, with King John of France as his prisoner. The outside of the houses were covered with hangings, wrought over with battles in tapestry, and the citizens exposed in their shops, windows, and balconies, an incredible quantity of bows and arrows, shields, helmets, corslets, breast and back pieces, coats of mail, gauntlets, umbraes, swords, spears, battle-axes, armour for horses, and other armour.

The sun of English chivalry reached its meridian in the reign of Edward III., for the king and the nobles all were knightly. Tournaments and jousts for the amusement, and in honour of the ladies, were the universal fashion of the times.

The gay character of Edward and his court

was pleasingly displayed in the spring of the year 1259, three years after the battle of Poitiers. A solemn tournament, of three days' duration, was proclaimed in London, and the lord mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, proposed to keep the field against all comers. The time arrived, the martial games were held, and all the honour of arms appeared to be right due to the officers of the city. The victors then threw aside their shields and surcoats, impressed with the city's bearings, removed their beavers; and King Edward, the Black Prince, the Princes Lionel, John, and Edmund, and nineteen noble barons, were recognised.

In the reign of Richard II. the splendour of English chivalry was clouded. That monarch did not emulate the martial fame of his father, for he was a voluptuous prince; yet the splendour of chivalry hung over his court; his tilts and tournaments were unusually magnificent; but the martial, and, therefore, the chief spring of knighthood, was wanting.

In 1394, Richard II. had a great jousting in Smithfield, when the Earl of Mar, who, with "certain other lords of Scotland, came into England to get worship by force of arms, was overthrown by the Earl of Nottingham, and, having had two of his ribs broken by the fall, he died on his return homeward."

In a time of peace, during the year 1398, there were sundry jousts and combats between Scots and Englishmen. The most remarkable encounter was that which took place between Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crawford, and the Lord Wells, in the presence of Richard II. and his court. They agreed to run certain courses on horseback, with spears sharply ground, for life or death. The place appointed for these jousts was London-bridge, the day was the feast of St. George.

The knights appeared sheathed in armour of proof, and mounted on mighty war horses. They ran together with all the fierceness of mortal hate; and, though they attained, yet both kept their saddles. Lord Crawford kept his seat with such remarkable firmness, that the people cried out that assuredly he was locked in his saddle. Incontinently, that right noble knight leaped from his steed, and again armed as he was, vaulted on his back, and amazed the beholders by his perfect horsemanship. The battle was renewed on foot; the skill of the Scotsman prevailed; and the life of the Lord Wells was in his power. De Lindsay now displayed the grace and courtesy of his chivalry, for he raised his foe from the ground, and presenting him as a gift to the Queen, wishing, like a true knight, that mercy should proceed from woman. The Queen thanked the valiant and courteous Scot, and then gave liberty to the Lord Wells.

The ladies were the supreme judges of tournaments; and if any complaint was raised against a knight, they adjudged the cause without appeal. Nothing was more beautiful than the courtesy of chivalric times. At a martial game held in Smithfield, during the reign of Richard II., the Queen proposed a crown of gold as a reward of the best joustier, were he a stranger; but if an English knight had the praise, then a rich bracelet was to be

his reward. At the close of this merry tournament, there issued out of the Tower of London, first, three-score coursers, apparelled for the lists, and on every one a squire of honour, riding a soft pace. Then appeared three-score ladies of honour, mounted on fair palfreys, each lady leading, by a chain of silver, a knight, sheathed in jousting harness. The fair and gallant troop, with the sound of clarions, trumpets, and other minstrelsy, rode along the streets of London, the fronts of the houses shining with martial glory in the rich banners and tapestries which hung from the windows. They reached Smithfield, where the Queen of England and many matrons and damsels were already seated in richly adorned galleries. The ladies that led the knights joined them; the squires of honour alighted from their coursers, and the knights, in good order, vaulted upon them. This mode of conducting knights to the tournament was not the only pleasing prelude of the sports.

In the sixth year of Edward IV., the most interesting joust was that between Lord Scales (brother of the Queen of Edward) and the Bastard of Burgundy, who was with his father the Duke of Burgundy. The Bastard, having landed at Billingsgate, was conducted in great state to the palace of the Bishop of Salisbury, in Fleet-street.

The ceremonies of the joust were then arranged, and strong lists were erected in Smithfield; and on the morning appointed for the gallant show, the king and queen, with all the chivalry and beauty of the land, repaired thither. On the first day the combatants fought on foot with sharp spears, and "departed with equal honour." The next day they "turneyed" on horseback with swords, when the Bastard's horse falling under him, the king ordered the fight to be discontinued. On the morrow "they came into the field on foot with two pole-axes, and fought valiantly, but at last the point of Lord Scales's weapon happened to enter the sight of the Burgundian's helmet; when the king suddenly threw down his warder, and then the Marshal severed them." The Bastard desired to renew the combat, but it being declared that according to the law of arms, "he must be delivered to his adversary in the same state and like condition as he stood when he was taken from him," he "doubting the sequel of the matter, relinquished his challenge."

The last semblance of chivalry, which expired with Henry VIII., (the festive diversions in the reign of Elizabeth being but the shadow of knightly prowess), was the magnificent tournament of the Cloth of Gold, on an open plain near Guisnes and Ardres, in France, June, 1520, in celebration of a treaty between Francis I. of France and Henry. The ostensible object of Francis at this meeting was to strengthen his alliance with Henry. The whole of this gorgeous affair was under the sole direction of the truly splendid Cardinal Wolsey, who had a decided genius for such matters. He caused a glorious palace, 1322 feet square, to be erected on the plain at Guisnes, and "sette on stages by great conynge and sumptuous work." At the en-

grance and on the plain were fountains of fine gold—conduits which overflowed “red, white, and claret wines. On the other side of the gate was set up an elaborate column, supported by four lions, well gilt, encrowned with golden foliage, and surmounted by an image of the blind god Cupid, with his bow and arrows of love, ready, by his seeming, to strike the young to love.” The outside was covered with sail-cloth, and the inside was hung with the richest arras. The furniture and decorations of the temporary chapel and apartments of state were gorgeous in the extreme. The walls glittered with embroidery and jewels; the altar and the tables groaned under the weight of massive plate. Francis, in order that he might not be undone, had prepared an immense pavilion, which was chiefly sustained by a mighty mast, with ropes and tackle strained to steady it; the exterior, in form of a dome, was covered all over with cloth of gold; and in the interior, the concavity of the sphere was lined with blue velvet, set in stars in gold foil, “and the orbs of the heavens, by the craft of the colours in the roof, were curiously wrought in manner like the sky or firmament. At each side there was a smaller tent or pavilion, of the same costly materials, the very tent ropes being made of blue silk twisted with gold of Cyprus. But there arose a most impetuous and tempestuous wind, which broke asunder the ropes, and laid all this bravery in the dirt; and Francis was obliged to take up his lodging in an old castle near the town of Ardres. As soon as the two kings were settled in their respective residences, Cardinal Wolsey rode with many lords, gentlemen and prelates, to the French court at Ardres. The Frenchmen were so struck with Wolsey’s pomp and splendour, that they afterwards made books, showing the triumphant doings of the cardinal’s royalty; as, of the number of his gentlemen, knights and lords, all in crimson velvet, with marvelous number of chains of gold—the multitude of horses, mules, coursers, and carriages that went before him with sumpters and coffers—his great silver crosses and pillars—his embroidered cushions—and his host of servants, as yeomen and grooms, all clad in scarlet.”

On the 11th of June the jousts were opened—the queens having taken their places. Catherine was most brilliantly equipped, her very foot-cloth being powdered with pearls. Next to the Queen of England sat Wolsey. The judges were on stages with the herald of France, and Garter King-at-arms for England, “to make and write the dedes of noblemen.” The trumpets sounded, and the two kings and their retinues entered the field. Then came the Earl of Devonshire, cousin to Henry, “and sixteen honourable persons in his bande, all armed.”

“The ii kynges,” says Hall, “were ready, and either of them encountered one man of armes; the French kyng to the erle of Devonshire, the kyng of England to Mounsignor Torrenge, and brake his poldron and him learmed, when y^e strokes were stricken, this attail was departed, and was much praised.

Then on went swordes, and foune went vizers, there was little abiding.”

Six days were spent in tilting with lances, two in tournays with the broad sword on horseback, and the two last in fighting on foot at the barriers. The English being much given to wrestling, some of the meaner sort amused themselves in that manner; and Henry, who had cultivated all kinds of sports and exercises, one day challenged his brother of France to try a fall with him, and caught hold of his collar. Francis, who was very agile, threw his grace. Henry arose, and demanded his revenge; but the bystanders discreetly interfered.

On June 24, “which was Sunday and Midsummer day,” the two kings took leave of each other.

Perhaps the most pleasing tournament in London was that given by Queen Elizabeth, May, 1581, for the entertainment of the French Embassy. The gallery at the end of the Tilt-yard, where the queen was seated, “was called,” says Holinshed, “and not without cause, the Castelle or Fortresse of perfect Beautie, for as much as her Highnesse should be there included.” This was assaulted by the four foster-children of Desire, after being summoned by a “delectable song.”

Wooden guns (cannon), charged with sweet powder and sweet waters, “verie odoriferous and pleasant,” were then “shot off” against the Fortresse of Beauty, from a “rowling trench, or mound of earth,” that was wheeled up to the walls, and an attack was made with “pretie scaling ladders,” and “flowers, and such fancies and devices,” were thrown in, “as might seem fit shot for Desire.”

Whilst the challengers, viz., “the Erle of Arundel, the Lord Windsore, Maister Philip Sidneie, and Maister Fulke Greuill,” were thus engaged, each at the head of his band of partisans, in very sumptuous apparel, the defenders of Beauty entered the Tilt-yard, and a regular “tourneie” and “justing” took place, in the course of which the renowned Sir Harry Lee, K.G., the queen’s devoted knight, brake his “six staves,” and many others justed “right valiantly,” until the approach of night separated the combatants.

On the following day, the four Foster-children of Desire entered “in a brown chariot (verie finellie and curioslie decked), as men sore wearied and halfe overcome,” whilst “verie doleful musicke” was played by a concealed band, within the chariot, in which also Desire herself, represented by “a beautiful ladie,” sat “upon the top” in company with the knights. On approaching the Queen, an “herald at arms,” expressed the challengers’ “despair of victory,” yet as “their soules should leave their bodies rather than Desire should leave their soules,” they besought her Highness “to vouchsafe the eies of her peerless beauty, upon their death or overthrow.”

“Then went they to the tourneie, where they did verie noble, as the shiuering of the swords might verie well testifie; and after that to the barriers, where they lashed it out lustilie, and fought couragiously, as if the

Greeks and Troians had dealt their deadly dale. No partie was spared, no estate excepted, but ech knight induced to win the golden fleece that expected either fame or the favor of his mistresse, which sports continued all the same daie. And towards the evening the sport being ended, there was a boie sent vp to the Queene, clothed in ash coloured garments, in token of humble submission, who having an olive branch in his hand, and falling downe prostrate on his face, and then kneeling vp, concluded this noble exercise,” by requesting her Highness to admit the challengers as her perpetual bondmen, notwithstanding their degeneracy and unworthyness in making “violence accompanie desire.”

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kept steadily on. He coolly calculated the height of the gate—he looked to the right and to the left; nothing better offered—he spoke a few words of encouragement to Bess, gently patted her neck, then struck spurs into her sides, and cleared the spikes by an inch. Out rushed the amazed turnpike-man—thus unmercifully bilked—and was nearly trampled to death under the feet of the pursuer's horses.—*Glover's edition of Turpin's Ride to York.*—(Vide advertisement.)

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HISTORY OF A GINGERBREAD SWORD.

PROPOS OF THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG, AND THE PLACE VENDÔME.

"A knight he was whose early youth had shown His love of arms, and passion for renown."

(FOR THE "FLY.")

(Concluded from page 142.)

"Ah! how I shall like it," cried the little fellow, jumping with joy and clapping his hands; "but stay, there is not a gingerbread hop in all this villainous place," added he, wiping his eyes.

"We shall find one a little way off, in the *ardin des Capucines*, if you will do me the favour to go there with me. However," remained the citizen friend, after a moment's pause, "are you not afraid they will be anxious about you in your absence? But no matter, I will bring it you here, at this spot."

"Bah! they let me go by myself on the *arce des Feuillans*; but still not to get Job into trouble with mamma, I will tell him I am going with you, and that we shall not be long absent."

"That is better."

"Job," cried the child, making a sign to the jockey, who had remained on the watch in the balcony of the hotel, "I am going to the *ardin des Capucins* with the commandant to buy a fine sabre; if mamma asks for me, you will tell her I am coming back presently."

The jockey was in the act of following his young master, seeing the officer disposed to let him away; but the *petit bon homme*, giving a forecast of the scruples of Job, relied in a petulant way, stamping his foot like a spoiled child, "I told you I should come back rectly!" and coming closer to the commandant, whose hand he still held, he added, with a sort of self-satisfaction and pride in his

look, "I knew well enough the citizen was in the artillery; but you never think that I am right."

The commandant of great ordnance, and his young companion, very soon found what they were in search of. It was the boy who pointed with his finger to an old woman who was sitting before her little shop of gingerbread wares. He himself chose a sword of that goodly *materiel*, the handsomest he could find; after examining all, and comparing them one with the other,

"How much," asked the officer, in feeling to the bottom of the pocket in his uniform coat.

"Those are two sous, citizen, the others are only one sous a piece."

The commandant presented the good wife with an assignat of five livres; it was for the moment all that he had.

"Tenez," said he, "give me the change."

At sight of the paper *bon*, the old dame made a sort of grimace—"Alas, *mon citoyen*," said she in a piteous tone, "this assignat is only now worth 15 sous current money."

"I know it," said the officer drily.

"I would rather, if it is the same thing to you, that you pay me but one sous in money, for I can in no wise give you change."

"Nor have I any small cash about me," said the commandant, somewhat abashed, "but keep the whole."

"Ah! *Jesus bon Dieu*, for what do you take me?" quoth the old soul receding back half a step, "I prefer giving you credit; you have the air of a *ci-devant*, and the country is not like last week in a ferment: you shall owe me two sous in money," added she, laying a stress on the word.

The commandant found himself in a terrible taking, when at the same instant he felt his shoulder slightly touched. Supposing it was his little friend, he did not even turn round his head; but the young recruit was no sooner

possessed of the gingerbread sword, than profiting by the dispute that arose out of the assignat tender, had traversed the garden with all speed to rejoin the jockey, who began to repent having suffered his charge to depart without him.

"From what I see, the commandant Bonaparte is partial to gingerbread, and is making provision accordingly," said the new-comer, in a voice grave and sonorous.

"Ah! it is you then at last Talma, *parbleu mon cher*, you have arrived most opportunely; lend me, I pray you, two sous, for this good woman, who has no great faith, it would seem, in republican money."

The *ariste* drew from his pocket a piece of twelve sous, while the shopkeeper this time was sufficiently rich to return the ten sous due on the lawful coin.

"I have been waiting for you more than an hour, on the *Place Vendome*, my dear Talma," said *Napoleon* afterwards, in a tone of comical reproach; for we suppose it has been guessed that it was he.

"I should have left long ago, had it not been for a charming pretty child—Eh! but—where has the youngster betaken himself," said he, casting around him a look of doubt and inquiry.

"Oh! give yourself no trouble about him: I saw him making the best of his way towards the hotel, which his parents inhabit in the *Place Vendôme*, with a gingerbread sword in his hand. I know him * * * But pardon me, my dear Bonaparte, if I have kept you waiting so long," interrupted Talma, in pressing one hand between his; "I am but now returned from rehearsal."

"The theatre of the republic; will it at last, then, give us something fresh and good?"

"Not altogether new; but good, I hope, for my comrade's sake: it is Charles IX. of *Chenier*, which I have adapted to the present state of the drama."

"How happy you are, Talma," interrupted Napoleon in his turn, with a mixture of satisfaction and melancholy. "You have obtained the good opinion of the public; you are in the enjoyment of some new triumph daily; your art is positively the first of all;—to be applauded every night by an enthusiastic multitude. Ah! Talma, your position as an *artiste*, is much superior to all others. I must win battles to gain a fourth of the popularity you at present possess. To obtain victories, we must have soldiers, cannon, money."

"And you will have all this, one day—rest satisfied of it, *mon cher*. Your merit must one day be acknowledged and appreciated—put in its true light, and recompensed—more than you imagine, perhaps. It is I that tell you so." Then assuming a theatrical pose, Talma, with an air of dignity, touched the arm of Napoleon gently, in adding—

"*Cet oracle est plus sûr que celui de Calchas!*"

"Bravo, Talma! You always repeat that line in a most admirable manner."

"My dear commandant, you are often pleased to flatter me; but this is not the subject of which we should address ourselves, just at this time. We must go down together to the *Frères Provençaux*, an invitation of General d'Avranges d'Haugerauville, who I found waiting for me on my return homelast night; he will not admit of my dining elsewhere than with him. I called upon him this morning to make excuses, but to no purpose; he positively insists that I make one at this dinner, where there will be Chenier, the brothers of Madame d'Avranges, Cæsar, Leopold, and Alexander Berthier, who you have doubtless heard talk of; then Barras, Perregaux, besides many more; and above all, I have promised the general to bring you in my hand. So you see, my dear Bonaparte, there is no hope of escape."

"But I can't dine at a house where I have not yet been presented."

"There is no need of introduction, where you are expected. Madame d'Avranges has some charming children—her brothers and sisters, too, are most amiable; all the family, moreover, are anxious to see you."

"But one word more—I cannot go dressed after this sort," said Napoleon, with a gesture of impatience, throwing a contemptuous look upon his coat, the antiquity of which sufficiently attested its long services. "I shall be taken for an *émigré*, or an aristocrat, at the least," added he, with a smile, which savored more of pain than of pleasure.

"My dear sir, the uniform of an officer of artillery may, at all times, call quits with the tinsel and glitter of our tip-top republicans: besides, I shall be pleased that you make acquaintance *avec tout ce monde-là*."

"Well, be it so," replied Napoleon, attempting to imitate the voice and gesture of the tragedian, and adding—

"*Ami, je m'abandonne au destin qui m'entraîne,* only promise to make my excuses in form to the ladies."

Talma made the sign affirmative, and straightway conducted the commandant to one of the handsomest hotels in the Rue Vendôme. On entering, the first individual that Napoleon observed, when his friend intro-

duced him into a splendid saloon, where many fashionables already were assembled, was the little youth of gingerbread notoriety. On seeing him the child leaped from the knees of his uncle, Alexander Berthier, and came and threw himself into the arms of Napoleon, crying out—

"Ah! mamma, here is my good friend of only a minute ago!" Then appealing to Napoleon, "Is it not true, citizen, that you promised, when I am grown big, to change this sabre for a *real* one, that will cut well?"

"Certainly, my young friend," said Napoleon, embracing him tenderly.

The General d'Avranges had gone up to Napoleon, and having presented him to his wife, that lady, after a compliment to the hero very gracefully conveyed, said to her son, "Oui, *mon ange*, take care of it, that the commandant Bonaparte may have no more cause to regret giving you this gingerbread toy, than in presenting you some time hence with a colonel's sword."

From this day is dated that famous intercourse and friendship which subsisted for eighteen years between Napoleon and the young d'Avranges and Alexander Berthier. Perhaps even, and without the major-general's suspecting it, the recollection of this gingerbread plaything might have contributed to place in his hands the sword of high constable, which, be the case as it may, he was so worthy to wear.

As to Talma, it is well known, with what kindness and generosity the Emperor always treated him. More than once in paying his debts has Napoleon discharged that which the commandant of Artillery had contracted with the great actor, in regard to the gingerbread vender, in the garden *des Capucines*. Now let us advance upon time, and record what happened nineteen years later, that is to say, at the commencement of the year 1813.

One Sunday, in the month of March of that year, about six weeks before the departure of the Emperor for that unhappy campaign in Saxony which was fated to terminate in the sad disaster at Leipzig; Napoleon passed in the court of the Tuilleries, reviewing those troops that were to join the grand army the following day. In traversing that great and splendid gallery thronged on that day, and upon occasions of this sort, by persons of all ranks in the hierarchy, civil and military, an opportunity was afforded to Napoleon, whether projected or not, might be difficult to say—that of caressing in public his infant son the King of Rome, who was brought hither by his *gouvernante*. Napoleon lavished upon the child abundance of kisses, at the same time drawing the attention of those near him to the precocious intelligence of the baby King. There is something respectable, it has been observed, even in a parent's weakness. Perceiving his first architect mingled in a group of the members of the Institute, he made a few steps towards that side,

"Well, *Monsieur Fontaine*," said he gaily. "you do not forget our palace of the King of Rome—does it proceed?"

The architect bowed respectfully, in the sign affirmative.

"My son will some day inhabit it," and his eyes were fixed upon the child, in all the pride of parental fondness, as he embraced him for a last time with evident emotion, giving him back into the hands of his *gouvernante*. When the *kuisier* had closed the folding doors upon the young prince, Napoleon said in a low tone of voice, accompanied by a sigh, "Yes! we shall build thee a fine palace—and if they bear us this time, thou may'st hardly possess a thatched cottage."

These words of the Emperor are so much the more remarkable, as they appear to have been uttered in the spirit of prophecy. However his countenance soon resumed its natural serenity, and he began to make what he called his *tour* (review of company). It was customary after reviews and grand parades, for the generals, colonels of regiments, and heads of departments, who had passed under the eyes of the Emperor, to assemble in the grand gallery, where Napoleon awarded praise or blame to the chiefs of corps, &c., according as the troops had well or ill performed. Upon this occasion it happened that nothing but flattering words and compliments took place; praise and panegyrics being the lot of all. Pursuing his course, evidently in good humour, on a sudden his eyes were attracted to the far end of the gallery, by sight of a young colonel of Hussars, towards whom he advanced with a quickened step, stopping immediately in front of him. His countenance appeared lighted up with joy, "Good day, Monsieur d'Avranges," said he, with an accent which must have caused the young colonel's heart to beat violently, "I am very glad to see you here before your departure; *Comment se porte madame votre mère?*"

Napoleon had kept the promise he had made to the young d'Avranges nineteen years before. From the age of seventeen this young man had left the *École Polytechnique* for a military school, where he continued two years; and with a lieutenant's epaulet had made in a regiment of cavalry the campaigns of Prussia and Poland. At Wagram, where he had particularly distinguished himself, d'Avranges was decorated, and named captain on the field of battle. Before the expedition to Russia, he was already at the head of a squadron, and on returning from that disastrous campaign, Napoleon had appointed him colonel, besides making him officer of the Legion of Honour. He was hardly then twenty-eight years of age; but it should in justice be said, that notwithstanding the brilliant services of d'Avranges, the recollection that Napoleon had always preserved, joined to the alliance of kin between this young man and the Prince of Neufchatel, had, in some sort, contributed to his rapid advancement, which was not without precedent at that period. On the question from the Emperor, the young d'Avranges bent his eyes on the ground, and modestly answered,—

"Sire, my mother is now old; but her health is still good enough to allow of her going daily to offer to Heaven her vows and good wishes for your Majesty's happiness, and success for your Majesty's arms."

"I know that Madame d'Avranges is a

pious person, and that she gives constant proof to her family of ready obedience to a Sovereign, who sacrifices himself for the good of all—*Appropos*, colonel," said Napoleon, interrupting himself in a tone less solemn in changing his manner, and the inflection of his voice, "you still remember our first interview in the Place Vendôme? It is now a long time since."

"Ah! sire, the remembrance of it is always present to my thoughts."

"I may say, it is the same thing with myself; I was then simply commandant of artillery," added he, shaking his head; "whilst you now are a colonel; you command—I obeyed, and yet I was scarcely older than you are at this present."

"Yes, sire," said d'Avranches, smiling; but your Majesty has since well made up for lost time."

This answer made the Emperor smile in his turn, who instantly said, "*Ma foi, mon chere*, I hope you have no cause to complain on your part: it is true, times are materially changed; but we always regret that of our youth, when, for instance, one might cranch a gingerbread sword, *s'est ce pas?*" This he added, with a significant cast of his eye, "You remember that which I gave you to make friends, after some little tiff that we had."

"Ah! sire, I never crunched that—I kept it most religiously—I have it at this moment," and as he uttered these words, the colonel was sensibly affected. "*Bah!* but, in truth," said the Emperor, in a tone of surprise, yet greatly delighted at the same time, "that was not the sabre that you made so good use of at the head of your squadron at Moscow?"

"True, sire, and yet I have carried it with me in all my campaigns."

"Well, colonel, if you carry it still, I sincerely hope," said the Emperor, with a gracious smile, "that you may bring it back at your return from this one."

"I promised my mother never to part with it, but with life," replied d'Avranches, with fervour; "and believe me, sire, I shall observe that promise."

At these words, pronounced with emphasis, Napoleon looked steadfastly at M. d'Avranches, then making him a little salute with his hand, he passed out of the gallery, saying to 'him, in that fall of the voice which finds its way to the heart,—

"*Adieu, donc colonel*; I hope that we shall soon meet again."

The rest has been already told.

F. E.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

(FOR THE "FLY.")

The felon brooded in his cell, the world was gay without,
There was busy tramp of passing steed, the laughter and the shout;
But one old form apart from these to you dark gate doth wend,
Say, hath the doomed and branded one an earthly living friend?

Aye! friend indeed, the most untired—the most unchanging, still

Through years of vain and anxious c of sorrow and of ill,

The mother's heart, though long estranged, turns fondly back again

To the source of all her sufferings, the bosom of her Cain.

And such the well-known form, that met the convict's doubting sight,

As he strove with fixed and hardened heart, to watch away the night:

And vainly might ye hope to trace a feeling in the eye,

Or a prayer upon the parted lip—he did not fear to die.

She strained him to her aged breast, with all her early love,

And spoke of penitence and prayer, and mercy from above:

She roused each better feeling, that so long had idly slept;

A burst of anguish thrilled his frame, he bowed his head and wept:

For he thought but of his mother, and the valley where she dwelt;

Of the prayer she taught in childhood, when she blest him as he knelt;

Of the tender hand that led him, when with happy heart he trod,

By his meek and gentle mother, to the temple of his God.

They knelt together, side by side, the mother and the son,

How soon to virtue or to crime, the human heart is won.

They raised their hands to Heaven, in the dungeon's deepest shade;

But mercy saw them when they knelt, and soothed them as they prayed.

The night hath past—the death-note booms on—the crowd is there;

The horrid oath, and jest obscene, pollute the morning air:

He saw them not—he heeded not—his eye was upward turned,

And the trembling mourner by his side, still soothed him as she mourned.

It's past—with slow and faltering steps, the mother leaves his side,

Then to her home with breaking heart she bent her way and died;

The broad sun lights her peaceful grave on green and silent hill,

But many a heart will feel and break, as hers hath broken still.

HERZ.

NEW AND EXTRA PARTICULAR.—A foreign journal says—that a lottery has been announced in America, the prizes being the most *advantageous* places in a cemetery?—*Pardi!* We may live to find cenotaphs and cemeteries no less ran after, than lotteries and raffles at a watering-place.

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36.—The Fisherman's Children.

37.—The Gipsy Mother.

38.—Interview between Wellington and Nelson.

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A slight inconvenience will be experienced in issuing this number for the „Fly,” owing to an accident which (despite our most strenuous exertions) prevents a sufficient number of prints being in readiness for the second delivery on the day of publication. A few hours' patience will, however, rectify this difficulty.

The trade generally are not aware of the magnitude of our arrangements to produce the very great quantity of prints necessary to meet the demands of the „Fly,” or the trifling accidents which tend to delay the work. We have, however, reprinted all the back numbers.

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Horatio Nelson

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"UBI MEL,  IBI MUSCA."

No. 38—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

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These celebrated individuals met but once, and then only by mere accident. The Duke, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, had just returned from his ever memorable campaign in India, in 1805; but his fame, though high amongst all those who knew any thing of the concerns of that remote region, had not yet become so familiar to the mass of society at home; consequently, the features now so familiar to all were then so little known—even to Nelson—that when he found himself one day in the waiting-room of one of the Secretaries of State, in company with the great eastern warrior, he knew him not. It was otherwise with Nelson, whose deeds having been performed nearer home, were far better, or, at all events, more generally known; and with whose appearance Sir Arthur could not but be well acquainted, even had he no other help than the signs over the inn doors on his way from Portsmouth. The natural attraction of genius drew them together; and the Minister, whose leisure they were waiting for, being long engaged, these two illustrious men were left in conversation for some time. Soon afterwards Lord Nelson sailed—the battle of Trafalgar was fought—and they never met again!

Health and good temper are the two greatest blessings in life.

THE OTTER.

Goldsmith, in his animated description of the otter, particularly mentions one he had himself seen, which entered a pond as often as was required, and brought out fish for the use of its master. This fact is certainly extraordinary, for although I have seen various domesticated otters, they all, so far as I could ever learn, fished furtively, and on their own account. I have been assured, however, by a clergyman in Galloway, that there was an otter in Dalbeattie, within the last few years, which purveyed extensively in the same way. Its mistress was a poor widow woman, and the otter, when led forth, plunged into the Urr or the neighbouring burns, and brought out all the fish it could find. The widow rewarded it well for its trouble, and carried the surplus home to her young family. As an animal so tractable must have been exceedingly useful, I regret to add that it was crushed to death one day by the weight of some domestic utensil it unfortunately upset, while scrambling for food.

In June, 1828, I visited a tame otter which is kept at Corsbie House, Wigtownshire, the residence of the Honourable Montgomery Stewart. A few years previous, a litter of cubs, to the number of three, and all females, were caught at one of the Penningham Lochs, and consigned to the care of an ancient domestic, who brought the whole up so far "on the pan and the spoon." The whelps, which at this time were hardly so big as a full-grown rat, were so active, restless, and even vicious, that the woman, while feeding them, was frequently bitten; still she persevered, maugre her chopped and bloody fingers, and was allowed by all to have great credit in her strange nurselings. One of the three was gifted by Mr. Stewart to an English nobleman, and the others, though always firm and united in repelling the attacks of dogs and cats, had so

many separate causes of jealousy, and fought so fiercely when left by themselves—perhaps from being of the same sex—that the one at last killed the other. The survivor received the name of Tibby, and was permitted for months to traverse the *but* and *ben* of her nurse's cottage, and follow her like a dog wherever she went. In this state of comparative freedom, the animal became exceedingly knowing and sly, and not only made free with ducklings, chickens, and hen eggs, but on one occasion furtively stole and carried off a piece of meat from a tureen or pot, long before the broth had become quite cool. At other times she mounted the kitchen dresser, and frisked about with her long tail to the great detriment of the plates and dishes; and for these and similar peccadilloes she was banished forthwith from human society, and confined within four stone walls. A house, in fact, was built for her in the corner of a very beautiful garden; and in this snug retreat she enjoys every comfort, is accommodated with a court for air and exercise, a bed-chamber in the corner, sheltered from the rain, and, what seems most essential to an otter's comfort, a large stone trough, filled with an inexhaustible supply of water. A spring brought from some of the neighbouring heights enters, and then escapes from the garden: one pellucid pipe feeds the trough, and a second prevents it from running over; and here, in winter as well as summer, the animal may be seen swimming and diving, and assuming the most beautiful attitudes imaginable. For ease, elegance, precision, agility, her performance rivals, or rather outstrips, that of a professor of the tight rope; and like him, too, she pauses at the end of every act—leaning as lightly on the surface of the water as the falcon does on the breast of the sky—to enjoy the plaudits that are ready to be showered on her, or modestly solicit a mouthful of food as the well-earned reward of her innocent exertions. Last year, however,



Wellington

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Persons of a full habit, who are subject to head-ache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears, arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their immediate use.

For Females these pills are most truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing head-ache so very prevalent with the sex, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of the skin, and give a healthy and juvenile bloom to the complexion.

As a pleasant, safe, easy aperient, they unite the recommendation of a mild operation with the most successful effect, and require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use. And for Elderly People they will be found to be the most comfortable medicine hitherto prepared.

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Ask for "Frampton's Pill of Health," and observe the name and address of "Thomas Prout, 229, Strand, London," on the Government Stamp.

CARLILE'S NEW PERIODICAL.

In a few days will be published, No. 1, to be continued weekly, of

CARLILE'S POLITICAL REGISTER.

Offices, Water-lane, Fleet-street, London; and 220, Deansgate, Manchester. Orders received by all booksellers.

TO BOOKSELLERS in MANCHESTER and its VICINITY. The Trade are informed that T. P. Carlile, General Periodical and Newspaper Publisher, 220, Deansgate, Manchester, has effected arrangements with the principal publishers in London, which enables him to supply all the periodicals, &c., &c., on the most moderate terms.

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THE NOVEL NEWSPAPER, Published Weekly, price Twopence, consisting of Thirty-two Pages, royal 8vo. The principal Three Volume Novels of the best Authors complete for Sixpence.

Published for JAMES GLOVER, at Water-lane, Fleet-street.

John Cunningham, Printer, Crown-court, 72, Fleet-street.



THE CORSAIR.

there were combined so many glories of the Emperor. Noble trophies of arms decorated the walls. There every relic bore a stamp of victory, and called to mind some imperishable *souvenir*. The Prince took me graciously by the hand—I, an obscure pilgrim of France,—and said to me with an accent truly affectionate, which made my heart bound within me, “You travel *en artiste*—you are far from your native land—speak frankly, you now converse with an old soldier; are you desirous of any employment? I am ready to confer it, be it of whatsoever nature it may.”

I was so struck with the Prince's kindness as to be unable to answer him. He repeated his offer; and I replied, that I had found the only recompense of my attachment to the Emperor in the flattering reception with which his family had honoured me.

The Prince then opened the imperial *sacrum*, and took down from among the many trophies ranged about us a magnificent sword of considerable curvature. “There,” said he, “is the sabre that the Emperor wore at Marengo. After the battle was won, my brother made me a present of it. From that time this sabre has never left the scabbard. I desire that it may be drawn to-day by your hand.”

I took the relic respectfully, and kissed it; then I drew forth in the face of day this glorious blade, which had reflected the sun on the 14th of June, 1800, from which time it had been consigned sacredly to repose. I brought it close to the window, all irradiated with Italian sunshine. The steel was bright and polished; not a particle of rust had dared to spot the sword which had saved our France at Marengo. I found it too heavy for my unworthy hand, and hastened to replace it beside the fraternal sabre which had forced the enemy's line fifteen years afterwards at Mount Saint Jean. The venerable mother, who appeared to take a mournful pleasure in listening to me, interrupted my narrative, from time to time, in order to recollect herself. I no longer saw her face; it was covered by her thin and emaciated hands, through which the maternal tears fell apace. Upon the walls of the saloon hung the portraits, *chefs d'œuvre* of our best masters. First, the Emperor Jerome, Louis, Joseph, Lucien, Hortense, Caroline: this last, it may not be amiss to state, was the heroic widow of the great Murat. These statues, these busts, these pictures, all the family in short either sculptured or painted, and forced into being, as it were, by the breath of art, seemed to contemplate the agonised mother who could no longer rejoice in her children, “because they are not.”

At this moment M. Robaglia entered the apartment. He is an officer of the old army, a man of good feeling, sense, and attachment; he held in his hand a number of French journals, and had come to communicate to Madame Lætitia the news.

“I have just read,” said he, “in the public prints, a motion, singular enough in its kind, which has been submitted to the Chamber of Deputies. The object is, to invest the King of the French with the right of granting leave

to such or such individual of the Imperial family, to re-enter France, as he may think fit to designate.”

Madame Lætitia made him repeat the news. Oh! now I thought that her agitation would indeed have killed her. One violent commotion seized her cheeks, her hands, her whole frame, in short, appeared to suffer under this mental disturbance, extended as she lay upon her bed of sorrows. After a few moments, she thus expressed herself with an energy that no one could doubt came direct from the heart—“My children, have no favour to receive from any one; should they re-enter France as simple citizens, and live there mixed with the people, it would be only in the case of the national wish recalling them from exile. If one of them, under any other pretext, should accept a like favour, I could desire force sufficient to stifle him with my own hands.”

Up to this moment I had only seen the infirm woman, the mother of a family who wept for the loss of her children; but in this reply, this galvanic movement of the skeleton, I recognised the imperial blood; and descending from this Calvary I repeated inwardly, applying to the case the emphatic remark of the Roman centurion, (in other words it is true, but “*mutatis mutandis*” essentially the same,) “Truly, this was the mother of Napoleon!”

She ceased to live on the night of the first to the second of February, at two o'clock in the morning, aged ninety-one years. Her fortune is left in equal proportions to her four sons, Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome. The property is valued at 16,000,000 francs.

F. E.

THE FLY'S LETTER BOX.

The offer of “Mr. T. Turner, Pentrich-lane End, Derbyshire,” is respectfully declined. “A Friend” is assured that the opportunity will not be allowed to pass without enriching the “Fly's Picture Gallery” with subjects worthy its fame.

THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT!

With No. 34 of the new series of the “Fly” was presented the most accurate representation of this splendid affair that has been produced. The proprietor of the “Fly” has attentively watched the productions of his many contemporaries, and with pride challenges comparison with any of the more expensive prints that have appeared.

WELLINGTON AND NELSON.

The sale of this number of the Fly exceeded our most sanguine expectations; but as we have reason to know that many of the trade in the provinces failed in procuring an extra supply on the day of publication; we beg to inform them that arrangements have been effected to meet any further demand that may be made this week. No inferior impressions will be allowed to appear, as the proprietors are regardless of expense in producing prints that must maintain “the Fly” in its position as the most popular periodical of the day.

THE LATE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

The fresh excitement created by the republication of the “Hasting's correspondence” induces the proprietor of the “Fly” to direct attention to the 30th number of his work, in which will be found all the facts connected with this distressing affair, together with a copious memoir of the deceased, and an original elegy to her memory. Every purchaser of that number is presented with a beautifully executed and faithful likeness of the late Lady Flora.

* * * The eleventh edition is now in course of publication—Price 2d. The portrait gratis.

THE FLY'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

(New Series.)

The following are the titles of the plates that have been *gratuitously* presented with the New Series:—

With No. 1.* Her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

2.—1, 2, 3! Kiss the dealer } a pair.

3.—The *beau* Window

4.—Getting a Rope's-end } a pair.

7.—A sudden Squall

5.* Where have you been all the day?—Highland laddie, soldier laddie.

6.* Old England's Queen, surrounded by Britannia, Hope, Peace, and Plenty.

8.* Robert Burns and his Highland Mary.

9.—A Special Pleader suing for *Half a Crown*.

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11.* The Widow.

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14.* The Appointed Hour.

16.* A splendid Portrait of Lord Byron.

17.—Love and Jealousy } a pair.

21.—Revenge

18.* Prayer } a pair.

20.* Meditation

19.* I wish he would Propose.

22.—So, I've found you out!

23.* The Rival Pets.

24.—A Portrait of the Duke of Wellington

25.—Oh! say you'll be my Bride.

26.—Pray answer this quickly.

27.—Going to Service.

28.—The Village Toilet.

29.* Fine portrait of Macready.

30.* Beautiful portrait of Lady Flora Hastings.

31.—The Dying Babe.

32.* The Queen going to a Review.

33.—My Favorite.

34.* The Eglington Tournament.

35.—The Pride of the Village.

36.—The Fisherman's Children.

37.—The Gipsy Mother.

38.* Interview between Wellington and Nelson.

39.—The Corsair.

* * * Every purchaser of a number of the “Fly” is entitled to a print *gratuitously*.

Those marked * have been re-executed, and fine impressions are warranted.

MADAME VESTRIS,

THE FUTURE LESSEN OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Mr. Glover, print-publisher, "Fly" office, Water-lane, London, begs to re-announce his accurate portrait of this beautiful and talented actress. It is a full-length drawing, by the first artist in lithography, and is printed on India paper, imperial size, for framing.

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CHANGE OF MINISTRY!

Now publishing, neatly bound and gilt lettered, price 1s. 6d.,

LEGACY TO PEEL; foretelling the present crisis, and showing the difficulties that the Right Hon. Bart. would have to contend with on again taking office. By WILLIAM COBBETT, the late M.P. for Oldham.

CONTENTS.

- Letter 1. What will you now do with the House of Commons?
2. What will you do with Ireland, and particularly with the Church of Ireland?
3. What will you do with the Church and the Dissenters in England?
4. On the Destructive Effects of Funds, and of Paper Money in England, France, and America.
5. What will you do with the Tax-eaters, called Pensioners, Sinecurists, Grantees, Retired-allowance People, Half-pay People, Secret-service People, and the like?
6. What will you do with the Crown Lands, and with the Army, and especially with regard to the Punishments in the Army?

Farewell Letter.

Legacy to Parsons 1s. 6d.
Legacy to Labourers 1s. 4d.

The "dirty-souled" (vol. 82, p. 772,) enemies of Mr. Cobbett represent these works "out of print;" they are not, but are selling by hundreds.

Published by J. Oldfield, 11, Bolt-court, Fleet-street, London; sold at the office of this paper; by Heywood, Manchester, and all booksellers.

DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK, representing the most interesting periods of the celebrated flight of Turpin (the notorious highwayman), from the death of his associate, Tom King, at Kilburn Wells, to the death of his matchless mare, Black Bess, at York. It is hardly necessary

to state, that [these sketches are taken from the popular romance of "Rookwood;" the author as well as the readers of which must be highly delighted by the vivid and characteristic manner in which the extraordinary incidents of this matchless feat, whether as regards the daring intrepidity of the rider, or the remarkable symmetry and lasting qualities of the mare, are portrayed. Each successive scene in which Turpin and his Mare are exhibited treated by the artist with a happy knowledge of pictorial effect, and tells the story with an accuracy, which all who have read the romance will readily appreciate. The series commence with the start from Kilburn Wells, where Turpin had been carousing with some of his brother blades, and was suddenly alarmed by the arrival of the traps. The second plate shows his progress through Edmonton, and flying-leap over a donkey-cart and driver, which had crossed the road directly in his path. The third, his leap over the tell-bar. The fourth, represents his stoppage of the York Mail. The fifth, his interview with the queen Gipsy, at the foot of the gibbet. The sixth, his race with Sir Luke Rookwood, whom he mistakes in the mist for the shade of his companion, Tom King; and the seventh and last, the death of the faithful Bess, close to the gates of York, and the escape of our hero. The costume of the period is throughout accurately preserved; and the grouping and action of the horses are not excelled by any of our modern animal painters. The last scene, in which poor Bess drops broken-hearted amidst the turmoil of pursuits, is beautifully conceived, and shows the final agonies of death in this noble animal, in a manner which, when her attachment to her master and her unflinching courage are considered, must excite the warmest sympathy, and incline the spectator to echo the words of Turpin's affectionate address to his ill-fated steed:—

"Then one halloo, boys! one loud cheering halloo! To the swiftest of coursers—the gallant, the true; For the sportsman unborn shall the memory bless Of the horse of the highwayman—bonny BLACK Bess."

Numbers price Twopence each (complete in eight).

Glover, publisher, Fly-office. London.

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS.—The decided superiority of this medicine over every other hitherto offered to public notice for the cure of those dreadful painful diseases, Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, &c., is so fully manifested by a rapidly-increasing sale, and the testimony of thousands in every rank of life, that those who are aware of the existence of such a remedy, and have not availed themselves of trying its efficacy, cannot truly be objects of sympathy. The testimonials of the astonishing effects of this medicine are universally accompanied by the fact, that no inconvenience of any sort attends its administration, but that the patient, without feeling the operation of the medicine, is universally left in a stronger and a better state of health than experienced previous to being afflicted with this disease; and in all cases of acute suffering, great relief is experienced in a few hours, and a cure is generally effected in two or three days.

This valuable discovery is sold by Thomas Prout, 229, Strand, London; and all respectable Medicine Vendors throughout the Kingdom, price 2s. 9d. per box.

Ask for Blair's Gout and Rheumatic Pills, and observe the name and address, of "Thomas Prout, 229, Strand, London," impressed upon the Government Stamp affixed to each box of the Genuine Medicine.

WHY DON'T YOU BUY THE "ODD FELLOW?"

Confessedly the best of all the cheap publications. Publishing weekly, twenty columns of closely-printed matter, price One Penny, with a comic caricature by an Eminent Artist,

THE ODD FELLOW; a collection of every thing instructive, interesting, and humorous. Short, pithy, well-told tales; entertaining narratives; extraordinary and curious facts in science and literature; witty sayings; sparkling poetic gems; lively accounts of all sorts of odd fellows, and funny things of every description. Also, original notices of the London Theatres, and of popular living actors; interesting dramatic intelligence from the best sources, &c. &c.

H. Hetherington, 126, Strand; and all book-sellers and newsmen in town and country.

HOLLOWAY'S
UNIVERSAL



COPY of a Letter from Herbert Mayo, Esq., F.R.S., Senior Surgeon to Middlesex Hospital, and Professor of Anatomy and Pathology, King's College, London, &c. &c.

To Thomas Holloway.

SIR,—Will you excuse this informal answer? The ointment which you sent me has been of use in ALL the cases in which I have tried it; send me, if you please, some more in a few days time; I have enough for the present.

Your's truly, H. MAYO.

19, George-street, Hanover-square, April 19, 1857.

Holloway's Universal Family Ointment will be found far more efficacious in the following diseases, than any other remedy extant—viz., Ulcers, Venereal Ulcers, Wounds, Bad Legs, Nervous Pains, Gout, Rheumatism, contracted and stiff Joints, Pains in the Chest and Bones, Difficult Respiration, Swellings and Tumours, &c. Its effects have been astonishing in the most severe cases of Stomach and Ulcerated Cancers, Scrofula or King's Evil, in all Skin Diseases, as Ringworm, Scald Heads, &c., and in Burns, Soft Corns, Bunions, &c. Five hundred and forty Medical Certificates, most of which are from the first medical authorities—such as her Majesty's Serjeant Surgeon; Sir B. C. Brodie, Bart.; and such like eminent names—must for ever set at rest all doubt as to the superior efficacy of this remedy.

HOLLOWAY'S EXTERNAL DISEASE PILL,

combines all those sanative properties which render it a very powerful auxiliary to the Ointment; and it is strongly recommended to be used in every case in conjunction with the Ointment. A small explanatory Treatise is affixed to every box of pills.

Sold by the proprietor, 15, Broad-street Buildings, City, London, and by all respectable wholesale and retail medicine-vendors throughout the kingdom, in pots and boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each. The largest size contains six of the smallest, and the second size half the quantity of the largest.

Published for JAMES GLOVER, at Water-lane, Fleet-street.

John Cunningham, Printer, Crown-court, 72, Fleet-street.



MY DARLING.

Designed by and published GRATIS with A D. of the FLY



THE FLY.



"UBI MEL,



IBI MUSCA."

No. 40—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT, "My Darling," which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

THE FLY'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

THE CORSAIR.

(Vide Fly's Picture-Gallery, No. 39.)

We have to regret that our last number went to press without an article, in prose or poetry, explanatory of the print of "The Corsair," accompanying it, as was our intention: we have therefore made an extract this week from Lord Byron's poem under the same head, applicable to the scene represented in the print, with which we trust the readers of the "Fly" will feel satisfied, as the lines quoted are among the most happy and vigorous efforts of the noble poet:—

"One hour beheld him since the tide he stemm'd,
Disguis'd, discover'd, conquering, ta'en, condemn'd;
A chief on land—an outlaw on the deep—
Destroying—saving—prison'd—and asleep!

He slept in calmest seeming, for his breath
Was hush'd so deep—Ah! happy if in death!
He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber bends?
His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends;

Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?
No! 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!
Its white arm raised a lamp, yet gently hid,
Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid
Of that clos'd eye, which opens but to pain,
And once unclosed, but once may close again.
That form with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And auburn waves of gemm'd and braided hair,

With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot,
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute,

Through guards and dunnest night how came it there?

Ah! rather ask what will not woman dare?
Whom youth and pity lead like thee, Gulnare!
She could not sleep, and while the Pacha's rest,

In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate guest,
She left his side, his signet-ring she bore,
Which oft in sport adorn'd her hand before,
And with it, scarcely questioned, won her way,

Through drowsy guards that must that sign obey.

Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows,

Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose,
And chill and nodding at the turret door,
They stretch'd their listless limbs, and watch no more;

Just raise their heads to hail the signet ring,
Nor ask or what, or who the sign may bring.

She gazed in wonder, 'Can he calmly sleep'
'While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?

'And mine in restlessness are wandering here.
'What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?

'True—'tis to him my life and more I owe,
'And me and mine he spared from worse than woe.

'Tis late to think—but soft—his slumber breaks,

'How heavily he sighs—he starts—awakes!

He raised his head, and dazzled with the light,
His eye seemed dubious if it saw aright;
He moved his hand, the grating of his chain
Too harshly told him that he lived again.

'What is that form? if not a shape of air,
'Methinks my jailer's face shows wondrous fair!'

Poverty, labour, and calamity, are not, without their luxuries; which the rich, the indolent, and the fortunate, in vain seek for.

HOW SWEET 'TIS TO RETURN.

How sweet 'tis to return

Where once we've happy been,
Tho' paler now life's lamp may burn,
And years have rolled between—

And if those eyes beam welcome yet,
'That wept our parting then,
Oh, in the smiles of friends thus met
We live whole years again!

They tell us of a fount that flow's
In happier days of yore,
Whose waters bright fresh youth bestow'd:
Alas, the fount's no more!

But smiling Mem'ry still appears,
Presents her cup, and when
We sip the sweets of vanish'd years,
We live those years again.

SECTS AND SECTARIANS IN ENGLAND.—
Church of England, 11,825 congregations;
Dissenters, 8440, of which 2818 are Wesleyans, 416 Catholics; total Dissenters, about three and a half millions, besides infidels and nondescripts.

London consumes annually 110,000 bullocks, 776,000 sheep, 250,000 lambs, 250,000 calves, and 270,000 pigs. 11,000 tons of butter, 13,000 tons of cheese, 10 million gallons of milk, a million quarters of wheat for 64 million of quartern loaves, 65,000 pipes of wine, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 2,000,000 barrels of porter and ale. London Docks cover twenty-acres. The two West India Docks, fifty-one acres; St. Katharine's Dock, twenty-four acres. The Surry Docks, on the opposite side, are also very large.

Truth is not one, but many; and an observation may be true in itself, that contradicts another equally true, according to the point of view from which we contemplate the subject.

WHERE ART THOU ROVING?

Where art thou roving

Now, love, from me?

Deeply between us

Bells the dark sea.

Over the mountain,

Over the plain,

Wandering far

Ere I see thee again.

But perill'd and dark

Though thy wandering be,

Dearest, thou never

Wilt wander from me?

Where, love, thy dwelling

Now dost thou keep?

Let on the mountain,

Or on the deep?

Or does the wild wind

Rave o'er thy head—

The forest thy dwelling—

Its leaves for thy bed?

Yet one sweet resting-place

True love can tell:

Deep in this heart, love,

There shalt thou dwell!

RURAL LIFE.

AUTUMN—WINTER.

In spite of the symptoms of coming desolation, there are few recreations more delightful than a walk into the country at the close of autumn. Then, indeed, the physical world presents scarcely a tithe of its wonted beauty; the gardens have lost their flowers, and the fields their fruits; the woods are leafless, and the hedge-rows naked; the streams are no longer limpid, nor the pastures green; the birds, like Hamlet, have lost all their mirth, and are so seldom seen, that, but for the subdued trill of the redbreast, or the evening chirp of the partridge, we could almost fancy they had ceased to exist; and yet with all these, and other abatements, there is a moral beauty in the scene that more than atones for its external dreariness. To some minds, indeed, the contrast betwixt the virgin freshness of spring, and the matron graces of autumn, may be of too sombre and gloomy a character, but to others the *waning year* is rich in associations that are not the less agreeable for the slight tinge of melancholy that surrounds them. We think of the long period that must intervene betwixt the suspension and renovation of the great principle of vegetable life; we think of winter imprisoning lakes, streams, and rivers, and discharging from his arsenal in the clouds those angry elements which decided the fate of the Russian campaign, and mocked the pigmy thunders of a hundred parks of artillery. Every where the peaks and clefts of the higher hills bear witness to the powers of the frozen north, and it requires but a slight effort of fancy to see winter stretching his polar mantle over hill and dale, wood and wold, till the landscape, stripped of all its charming variety, seems as dreary and monotonous as the great desert of Zara—till

hamlet, cottage, and farm (each a little republic within itself), are fairly thrown upon their own resources by the increasing rigours of the snowy blockade, and the suspension of that pleasing intercourse and easy communication which form the great boast of civilised life. In cities swarming with population, pathways may easily be cleared amidst the most accumulated snows; but it is otherwise in the country, where, contrary to every known rule in tactics, the more extended the lines, the more rigorous the blockade; and it is chiefly the consideration that the besieged have provisions in abundance, and run no risk of being overpowered till the appointed coming of their great auxiliary, *Spring*—it is chiefly, I say, this circumstance that reconciles our minds to the desolation of nature, relieved and compensated as it is by numerous traits of the beautiful and sublime. It is at all times a blessed thing to be independent of the elements; and, looking to the past toils and anxieties of the former, we almost envy him his present feelings as he stirs in peace the evening fire, and hears the rain patter, and the wind rave, without one anxious thought, save, perhaps, for those who are "far, far at sea." In most other pursuits there is no necessary pause in the ceaseless round of human industry; but here Nature herself winds up, as it were, the business of the year, and proclaims in a voice that cannot be mistaken, "Rest, weary labourer! rest, and enjoy with gratitude the fruits of your toil!"

Professor Dugald Stewart tells us, that, having invited Robert Burns to accompany him in a walk to the Braid-hills, where they were of course struck with the beauty of the distant prospect, including both shores of the Frith of Forth, the poet ingenuously remarked "that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind, which none could understand, who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and the worth which they contained." And it is even so; for, in looking forward to the period when these cottages may be exposed to all the rigours of a *feeding storm*, what is it but the conviction that the occupants are comfortable, if not affluent in their circumstances; that they have food, raiment, and fuel in sufficiency to carry them through the "dead of the year," that makes us dwell so complacently on a state of things that might appear quite appalling to a native of the torrid zone? If even the Greenlander, in his lamp-illuminated cave,

"Boasts of the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease,"

how much more reason have our peasantry to be contented, advanced as they are in the scale of moral being! In some countries, and in Spain among others, agriculture was at one time regarded with contempt—a prejudice that only bespoke the ignorance and debasement of the minds that cherished it. In settling this question, the Spaniard had only to recur to the time "when Adam delved and Eve span," and when the sons of kings were hewers of wood, and their daughters drawers of water. To a mind, in fact, free from ambition, and in times moderately favourable, there can be few

occupations more delightful than that of a farmer. He does not constantly operate upon stocks and stones; he does not pander to a vitiated taste, and deal in commodities that are positively baneful. No; he addresses himself directly to the great source of all our enjoyments; he presses art into the service of nature, and has to do with the weighty concerns of soil, season, and climate—his workshop is the fruitful earth—his machinery the sun, moon, and clouds; and, aided by these, he produces the elements of every comfort, irrigating the parched plain, draining the morass, enclosing the common, and reclaiming the barren waste. In a word, it is his fortune to exemplify, in some degree, the truth of Swift's position—"that he who raises two ears of corn where only one grew before," is more useful in his day and generation than hundreds on hundreds of names which history, in her great charity, seems never tired of eulogising, but who, where the truth dare be told, were only remarkable for the miseries they entailed on the human race.

On observing the pale-faced mechanic hurrying away to his morning labours, we almost regret, with Rousseau, that great cities should have become so numerous—that mankind should be congregated in such mighty masses; and think, not without pain, of the many long hours the artisan must pass in the tainted atmosphere of a crowded manufactory. But how different are our feelings on seeing the gardener resuming the badge of his trade, or the plough-boy harnessing his well-trained team! Though the toils of both may be hard, they are surrounded with every object that is rural and inviting; the grass springs and the daisy blossoms under their feet; the sun tells them by his shadows how the day waxes or wanes; the blackbird serenades them from every hedge or tree; and they enjoy, moreover, the inexpressible pleasure of beholding Nature, in her fairest forms, rewarding most munificently their skill and industry. How does the citizen sigh for such scenes! and how soon, when his fortune is made, does he hurry away from the confines of a second Babel to sink the merchant in the gentleman farmer! Few who are so fortunate strive to rival the handicraftsman, by making their own shoes, or any other needful article of dress; but all—yes, all who are able—strive to trim their own gardens, and superintend the cultivation of their own property. Well, therefore, might Thomson exclaim,

"Ye generous Britons venerate the plough;"
and well too might Pope, when a mere boy, say,

"Happy the man, whose highest care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

"Whose flocks with milk, whose fields
with bread,
Whose herds supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

"Thus let me live unseen, unknown;
Thus, unlamented, let me die;
Steal from the world, and not awake
Tell where I lie."

LAST DAYS OF MADAME ELIZABETH, SISTER OF LOUIS XVI.

[This notice is from the pen of M. Frederick Fayot, and contains many memorable particulars, relating to the death of this illustrious princess. Never did a more glorious mortality succeed to a more exemplary life. The details which we are about to offer, prove what force of mind under the severest trials, even in the presence of death in its most frightful form, may not be extracted from a religious feeling, at once sincere and profound. A lecture of this sort is one of the best remedies we know of against all temptations to suicide.]

Left alone with her young niece, Madame Elizabeth undertook with greater zeal than ever the task of mother.—What a time was this! Hebert who led the commune caused the dwelling of Madame Elizabeth and her niece to be changed; they were removed to the grand tower.

Madame had for her bedchamber nothing better than an ill-conditioned kitchen on the third floor; the filthy remains of a sink formed her toilette and dressing table; a rickety bedstead with a broken sacking received the body, full of anxiety and wanting rest, of the angelic grand-daughter of Louis XIV. a few rude, dilapidated chairs completed the furniture of this apartment; and amid all these privations and sufferings, it was that Madame Elizabeth became for her niece the tenderest of guardians, the most vigilant of instructresses! Only five months afterwards she was snatched away from the arms of her child by an order, bidding her to prepare for death! In fact, a written *précis-verbal* from the commune where Hebert was dictator (thanks to his furious zeal), accused the sister of Louis XIV. of having indirectly aided and assisted in a robbery on the crown of certain diamonds, taken from the *garde-meuble*; and this by means of a correspondence carried on with the perpetrators; or that she had undoubted information of the robbery having been committed; and moreover, that she had transferred these diamonds to her brothers. Thus revising a stupid accusation bearing date October 1792—which accusation was now referred to, and the case made clear, upon which the baseness was inferred. Altogether absurd as the story appears, it was made the subject of the present allegation, and communicated to her on the 9th of May, 1794, through the medium of the *huissier* Monet. This man repaired to the temple towards half-past six in the evening, accompanied by the Adjutant-General of Artillery of the Parisian army, Fontaine, aide-de-camp of General Henriot Suraille, and presented to the members of the Council Eudes (Magendie and Godefroy) a letter from the public accuser Fouquet-Thinville, bearing an injunction to deliver to them the sister of Capet. Having arrived at the chamber *des détenus* (of the prisoners), one of them in a loud voice called out "Elizabeth Capet."

"What would you of me," replied the princess?

"Follow us." She followed them, and a *fiacre* conveyed her to the Conciergerie. Two hours after, she was brought before Fouquet-Thinville, who interrogated her in his harsh repulsive language, and with that scornful hatred of power brought low, which characterised him. Madame Elizabeth either answered with composure or was silent; throughout she was worthy of herself.

The next day Fouquet delivered her over to the *Tribunal Revolutionnaire*, with twenty-four other persons accused of counter-revolution. Dumas presided, and Madame Elizabeth in the end was condemned to death, as well as the twenty-four other victims associated with her!!

Among these were included many of our historical names: Lomenie of Brienne, ex-minister of war; Megret de Serilly, ex-treasurer of war, and his wife, as well as the wife of the ex-minister Montmorin. Madame Elizabeth listened without emotion to the reading of her sentence. The desire of life with her had long since passed away.

When she was brought to execution—at this point of the narrative the pen almost falls from our hand—the most abject and depraved of females pressed round the cars, and in loud bantering language mocked at her noble serenity.

She spoke frequently to a lady advanced in years seated beside her, who listened to her with the greatest attention, and replied to her remarks by respectful inclinations of the head. The countenance of this person showed how much she was flattered by the honour of a conversation, though indulged but for a few minutes, with so high a personage. The figure of Madame had never, perhaps, appeared to greater advantage, as I was informed by the famous savant (M. Jomard, of the ancient expedition to Egypt), who saw her conducted to the scaffold. Without being wondrous pale, she was paler than ordinary; her looks were calm, and from time to time her long, dark eyelashes veiled all earthly objects from her sight. She was easily singled out from among others by an air of inexpressible dignity. Madame conversed during almost the whole of the route, and without secluding herself from public view, with a slight action, which was indicated by the movement of her hand. A few locks of her hair of a dazzling blackness had escaped from below her cap, and fell over her forehead. Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, the friends in her cause about to die with her, gathered about her and made obeisance. Merciful Heaven, what a scene! These victims, in number 24, passing before her—reserved for the end of the execution, and destined probably to see herself covered with their blood—looked on her with complacency and pity, and again bowed themselves as they passed by. The expression of her countenance responded to them with an affection truly heroic and sublime. Never was martyr more handsome. "It appeared," said a revolutionary witness, from whose statement I have preserved some notes, "that she was about to conduct this cohort to Heaven!"

When the blood of the sacrifice was exhausted, the executioner rudely took possession of the saint, and the silk scarf which covered her neck fell.

"In the name of your mother, *Monsieur, couvrez moi*," said she, in a voice of outraged feeling, painfully felt and expressed. The man obeyed the call; she submitted herself to the executioner, faintly smiled, and died. Madame Elizabeth was thirty years of age at the time of her death. She was handsome, and of a noble and gracious presence. Her remains were immediately thrown into a common cemetery near to Monceaux. I heard it said by a celebrated man of the revolution, who had accidentally witnessed the tragedy, and saw the young princess conducting to the scaffold, that you might remark among the crowd at the moment of passing the *Place de la Revolution*, vast quantities of flowers and bouquets, scattered about in such numbers indeed, that the air was impregnated with their perfume. Some persons were greatly affected by this apparent accidental contrast of the place and flowers.

"Nothing can paint it to you as I saw it," said he; "the same emotion was prevalent, and sensibly felt by all around me."

What a contrast in this scene throughout!

F. E.

EPIGRAM.

Poet's rewards—ah! now-a-days
Are nought but night and day griefs;
Of old they had whole wreaths of bays,
And now they've but a bay-leaf.

ANON.

EVILS OF RICH AND POOR.—The curse of the rich is too often riches misused; and the destruction of the poor man is too frequently drink. Twin evils, begotten on sloth and forwardness.

Mankind are so ready to bestow their admiration on the dead, because the latter do not hear it, or because it gives no pleasure to the objects of it. Even fame is the offspring of envy.

Much intellect is not an advantage in courtship. General topics interfere with particular attentions. A man to be successful in love should think only of himself and his mistress. Rochefoucault observes, that lovers are never tired of each other's company, because they are always talking of themselves.

The best kind of oratory or argument is not that which is most likely to succeed with any particular person. In the latter case, we must avail ourselves of our knowledge of individual circumstances and character: in the former, we must be guided by general rules and calculations.

THE FLY'S LETTER BOX.

We have to apologise to our correspondent "L. E. T." for the mistake which occurred last week in inserting at the end of her "Stanzas" an epigram not connected with it: it has this week been rectified.

LINES
ON THE DEATH OF L. E. L.

"A star hath left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light:
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night!"—L. E. L.

A gentle lady, newly wed,
Far from her native shore,
Went with the partner of her bed,
Like her who loved the Moor.

With heartfelt blessings from old friends,
The friends of earlier times,
She climbs the ship, and pensive wends
Her way to torrid climes.

Fixed on the cliffs of England's shore,
That loved one's eyes were kept;
And when they could be seen no more,
She droop'd her head and wept.

And fondly turn'd and gaz'd upon
"The lovely northern light,"
And wondered if its rays fell lone
On friends at home that night.

Yet full of hope, and joy, and life,
The future dream'd and plann'd,
She went, a lov'd and loving wife,
To her adopted land.

And safely o'er a thousand waves,
That noble ship hath gone,
Unto the land of sable slaves,
Within the torrid zone.

Sickness, and deeper mental pain,
That "Lost One" suffer'd long;
Nor hope, nor health, return'd again,
To bless the Child of song.

O life thou'rt but a dream of dreams!—
A basilisk disguis'd—
A catalogue of blighted schemes,
And hopes ne'er realised.

To marry an actress for the admiration she
excites on the stage is to imitate the man
who bought Punch.

The pleasure derived from tragedy is to be
accounted for in this way, that by painting the
extremes of human calamity, it by contrast
kindles the affections, and raises the most in-
tense imagination and desire of the contrary
good.

We have more faith in a well-written ro-
mance, while we are reading it, than in common
history. The vividness of the representations
in the one case, more than counterbalances
the mere knowledge of the truth of the facts
in the other.

There are few things more contemptible
than the conversation of men of the town. It
is made up of the technicalities and cant of all
professions, without the spirit or knowledge of
any. It is flashy and vapid, and is like the
rinsings of different liquors at a night-cellar
instead of a bottle of fine old port. It is
without clearness or body, and a heap of
affectation.

ODE TO A BROOK.

How pleasantly doth roll along
The curling eddies on thy breast,
How pleasant 'tis to hear thy song
When pebbles fret thee from thy rest.
They say you are a murmurer, and tell
Your trouble to the listening weeds,
And whisper to the blue harebell,
And preach it to the level meads.
But care not what they say of you—
Whirl on, and tell thy summer tale
To those who love thy gush of dew,
Thy bubbling sound, and musing wail:
Whirl on, for those who see thee run,
And glance and glitter in the sun,
Know well the hide-and-seek you play
With dark green shade and sunny day:
Whirl on full soft, for as you flow
I see the blue-eyed heaven below,
I hear sweet Nature breathe her prayer,
And worship at her altar there.

The picture of the Misers, by Quintin
Matsys, seems to proceed upon a wrong idea.
It represents two persons of this description
engaged and delighted with the mutual con-
templation of their wealth. But avarice is not
a social passion; and the true miser should re-
tire into his cell to gloat over his treasures
alone, without sympathy or observation.

Those who are fond of setting things to
rights, have no great objection to seeing them
wrong. There is often a good deal of spleen
at the bottom of benevolence.

TO THE RADICAL REFORMERS OF SOUTH
LANCASHIRE.

On Saturday, October 12, will be published, No. 1,
(price Three Halfpence), to be continued, of a
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DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK, re-
presenting the most interesting periods of
the celebrated flight of Turpin (the notorious high-
wayman), from the death of his associate, Tom
King, at Kilburn Wells, to the death of his match-
less mare, Black Bess, at York. It is hardly necessary
to state, that these sketches are taken from the po-
pular romance of "Rookwood;" the author as well as
the readers of which must be highly delighted by
the vivid and characteristic manner in which the
extraordinary incidents of this matchless feat,
whether as regards the daring intrepidity of the
rider, or the remarkable symmetry and lasting
qualities of the mare, are portrayed. Each suc-
cessive scene in which Turpin and his Mare are re-
presented treated by the artist with a happy know-
ledge of pictorial effect, and tells the story with an
accuracy, which all who have read the romance
will readily appreciate. The series commence with the
start from Kilburn Wells, where Turpin had been
carousing with some of his brother blades, and was
suddenly alarmed by the arrival of the traps. The
second plate shows his progress through Edmonstone,
and flying-leap over a donkey-cart and driver,
which had crossed the road directly in his path.
The third, his leap over the toll-bar. The fourth,
represents his stoppage of the York
Mail. The fifth, his interview with the queen
Gipsy, at the foot of the gibbet. The sixth, his
race with Sir Luke Rookwood, whom he mistakes
in the mist for the shade of his companion, Tom
King; and the seventh and last, the death of the
faithful Bess, close to the gates of York, and the es-
cape of our hero. The costume of the period is through-
out accurately preserved; and the grouping and action
of the horses are not excelled by any of our modern
animal painters. The last scene, in which poor
Bess drops broken-hearted amidst the turmoil of
pursuits, is beautifully conceived, and shows the
final agonies of death in this noble animal, in a
manner which, when her attachment to her master
and her unflinching courage are considered, must
excite the warmest sympathy, and incline the spec-
tator to echo the words of Turpin's affectionate
address to his ill-fated steed:—

"Then one halloo, boys! one loud cheering halloo!
To the swiftest of coursers—the gallant, the true;
For the sportsman unborn shall the memory bless
Of the horse of the highwayman—bonny BLACK
BESS."

Numbers price Twopence each (complete in
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THE FLY.

"THE FLY," "THE MUSCA."

No. 41—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT, "The Sailor Boy," which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

AUTUMN.

Hail ye woods with a vestige of verdure yet crowned !
Ye leaves pale and sear that are strewn on the ground !
Hail ye last sunny days ! nature's sadness and grief
Are allied to my own, and afford me relief.

Through the wood's lonely pathway as musing
I stray,
I love for the last time to look on the ray
Of the fast paling sun, that can scarcely illumine,
Its light is so feeble, the forest's deep gloom.

Yet, in Autumn when nature does sicken and die,
There's a charm on her features that gladdens the eye ;
Tis like friendship's adieu, the last smile that arose
On the lips which we pressed before life's final close.

And here as I stand on the verge of the tomb,
Lamenting o'er hopes long since vanished in gloom,
I retrace the past years of my life, and repine
For the joys and the pleasures that never were mine.

O! earth, sun, and valleys so dear to my heart,
Give you a tear-drop before I depart ;
How fair is that sun to the dying man's eye !
How pure is the light, and how balmy the sky !

O! I wish that this cup to the dregs were
All quaff'd,
Where are wormwood and nectar both mixed
In the draught ;

Yet perhaps at the bottom one drop may remain,
Of sweetness to soothe me, and solace my pain !

Had my days been protracted, perhaps there was left
Some small share of comfort whereof I am left,
Perhaps in the crowd some kind spirit was nigh
To return smile for smile, to give back sigh for sigh !

As the flower when it fadeth exhausts all its store
Of fragrance, and blooms in the sunshine no more,
So I die, and like music streams melting away,
My glad soul escapes from its prison of clay.

SCULPTURE.

Though thousands have been in a painter's gallery, and seen him mix his colours and adjust his easel, few, comparatively, have been privileged with the right of entré to a sculptor's study. We all know that busts, figures, groupes, &c., are formed by the aid of the hammer and the chisel, but of the initiatory process, or series of processes, most persons are as completely ignorant as they are of the shape and temper of the instrument with which the man of the moon pares his corns. In these circumstances, it may be useful to advert to the *modus operandi*—that is, as far as the writer understands it himself, or has been able to profit by the instructions of others.

Modelling is the very soul of sculpture, and after the artist has got his design modelled or drawn in miniature, he proceeds to operate on a mass of clay. Any kind of clay will do, provided it is neither remarkable for shrinkin-

nor brittleness ; but the favourite sort is found in Derby and Stafford shires, and is the more prized that it is of an agreeable colour. With the material at hand, the artist proceeds to build and block out the mass, supporting it with wooden or metallic rods, and having an eye either to a living subject or model bearing less or more resemblance to the general effect he wishes to produce. Nature is the great schoolmistress of art, and though every thing she does is perfect in its way, there is such a sprinkling of mannerism in her works, that even the great Raphael, when painting the figure of a young lady, rather than proceed altogether at random, was in the habit of calling in his porter when the fair sitter happened to be absent. With his mass of clay erect, the artist proceeds to work it gradually into the required shape—an operation which is chiefly performed with the fingers. It is only in very minute figures, or the more delicate parts of large ones, such as the eyes, nostrils, &c., that tools are found to be of use. When the model is touched, retouched, and finished—that is, in what may be called the *fleshy* parts, attention is next directed to the drapery. And here it may be supposed that the drapery of a figure relieves the sculptor from a world of trouble, and hides many imperfections of symmetry—just as a "dread-nought" on the back of an Irishman, conceals a shabby suit of clothes. But no. As the living subject is born, so must the model or copy be finished—as perfect as possible in the minutest parts, before a particle of drapery is appended. The model is then carefully examined with a view to the tailoring part of the process, and a lay figure composed of moveable joints, dressed with real garments—whether composed of silk or satin—a judge's robes or an officer's uniform ; and after the most graceful folds are obtained, a fac-simile of the whole is carefully modelled upon the naked figure. And here, as in the limbs, arms, and features, accu-

racy and nature are indispensable requisites, since any error that may creep into the model is expediently apt to be transferred to and perpetuated in the marble. In large establishments, it rarely happens that the same person both cuts and models, and hence excellent modellers are not unfrequently indifferent carvers, and vice versa. But the artist, even after his task is finished, supervises and guides those who carve, and either gives the finishing touches himself, or communicates such information to others, as enables them to remove blemishes, supply defects, and bring beauties nearer to the standard of perfection.

The model, when finished, is handed to the moulder—a branch of the art distinct from any other, and which I shall endeavour to explain as briefly as possible. If clay could be kept from shrinking and cracking—that is, for any length of time—no other model would be necessary,—but as that unfortunately cannot be done, it is necessary to have recourse to a harder material. While in the hands of the artist, the clay, both from its inherent humidity, and the occasional applications of a brush and water, is kept sufficiently moist and plastic; but from the moment that operation is finished, the atmosphere exercises its natural influence, and would soon, by drying, cracking, and shrinking, denude it of all its fair proportions. To work, therefore, the moulder sets, reducing plaster of Paris to a liquid state, and covering the model as fast as he can, to the thickness, I shall say, of a quarter of an inch. After the lapse of a few minutes, he dips his brush into clay water, and by sprinkling the coating already attached, gives to the plaster a darker tinge, for an important purpose to be afterwards explained. A second coating of plaster follows, three times as thick as the first; the depth is now an inch or more, and the substance, as before, is distributed with the greatest expedition and equability. In two or three hours the stucco becomes sufficiently dry, and at this stage of the business the casing may be compared to the shell of an egg, and the model, to the meat or yolk within. And the great object now is to pick the clay model piece-meal away without injuring the casing or shell—an operation, as may be supposed, of some nicety. But to facilitate the process, certain joints are left in the casing, according to the intricacy of the figure or subject, while to prevent, as already stated, any accident arising from warping, the stucco is supported by iron rods, while the clay is in the act of being removed. When this is done, the inside of the cast is not only carefully picked, but well soaked and washed with soap and water, to obviate the adhesion of the plaster in the important operation about to follow. The soft plaster, when spread over the model, seizes, of course, every lineament and feature; or in other words, what was convex becomes concave, until reversed by the second operation of the moulder. To produce, therefore, a fac-simile of the original model, a mass of liquid stucco is poured into the inside of the casing—just as an iron-founder, by pouring cast metal into a trough or frame, reduces nearly the hardest of all substances,

when rendered plastic by the element of fire, into any form or shape he pleases. While this process is going forward, the mould is shaken gently, that the liquid within may be diffused and equally distributed, till it cover and come in contact with the minutest indentations. Time, as before, is allowed for hardening, and then the moulder proceeds to chip the outer casing away. In doing this, he comes to the seam of a darker hue, produced by the sprinkling of the clay water, and which is meant to warn him that he must proceed with the greatest care and caution. He is then within about a quarter of an inch of the figure, and knows from experience, that any unseemly scratches or scars, unlike those inflicted in battle, in place of being regarded as a badge of honour would be viewed in a very different light. When the whole casing is cleared away, the moulder arrives at the hidden treasure—the statue of a warrior, majestic and bold, of a senator renowned for eloquence and wisdom—or a reigning beauty, that hundreds worship, and can hardly look upon, even in effigy, without exclaiming,

“Oh, that these lips had motion.”

The task is then transferred to the carver, who selects a proper block of marble, places it, according to the rules of his craft, takes certain bearings, as sailors do at sea, and by hewing off the superfluous marble, produces an outline of the human figure. This part of the work may be executed by a common stone-mason. With instruments to aid him, and certain rules to go by, he measures distances, takes proportions, inserts points, gauges and sounds, punctures a great number of small holes; and by numbering and otherwise, makes as many dots and marks as engravers do in etching anatomical figures, or designers in drawing patterns for damask weavers. The instruments alluded to need not to be described since nobody would understand them without diagrams. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that the model is placed near to the block of marble—that the mason's soundings are taken from it, and that when this task is finished, he is succeeded by a person who is familiar with the finer parts of statuary. The model is of course placed before him, and by relying mainly on the accuracy of his eye, as a painter does when sketching from nature, he gradually animates the inert mass, making, if I may slide into the language of metaphor, vitality wait on every trace of his chisel, or any other instrument he may chance to employ. The artist himself comes last of all, and for this, among many other reasons, that he who modelled, if he did not design, is the best judge of the faithfulness of the copy. Like a critic familiar with classic composition, or a great musician whose ear is attuned to absolute harmony, he detects every transgression to the rules of prosody—every bastard bar, and apocryphal note; and warmed alike by genius and his previous conceptions of the strictest proportion and dependence of parts, communicates those masterly touches, which constitute the very essence of the witchery of art.

The modern Italian carvers subdivide their

work more than is done by the English. One man is good at the head, another at the hand, a third at a limb, and so on, till every species of accommodation is secured. In some respects, the principal object of this system in a fine manufacture. The ancient, however, sedulously excluded every thing which tended to render their favourite art mechanical, and is recorded of the great Michael Angelo, that he not only finished but blocked out his statues with his own hand. But here I must be understood as speaking comparatively. The whole of his statues exhibited on the Continent invariably retain the mark of the *Grado*, and, as contrasted with the present style of finishing, can only be said to be in a progressive state. But this defect, which arose from the Herculean labours he undertook, and might easily be remedied by filing, pumice stone, &c., (all arts of modern introduction,) or any thing calculated to produce a silky smoothness of surface, militates but little against the grandeur of his designs, and the elegance of his grouping. And it is here that a statuary's *forte* resides. The modelling department can neither be subdivided nor executed by a deputy excepting in such cases as are recorded in the legends of Roslin Chapel, where the apprentice happened to be a much greater genius than his master. One accomplished and industrious modeller will give employment to several carvers; yet his is the more painful task of the two; and Mr. Chantrey, as compared with the bulk of his assistants, may be likened to the great Napier himself, who by the invention of logarithms, furnished excisemen, navigators and others, with an instrument equally potent and precise, by which they arrive at certain results, without understanding the philosophic secret that lurks beneath the cabalistic numbers they employ. A talent for modelling may exist apart from a talent for painting or sculpture. But the greatest statuaries excel in both. Thorvaldsen is a striking example of this; and if I may judge from what I have seen and heard, he can actually tell a story in marble, rivaling the sublimity of an epic poem. Chantrey's genius is more peculiar; but for ease, force, truth, and grace, he has no rival at home or abroad.

M'DIARMID.

AN OMNIBUS INCIDENT.

“He looked not like a habitant of earth,
And yet was on it.”

There are surely to be met with now-a-days fewer dwarfs than formerly. Still one meets occasionally those mis-shapen, diminutive persons whom customtime out of mind designates by the title of “My Lord.”

A few days ago, I stepped into one of those convenient, disagreeable, public carriages, called an omnibus, in Oxford-street, running to the Elephant: it was late in the evening. About to place myself by the door, some obstacle presented itself; I imagined it to be a large parcel on the seat, and sat down lower. Journeying on, by degrees the vehicle filled,

and on stopping to take up the last long lingering passenger, a female who had the look of a country lass (as well as I could discern), of some twenty years of age, buxom and jolly. She sat herself down in the place where the parcel as I thought was lodged. My back was at this time to the door. Our steam once more up, and carrying on, I happened to turn myself round, and to my great surprise found my next door neighbour seated in the corner, with what will the reader suppose in her lap? Not a parcel, which I thought was there, but with a specimen of the human kind! It was even so. She had found the seat narrow, and to improve it had taken the uskin from his neck, and without speaking clapped him on her knees! Here he rode quiet and silent as a dormouse, till a person opposite got out, when, with as little ceremony as before, she popped him on the vacant seat. Once more under weigh, but not for long, as we had soon occasion to stop under a gas lamp, judge of my surprise, and I must suppose that look of the country miss, when the stranger, who in height and size might have passed for a boy seven or eight years of age, proved to be a little man (dressed in all respects like one), of three or four and twenty! On remarking his face, he appeared a good deal chagrined at this unlooked-for incident, as it would seem, though still he uttered not a word.

We had now arrived at our journey's end—that is to say, the "Castel d'Elephant," when a branch bus—so it was called—being ready to move off to my destination on the road, I left the omnibus folk to compose their quarrel, if any such existed between them, by returning back, as they came, which under all circumstances did not seem very likely.

F. E.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

I have seen the worst of men, in their worst of moments, yet could not all their vice, blasphemy, and oppression of guilt, extinguish the light of good that shone in their countenances—the spirit of humanity, the ineffaceable traits of internal, eternal perfectibility. The sinner we would exterminate; the man we must embrace. Oh, physiognomy! What a pledge art thou of the everlasting clemency of God towards man! Therefore, inquirer into nature, inquire what actually is. Therefore, man, be man in all thy researches; form not to thyself ideal beings, for thy standard of comparison. Wherever power is, there is subject of admiration; and human, or, if so you should rather, divine power, is in all men. Man is a part of the family of men: thou art man, and every other man is a branch of the same tree, a member of the same body—is what thou art, and more deserving regard than were he perfectly similar, had exactly the same goodness, the same degree of worth thou hast; for he would then no longer be the single, indispensable, unsuppliable individual which he now is—Oh, man! rejoice with whatever rejoices in its existence, and contented no being whom God doth not contain.

LAYATER.

THE GRENADEER OF THE EMPIRE.

(FOR THE "FET.")

In 1815, all Europe for the second time was let loose upon France. The empire, undermined by treason, had burst into pieces, the last remains of which falling on the banks of the Loire, could only attest the heroic achievements of a handful of brave men, the faithful companions of a great and magnanimous one. We had no longer that eagle eye, the glance of which betokened victory—no more banners, lost and won, not a colour left immortalised by deeds of glory, or of conquest. A family of kings, dropped as it were from the waggons of the rear-guard of that stupendous and coalesced army, had entered Paris with their foreign manners, ancient regime notions, and a host of superannuated courtiers, to rule a people who had long since forgotten the name, or that such a distinction had ever existed. We were at length under the yoke of foreign dominion, bearing on our brows as well as in our hearts the menfning of past triumphs.

The allied sovereigns leagued against France would not permit even that to remain which the *mitraille* (canister shot) of Waterloo could not overthrow. Trembling in the heart of our own cities, every where surrounded by a foreign soldiery, nothing would suffice but disbanding of the army; the demand was made, the demand was an order, and the troops were disbanded. The old soldiers whom the fatigues of war called to repose, again sought labour in the fields; once more put their hand to the plough, furrowed our fields, and brought to public market the fruit of their painful toil.

Vincent, one of the grenadiers who carried to the end of the world the glory of the French name (the writer we need hardly remark is a Frenchman), had no fields to cultivate—not he. He had left too young to have learned any trade or business whatsoever, and was soon reduced to the little pension attached to his *ruban rouge*, which a wound on the head and two on the shoulder did not permit him to cover with a porter's badge. He waited, therefore, with some impatience the first quarter's payment—it arrived, but, alas! they paid not, they dared even to throw out the word "arrears" in the face of an old campaigner, who said, "I am a hungered, give me food—the price of that blood which I have shed on the field of battle." Vain request! vexation and misery was the lot of the old soldiers; and here the cup of bitterness ran over. He had nothing—nothing whatever—he could only extend his hand to the passengers!

But Vincent had a noble heart—What! he a beggar! Sooner would he have rammed down his cross, cartridge like, into his gun-barrel, and have blown out his brains. Work, however, he must, and find the means to do so, or starve. By dint of seeking, the old grenadier found out that he knew just enough to enable him to drive a cabriolet. The career was not a brilliant one—what signified that, bread must be had—Vincent turned cab-man. Now observe the destiny of man! he who had been in all the fights of Europe: whose hair

was blanched in the field of battle, whose sole ambition was to sleep in the lap of glory, was constrained to endure the first prig a caprice, who chose to hire his vehicle!

It was now about two years that Vincent had exercised his laborious calling. One day stationed at the Place Vendôme, and standing in front of his cabriolet, his eyes fixed upon the bronze column before him, there he read the history of his past life. Trouble, endurance, misery, all was in a moment forgotten—he had recovered the heart of the old soldier, and he was transported beyond himself, and ready to start forward and clasp in his arms that grand monument, gigantic as was the genius of him that raised it—when all in a sudden the illusion had vanished—the bubble was burst—some one behind him had called out "cocor!" The word was enough! he started to himself, all his grievances, past and present. The driver mounted his seat beside a young colonel, whom he conducted to the faubourg Saint-Germain, and having set down his fare, proceeded, sad enough, and took his station on the nearest stand.

In arranging his cushions, Vincent perceived a pocket-book, upon opening it, he found 10,000 francs in bank notes, with other papers, from which he gathered the name and address of the officer, and proceeded thither without delay.

"Colonel," said he on entering, and capping after a military form, "you have just now left this pocket-book in my carriage."

Oh! *par ma foi*, 'tis most lucky, for I have not your number."

"There is enough to furnish a whole regiment's subsistence; but look if the sum be correct."

"It is quite unnecessary.—It appears that you have served, my brave fellow."

"During twenty years."

"In that case, I do not ask if you have confronted the enemy."

Here the cab-man drew himself up, and carried away on an honest pride, said,

"Austerlitz! on the field of battle!"

"And why hide that honourable badge?"

"Colonel, it was handsome on the uniform of the old guard,—upon my rags it would be a continual reproach for the people who govern us."

"You are in the right, my old comrade, I know what a soldier is—good, generous, nothing selfish, I remember them well."

"And I also—but it is over: I no longer hear the roar of cannon."

"Perhaps—"

"Oh! no, not with such like about us—with the other—I do not deny."

"Ah! oui, the other—you have served many of his campaigns?"

"The whole."

"That of Russia?"

"I was at Moscow, and at the passage of the Beresina."

"And I also."

"You, colonel? indeed!"

"Let that suffice, my fine fellow—we were brothers in arms. Let us call to mind those battle scenes."

"Doleful souvenirs! colonel; it was there, that our best soldiers decimated by the cold, disappeared, buried below the snow."

"To whom do you tell this friend—I was nearly being one of that number myself—Oh! I shall never forget it. I was on the *chasse* extended, half dead with cold and hunger, when a grenadier of the guard appeared—excellent fellow—he warmed me in his arms, and left me the half, and more, of all that he possessed."

"He did right, *morbien*! if you were really in need—I have, myself, done the like; I remember it well. A young officer of the staff-major, who I encountered on the route to Dnieper—"

"On the route to Dnieper?"

"Yes, his horse was knocked up: the poor young man, he was lying in the snow without motion, ready to expire with cold and privations; I divided with him my soldier's all—a morsel of bread."

"Yes, a morsel of bread, and what after?"

"There was a few drams of *eau-de-vie* in my gourd (calabash), that I could not share with him; I left him that."

"And the name graved on the gourd?"

"How should you know that, colonel?"

"The name! I conjure you tell me the name!"

"Well, then, my own—Vincent!"

"Vincent!" exclaimed the colonel, straining the old grenadier in his arms, "Vincent! ah! have I then found the preserver of my life?"

In five minutes the cab was sent back to the remise of the proprietor; and the colonel taking Vincent into a private apartment, showed him his calabash hanging on the wall amongst several warlike trophies.

"Observe, my old comrade, when you gave me that, there was within all the existence of man—mine—there it is; I restore it in the same state, containing still, all a man's real existence—if a good action may be so called—but this time, it is thine."

The reader need hardly be told that Vincent's occupation, from that day, like "Othello's," was "no more." The colonel placed him on his own pension list, and liberal was the provision bestowed on the old soldier, who repaid his bounty, with great docility and gratitude. Thus proving himself in peace no less worthy in his vocation, than in war he had shown himself great and glorious in arms, and well deserving the honours he received.

F. E.

NAPOLEON used to say, that often the fate of battles, and even empires themselves, depends *d'un rien*. Such is certainly true, he himself, might have lived and died a sub-lieutenant, which he was for six years, if fate had not willed it otherwise; one happy event, or one fortunate discovery, may cause the world to resound with the name of a private individual. We have at present a man, whose reputation, within a few months, has started up, and has burst forth into an astonishing degree of popularity. He has already, we are told, refused ten thousand pounds for his name and secret; we allude to Thomas Holloway,

of Universal Family Ointment celebrity; we give his address to our readers, 13, Broad-street-buildings, City, as those who are afflicted with external diseases, as ulcerated cancers, bad legs, ulcers, wounds, tumours, burns, scalds or indolent skin diseases, will no doubt, find great relief from his remedy. We are told, however, that his "External Disease Pill" is also a wonderful remedy, and in most cases should be used conjointly with the Ointment. Most chemists keep it throughout the kingdom.

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TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK.

[Mr Glover begs to acquaint the trade, that the invincible experience in obtaining a supply of the first three numbers of this work, arose solely from an unprecedented demand, beyond what his most sanguine expectations had imagined. He has arranged for a re-issue of Nos. 1, 2, and 3, this week, and a full quantity of the succeeding numbers will be prepared.]

This day is published, No. 4, of

DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK, presenting the most interesting period of the celebrated flight of Turpin (the notorious highwayman), from the death of his associate, Tom King, at Kilburn Wells, to the death of his masterless mare, Black Bess, at York. It is hardly necessary to state, that these sketches are taken from the popular romance of "Rookwood;" the author as well as the readers of which must be highly delighted by the vivid and characteristic manner in which the extraordinary incidents of this matchless tale, whether as regards the daring intrepidity of the rider, or the remarkable symmetry and lasting qualities of the mare, are portrayed. Each successive scene in which Turpin and his Mare are exhibited treated by the artist with a happy knowledge of pictorial effect, and tells the story with an accuracy, which all who have read the romance will readily appreciate. The series commences with the start from Kilburn Wells, where Turpin had been carousing with some of his brother blades, and was suddenly alarmed by the arrival of the traps. The second plate shows his progress through Edmonton, and flying-leap over a donkey-cart and driver, which had crossed the road directly in his path. The third, represents his stoppage of the York Mail. The fourth, his leap over the tall-bar. The fifth, his interview with the queen Gipsy, at the foot of the gibbet. The sixth, his race with Sir Luke Rookwood, whom he mistakes in the mist for the shade of his companion, Tom King; and the seventh and last, the death of the faithful Bess, close to the gates of York, and the escape of our hero. The costume of the period is throughout accurately preserved; and the grouping and action of the horses are not excelled by any of our modern animal painters. The last scene, in which poor Bess drops broken-hearted amidst the turmoil of pursuits, is beautifully conceived, and shows the final agonies of death in this noble animal, in a manner which, when her attachment to her master and her unflinching courage are considered, must excite the warmest sympathy, and incline the spectator to echo the words of Turpin's affectionate address to his ill-fated steed:—
"Then one halloo, boys! one loud cheering halloo! To the swiftest of coursers—the gallant, the true; For the sportsman unborn shall the memory bless Of the horse of the highwayman—bonny Black Bess."

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THE FLY.

"UBI MEL,



IBI MUSCA."

[No. 42—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT of SIR WALTER SCOTT, which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

THE FLY'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(Vide Fly's Picture-Gallery, No. 42.)

Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh on 15th of August, 1771. His father, Mr. Walter Scott, was a respectable Writer to the Signet, a branch of the law profession in Scotland, corresponding to that of attorney or solicitor in the English Courts. The house occupied by the family, at the period of the poet's birth and for some time afterwards, stood at the head of the College Wynd, a narrow way leading from the Cowgate to the northern end of the College, and now considered one of the meanest lanes of the Old Town. At that time, however, the College Wynd was inhabited by several families of respectability; and, among others, by that of Mr. Keith, grandfather to the present Sir Alexander Keith, likewise a Writer to the Signet, who resided in the ancient Edinburgh fashion, occupying the two lower flats of the same house, of which the upper stories, accessible by another entrance, belonged to the family of a poet. This mansion was eventually pulled down to make way for the new college.

Sir Walter was the third child of a family of six sons and one daughter, all of whom survived. From an early period of his infancy until the age of sixteen, he was afflicted with frequent ill health; and either from the effects of a sickly constitution, or, as some accounts say, from an accident occasioned by the carelessness of a nurse, his right foot was injured and rendered lame for life. The delicacy of his health induced his parents to consent to his residence, during a considerable part of his early boyhood, at Sandy Know, the house of a paternal grandfather, a respectable farmer in Roxburghshire. This farm-house occupies an elevated situation near the old border fortification, called Smailholm Tower, and overlooks a

large portion of the vale of the Tweed, and the adjacent country, the Arcadia of Scotland, and the very cradle of Scottish romance and song. Southward on the Northumbrian marches, rise dark and massive the Cheviot mountains, with the field of Flodden on their eastern skirts; while on the west, within a few miles' distance appears the legendary three-peaked Eildon, looking down on the monastic ruins of Melrose and Dryburgh, on the "Rhymer's Tower," and "Huntly Bank," and "Leader Haughs," and "Cowdenknows,"—and on the storied streams of Teviot and Ettrick, and Yarrow and Gala-water, issuing to the Tweed from their pastoral glens. "The whole land," to use the poetical language of Allan Cunningham, "is alive with song and story; almost every stone that stands above the ground is the record of some skirmish or single combat; and every stream, although its waters be so inconsiderable as scarcely to moisten the pasture through which they run, is renowned in song and in ballad. 'I can stand,' said Sir Walter, one day, 'on the Eildon Hill, and point out forty-three places, famous in war and verse.'"

His residence with his venerable relatives, at this secluded spot, which after early boyhood was, we believe, occasionally renewed during the summer vacations of the High School and College, was undoubtedly fraught with many advantages, physical and mental. It was here that his feeble constitution was, by the aid of free air and exercise, gradually strengthened into robustness; and though he never got rid of his lameness, it was so far overcome as to be in after-life rather a deformity than an inconvenience. It was here that his love of ballad lore and border story was fostered into a passion; and it was here, doubtless, and at the house of one of his uncles (Mr. Thomas Scott, of Woolle, also a Roxburghshire farmer), that he early acquired that intimate acquaintance with the manners, character, and language of the Scottish peasantry,

which he afterwards turned to such admirable account in his novels. That such was the fact, indeed, the writer of this sketch is fully persuaded from circumstances that have come within his own knowledge, as well as from many incidents mentioned to him in conversation by Sir Walter himself.

While his poetical education (if we may so term it) was thus prosperously though unconsciously proceeding, his progress in school instruction is understood to have been considerably delayed or interrupted by his absence in the country and his irregular health. Mr. Cunningham mentions that he was taught the rudiments of knowledge by his mother. Mr. Chambers states that he received some part of his early education at a school kept by a Mr. Leeshman, in Bristo-street, Edinburgh; other accounts say that he attended a school at Musselburgh; and the present writer happens to know that he resided some time at Kelso; but his early days, in the house of a relative, whether or not he attended any school, he cannot say. These minute details, all highly interesting in reference to a distinguished, must necessarily be left to be accurately sifted out by more competent biographers. It is sufficient for our present purpose to mention that he entered the class of Mr. Frazer, in the High School of Edinburgh, in the autumn of 1779, when he had completed his eighth year; and two years subsequently he was transferred to the class of the Rev. Dr. Adam, a very amiable man and an excellent teacher, whose memory Sir Walter ever held in high regard.

It would appear from all accounts that have yet reached the public, that his progress in the classics was at this period by no means extraordinary. It is even affirmed that he was remarkable for incorrectness in his exercises; and it appears, at least, pretty well ascertained that he left no distinct impression of superior talent or acuteness, either on his teachers or

his fellow-pupils. He is better remembered for having been "a remarkably active and dauntless boy, full of all manner of fun, and ready for all manner of mischief;" and so far from being timid or quiet on account of his lameness, that very defect (as he has himself remarked to be usually the case in similar circumstances with boys of enterprising disposition) prompted him to take the lead among all the stirring boys in the street where he lived, or the school which he attended. He left the High School in 1783, ranking only *eleventh* in the Rector's class.

He entered the University of Edinburgh in October, 1783, at the age of twelve years; but he appears (as far as can be ascertained from the matriculation records) to have attended only the Greek and Humanity (or Latin) classes for two seasons, and that of Logic one season. If he entered any other classes, it seems probable that his irregular health had interrupted his attendance. The consequence was, that he had little opportunity, even if he had the ambition, to distinguish himself at college; and he thus entered the world with a very desultory, and, as far as regards the classics, apparently a rather defective, education.

Having thus passed through a somewhat sickly and solitary infancy, which threw him much into the society of his elder relatives, and a somewhat idle boyhood, in which the recurrence of ill health cast him upon the resources of romance reading, and romance dreaming, the constitution of the imaginative youth, about his sixteenth year, experienced a decisive improvement. His lameness, indeed, remained so far that he was obliged to use a staff to assist his foot in walking; but in other respects he became remarkably robust, and able to endure great fatigue, whether bodily or mental. He now applied himself with vigour to the study of law; and besides attending the usual classes in the University necessary to fit him, for the bar, he performed the ordinary duties of an attorney's apprentice under his father, in order to acquire a more thorough technical knowledge of his profession. He exhibited, however, no ambition to distinguish himself at any of the debating societies, which the academical youth of Edinburgh more especially the candidates for honours, are wont to train their unpolished powers of eloquence or argumentation, as never heard of," says a Scottish writer, "at any of those clubs; and so it was known at all, it was only as a distracted young man, very much given to reading, but not the kind of reading with which persons of his age are conversant."

On the 10th of July, 1792, about three months before he had completed his 21st year, he passed Advocate at the Scottish bar, after the usual examinations.

(To be continued.)

The expression of a Frenchman's face is often as melancholy when he is by himself, as it is lively in conversation. The instant he ceases to talk he becomes 'quite chop-fallen.'

THE OLD HAT.

"That old and antique hat—
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than frail *straws* and downy *gossamers*
Of these most brisk, and giddy-paced times."

(FOR THE "FLY.")

Among many interesting anecdotes I heard related at the *table d'hôte* I was in the habit of frequenting at Paris, the following made an impression upon me, which time, with all its associations, has not been able to efface from my mind:—

Many years previous to the first Revolution, a countryman entered the shop of a broker in the *Mont-de-Piété*, and taking from his head an old hat, very much worn and greasy withal, demanded on the pledge six francs.

"Six francs!" exclaimed the broker; "do you take me for a fool? I would not advance upon such rubbish as this" (contemptuously putting aside the hat with his hand) "one single sou!"

"It may appear to you old, and the worse for wear," modestly replied the man, "but I would not part with it for twenty *louis d'or*, much as I am at this moment in want of money. Now, listen to what I am going to tell you. About a week ago I sold some sacks of wheat, and the payment became due to day. I counted upon settling with the collectors, and if I fail in so doing, my goods will be seized. Unhappily for me, my debtor cannot discharge the account; he has just buried his son, and his wife is ill from pure grief, and it will be eight days or more before the sum can be paid. I have sometimes had occasion to visit you, you know me to be an honest man, and I had hoped you would not make a difficulty in advancing the small sum I'm so much in need of. To you it is but a trifle; to me it will be a great service rendered. In any case, there is my hat, it will answer for me; and it is still, I assure you, a better pledge than you may suppose it."

The *commissionnaire* only laughed at the tender, and, shrugging his shoulders, turned his back without pity on the poor countryman.

M. le Comte de L— by accident found himself present during the latter part of this scene;—he had stepped in at the broker's to make inquiries relative to some pictures of the old masters, which, with other unclaimed articles, were to be included in a sale that was shortly to take place. Struck with the frank, open countenance of the countryman, he approached, and said to him, putting at the same time a piece of six francs into his hand,

"There, friend, is the sum you require; since no one feels disposed to oblige you, let me have the pleasure of doing so."

Thus saying, he immediately departed, and was already at some distance off before the countryman had recovered from his surprise.

Not very long after this adventure, as the Comte de L— was passing the *Pont Neuf* in his chariot, he heard some one calling after the coachman to stop, and putting his head out of the window he saw a man running at full speed, endeavouring to overtake the carriage. The Count pulled the check-string,

and the chariot stopped just at the moment the man came up, almost exhausted and calling out—

"Excuse me, sir, excuse me; I am still out of breath. Was it not you, sir, who about a month since slipped a piece of six francs into my hand at the broker's of *Mont de Piété*?"

"Yes, friend, I remember it perfectly well."

"In that case, sir, here is the money you were so kind as to lend me. You did not give me time to thank you, nor even to ask your name nor place of residence. The *commissionnaire* was ignorant of both; and I have come to Paris every Sunday in the hopes of meeting you. I am happy in having found you at last, for had I failed in so doing I should have hardly known peace again. May Heaven bless you—you and your children, for the good service you have done me."

"I am glad of it, too," replied the Count, "in having been useful to so honest a man. I confess I never expected to behold my money again, and it was my intention to make you a present of it."

"I do not exactly understand you, sir," returned the peasant. "I have never borrowed money in my life without leaving a pledge for the payment. I have done nothing for you; and you have much aided me in advancing a sum of which, at the time, I stood greatly in need. Take it back again, sir, I conjure you."

"No, no, my friend, that money belongs neither to me nor to you; but do me the pleasure of laying it out in something for your children, which you will present them on my part."

"You are exceedingly kind, sir; and there would be a want of politeness in refusing your offer."

"That affair, then, being settled," said the Count, "do me the favour to explain one thing that has raised my curiosity: how could you, in conscience, ask a loan of six francs upon a hat that was in fact not worth so many sous?"

"Its value is far greater to me," replied the countryman.

"How is that possible?"

"I will give you its short history, sir. Some years ago—it was in winter time—the only son of a gentleman in our village was skating on the lake, when his foot happening to slip he fell, at which place the ice being thin it gave way, and he sank into the water. By good fortune, I was working on the bank not very far off, I heard the cries of the young man, and hastened to his relief. I instantly threw myself into the water, and was lucky enough to save him. I took him home to his father's house, who was not unmindful of my services. He gave me a piece of land, built me a cottage upon it, and furnished it—was this all. Having heard that I had lost my hat on the occasion, he took his own from his head, and putting it on mine he said to me, 'Would that I could place there a crown.' You see, sir, it is not without reason that I am attached to the hat; I never wear it in the fields, for though my benefactor is dead, every thing serves to remind me of him; my

wife, my children, the house, the furniture,—his memory is every where. Even when I go to Paris, I always put on his hat, that I may have something about me that once called him master—I am only sorry that it begins to be so hard worn; 'tis indeed a shocking bad hat! but, as long as a single piece of it remains, it will have value in my eyes."

The Count de L— was much touched with the simple recital, and having given the peasant his address, desired him to come and see him on the following day. The good man was exact at the rendezvous. As soon as he entered, the Count took him by the hand and said,

"My good friend, you have not only saved the life of an only son, but you have rendered me a great service, in giving me a favourable opinion of mankind, in proving to me that there are still in the world hearts full of gratitude and honesty. So long as your hat can decently cover your head, I do not ask you to replace it by another; but when it is no longer possible to wear that of your benefactor, I shall beg of you to accept one of mine; and upon the same day of every year you will find another to replace the old one."

Such was the delicate mode, adopted by the Count, to spare the susceptibility of this honest man; for he knew, while imposing an obligation upon another, that it should be done, so as not to degrade the individual in his own eyes.

After having gained the confidence of our countryman, the Count busied himself in improving the condition of a worthy family, which a long list of unforeseen disasters had almost ruined:—and it is difficult to say which of the parties experienced the purest happiness—the Count in conferring his benefits, or the family in testifying their gratitude for them.

MORAL.

Qui cito dat—bis dat.

F. E.

CURLING.

MR. CARNIE'S CURLING RINK.

The time is not distant when the game of curling was little known out of Scotland, or even within it, beneath the Forth. But the taste for this manly sport has increased greatly of late years, and in various parts of England as well as of America, the broom and the channel-stone are put in requisition with the same regularity that winter comes round. In the course of last year, several hundred pairs of stones were exported to Canada; and it may be worthy of remark, that the best material for the manufacture of these is found at Ailsa Craig, one of the most remarkable rocks in the world, and particularly on the side of it facing Girvan. To fashion and balance the stones properly, requires a very good workman, and the few that are known to excel in the art have great reason to be satisfied with their earnings.

In the whole range of rural sports, I know nothing more exhilarating than a *spiel* on the

ice, where the players are numerous and well matched, the stakes a dinner of beef and greens, and the forfeit the honour of rival parishes. Whether we mingle with the eager throng, or perambulate the banks of the frozen lake, on the principle that "distance lends enchantment to the view," the scene abounds with points of interest that might well afford scope for the pencil of a Wilkie, or the pen of a Scott. First, we have the icy arena itself, scooped at the bottom of some quiet vale, fringed with reeds, from which the wild duck rises whirring on the wing, and skirted with alders, whose beautifully feathered and fantastic tops seem even more engaging than when nursed into foliage by the beams of May. All around is blank and dreary, the snow-flake freezes as fast as it falls, the sun seems level with the horizon's verge, the hills make the spectator cold to look at them; and every thing, in one word, conspires to complete the picture of a winter's day. But the courage of men bent on the favourite amusement of curling is not easily damped by the inclemency of the elements; on the contrary, their spirits seem to mount as the thermometer falls, and nothing pleases them more than a feeding storm, and along with that the prospect of a long lease of "their roaring play." Arrived at the scene of action, all is bustle and animation till the stones have been distributed, assorted, claimed, rinks measured, tramps fastened, tees fixed, and the order of battle completely arranged; and as these preliminaries are speedily settled, to it the parties set with all the anxiety of those who contend for a much higher prize. Lots, perhaps, are cast for the first shot, and the greatest novice invited to deliver the first stone; and should his arm lack the proper pith, that instant a dozen brooms are raised to help the laggard over the *hogg score*. A second, a third, a fourth succeeds, and so on, till the line stretches a tolerable length, though not by any means to the "crack of doom," and each man is warned by his respective friends to plant, if possible, an excellent guard, dislodge this stone and cover that, open up one port and close another, play soft or strong, outside or inside, as the occasion may require, and steer as closely by the signal broom as the mariner, when warned by similar devices, threads his watery way through sand-banks and shallows. As the sport deepens, it is amusing to contrast the bustle that obtains in one little spot with the stillness that broods over the external world; while the hills above are silent and dark, the shining lake below is instinct with life, and re-echoes with shouts of mirth and glee, which, borne along on the elastic air, invade the solemn solitude. The signs around, till echo itself takes up the tale, and repeats in broken fragments the curler's vocabulary. At length, as the more veteran players advance to decide by their skill the fate of the side, the interest becomes intense and gives rise to so many calculations of what is to be done and what avoided, such bustling to and fro, as must appear a perfect mystery to the uninitiated. The last wary shot booms athwart the ice as if impelled by magic, and while every port, to an on-broker, seems

closed, finds its way under the guidance of powerful arm and steady eye, through passages rivaling the intricacy of the walls of Troy. Then follow the shout of victory and the murmur of defeat, till the contest is renewed under the mingled emotions of hope and fear; the vanquished trusting that the tables will be turned, and the conquerors confident they will remain the same. At this stage of the business, which may be aptly enough described as Act the first of the curling drama, the "grey beard" is appealed to, and the glass-handed round, accompanied by rations of bread and cheese, appliances which custom renders needful; and when the combatants, while flapping their benumbed hands, feel their stomachs warmed, and their strength recruited, to work again they set with fresh vigour; the one party bent on recovering the ground they unfortunately lost, and the other determined to retain the laurels they have already won. In a trice the eager players are marshalled, and the broom put in requisition as before; again the stones boom away and away, meandering here, meeting there, and whirling from the collision like the urchin's top at school; again shot succeeds shot, and game follows game, until the conclusion of the *bonspiel*, or the approach of evening proclaims that it is time the sport should surcease, and the combatants wend their way to the nearest *claucho*, to enjoy their favourite feast of beef and greens. And now the scene changes entirely, though as the savoury viands load the board all feel the effects of the keen mountain air, and make so good a use of their time while the opportunity serves, that the business of eating becomes nearly as noisy as the business of play; rounds of corn beef, flagons of home-brewed, disappear with a rapidity that is truly astonishing, and of which no adequate conception can be formed by persons whose appetites were never whetted by a day on the ice. But the clamour of dining ceases at last, and anon the *reeking bowl* shines like a planet of the first magnitude, the glasses like satellites that reflect its light; the song, the laugh, and the jocund tale go round; the leaders of the *spiel*, the heroes of the well-fought icy field are pledged in bumpers filled to the brim; and as the morning's exploits are discussed and re-discussed, and new plans formed for the morrow, even the most inexperienced feel the influence of the *esprit de corps*, and fight all their battles over again. The storm without gives additional zest to the revelry within; spring, summer, and autumn are the seasons of toil—winter the appropriate period of rest, and every hardy year has done his duty, who had gone to the field, and risen betimes, till his crops were in the barn-yard, and his cattle in the stall, so far from brooding over the evils of high rents and falling markets, trusts that better days are in store for him, that he will be spared to see many a Christmas come round, when he may give care to the winds, and yielding unresistingly to the spirit of the times, float down the current of universal festivity.

(To be continued.)

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TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK.

[Mr Glover begs to acquaint the trade, that the incon- venience experienced in obtaining a supply of the first three numbers of this work, arose solely from an unprecedented demand, beyond what his most an- guine expectations had imagined. He has arranged for an issue of Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, this week, and a full quantity of the succeeding numbers will be prepared.]

This day is published, No. 5, of

DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK, re- presenting the most interesting periods of the celebrated flight of Turpin (the notorious high- wayman), from the death of his associate, Tom King, at Kilburn Wells, to the death of his match- less mare, Black Bess, at York. It is hardly necessary to state, that these sketches are taken from the po- pular romance of "Rookwood;" the author as well as the readers of which must be highly delighted by the vivid and characteristic manner in which the extraordinary incidents of this matchless feat, whether as regards the daring intrepidity of the rider, or the remarkable symmetry and lasting qualities of the mare, are portrayed. Each suc- cessive scene in which Turpin and his Mare are ex- hibited treated by the artist with a happy know- ledge of pictorial effect, and tells the story with an accuracy, which all who have read the romance will readily appreciate. The series commence with the start from Kilburn Wells, where Turpin had been carousing with some of his brother blades, and was suddenly alarmed by the arrival of the traps. The second plate shows his progress through Edmonton, and flying-leap over a donkey-cart and driver, which had crossed the road directly in his path. The third, represents his stoppage of the York Mail. The fourth, his leap over the toll- bar. The fifth, his interview with the queen Gipsy, at the foot of the gibbet. The sixth, his race with Sir Luke Rookwood, whom he mistakes in the mist for the shade of his companion, Tom King. And the seventh and last, the death of the faithful Bess, close to the gates of York, and the es- cape of our hero. The costume of the period is through- out accurately preserved; and the grouping and action of the horses are not excelled by any of our modern animal painters. The last scene, in which poor Bess drops broken-hearted amidst the turmoil of pursuits, is beautifully conceived, and shows the final agonies of death in this noble animal, in a manner which, when her attachment to her master and her unflinching courage are considered, must excite the warmest sympathy, and ineluctably the spec- tator to echo the words of Turpin's affectionate address to his ill-fated steed:—

"Then one halloo, boys! one loud cheering halloo! To the swiftest of coursers—the gallant, the true; For the sportsman unborn shall the memory bless Of the horse of the highwayman—bonny BLACK Bess."

Numbers price Twopence each (complete in eight). Glover, publisher, Fly-office, London.

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THE FLY.

"UBI MEL,



IBI MUSCA."

No. 43—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT of "CUPID," which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

THE FLY'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(*Vide Fly's Picture-Gallery, No. 42.*)

(*Continued from page 165.*)

Sir Walter was by no means a precocious author, either in verse or prose. He had reached his 25th year before he had given any indications of the peculiar talents which were destined to render him the most popular and voluminous writer of his age. The circumstances which awakened his dormant powers, and altered the whole complexion of his future life, have been detailed by himself in a very interesting manner in the biographical introductions prefixed to the later editions of his works. After mentioning the remarkably low ebb to which the art of poetry had fallen during the last ten years of the eighteenth century, he describes the effects produced by the introduction of some translations of the German ballad school, especially of Burger's "Leonore," and the extraordinary excitement produced by the German poetry on his own mind. Having recently made himself master of the German language, he was led to form an acquaintance with Mr. Lewis, the author of "The Monk," who chanced about that period to visit Edinburgh; and "out of this acquaintance," says Scott, "consequences arose which altered almost all the Scottish ballad-maker's future prospects in life." In early youth he had been an eager student of ballad poetry, both printed and oral, but he had never dreamt, he says, of attempting that style of writing himself. "I had," he observes, "indeed, tried the metrical translations which were occasionally recommended to us at the High School. I got credit for attempting to do what was enjoined, but very little for the mode in which the task was per-

formed; and I used to feel not a little mortified when my verses were placed in contrast with others of admitted merit." To his confidential friend, William Erskine, he is said to have opened the purpose of his heart—to secure a small competence, and then, dedicate all the time he could command to literature.

By the time that Scott had attained his thirty-second year, he was in a situation to take this step without imprudence. His success as a barrister was not such as to hold out any very flattering prospects of his attaining either wealth or distinction by his profession; at least not with such divided affection as he was inclined to bestow upon it. "My profession and I," he says, "came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest Slender consoled himself with having established with Mrs. Anne Page. 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance!' I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to 'the toil by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Dalilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course."

His appointment as Sheriff, however, with some fortune left him by his father, secured him a moderate competency; and his marriage, which took place in 1797, is understood to have augmented his family resources by an annuity which Mrs. Scott possessed of 400*l.*; so that when he made up his mind to abandon his professional practice, he must have attained an income of at least 700*l.* or 800*l.* a-year. The lady he married was a Miss Carpenter; a native, we believe, of the city of Lyons, but of English parentage, with whom he had become acquainted at the watering-place of Gilsland, in Cumberland. She is said to have possessed in youth great personal attractions.

After his marriage, he spent several sum-

mers in a delightful retreat at Lasswade, on the banks of the Esk, about five miles from Edinburgh. Here he continued the prosecution of his favourite studies, and commenced the work which first established his name in literature—"The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

Meanwhile, Sir Walter appeared to prosper apace in his worldly circumstances. In the enjoyment of an income of above two thousand pounds a-year, independently altogether of his literary exertions, he was supposed at least to double that income, one year with another, by the exuberant harvest of his brain. His industry appeared almost as extraordinary as the force and versatility of his talents. Amidst the full blaze of his poetical renown, and while one metrical romance followed another with dazzling rapidity, he found time for a variety of laborious works in criticism, biography, and miscellaneous literature, which added considerably both to his funds and his reputation. Among these were new editions of the works of Dryden and Swift, with biographical memoirs, "Sadler's State Papers," "Somers' Tracts," "Lives of the Novelists," besides numerous contributions to encyclopedias, reviews, and other periodical publications. Amidst all this labour, too, he found abundant leisure not only for his official avocations, but for social enjoyment and rural recreation.

Sir Walter considered himself, and was considered by the world in general, as a person in very prosperous and enviable circumstances. Any thing more delightful than a visit to Abbotsford when Sir Walter was in the full enjoyment of his health and spirits can scarcely be imagined. After his morning labours, which, even when busiest, were seldom protracted beyond mid-day (his time for composition being usually from seven to eleven or twelve o'clock), he devoted himself to the entertainment of his guests with so much unaf-

fectured cordiality, such hilarity of spirits, and such homely kindness of manner, and above all with such an entire absence of literary pretension that the shyest stranger found himself at once on terms of the easiest familiarity with the most illustrious man in Europe.

In the spring of the ensuing year (1820) he was created a baronet of the United Kingdom by George IV., as a testimony of personal favour and friendship. On the King's visit to Scotland, in 1822, Sir Walter was invited to superintend the arrangements for his Majesty's reception; and he performed that delicate and difficult task with admirable address and propriety, and gave, by his animating influence, something of a high and chivalrous character to what would probably have otherwise appeared a formal as well as a frivolous piece of pageantry.

"The author of Waverley" was still continuing to issue the apparently inexhaustible "coinage of his brain," at the rate of from three to eight volumes a year, exclusive of as much additional poetry and prose "by Sir Walter Scott" as would have built up a goodly reputation for any ordinary author, when in January, 1826, the house of Constable and Co. became bankrupt. It then became known, to the extreme surprise and universal regret of the public, that their great literary benefactor and favourite was involved by the failure to an extent which appeared utterly ruinous.

He encountered adversity with dignified and manly intrepidity. On meeting the creditors he refused to accept of any compromise, and declared his determination, if life was spared him, to pay off every shilling. He insured his life in their favour for 22,000*l.*; surrendered all his available property in trust; sold his town house and furniture, and removed to a humbler dwelling; and then set himself calmly down to the stupendous task of reducing this load of debt. The only indulgence he asked for was time; and, to the honour of the parties concerned, time was liberally and kindly given him.

A month or two after the crash of Constable's house Lady Scott died—domestic affliction thus following fast on worldly calamity.

The divulgement of the Waverley secret became, by the exposure of Constable's concerns, indispensable, and took place at an anniversary dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund Association, in February, 1827. The original manuscripts of these works falling into the possession of the creditors, were afterwards sold in London by public auction.

He had then just retired from his office as a principal Clerk of Session, but the relief he thereby gained (if indeed the time saved was not filled by more exhausting labours), came too late. The springs of life, so long overtasked, began to give way. During the ensuing winter, symptoms of gradual paralysis—a disease of which his father, it seems, had also died, but at an advanced age—began to be manifested. His lameness became more distressing, and his utterance began to be obviously affected. Yet even in this afflicting and ominous condition he continued to work with undiminished diligence.

During the summer of 1831 he grew gradually worse. His medical attendants strictly forbade mental exertion; yet he could not be restrained altogether from composition. In the autumn a visit to Italy was recommended; and a passage to Malta in a ship of war was readily obtained for him. He was with difficulty prevailed on to leave Scotland; but yielded at length to the entreaties of his friends, and sailed in October, accompanied by his eldest son and his unmarried daughter. His health seemed improved by the voyage; but after visiting Naples and Rome, at both of which cities he was received with almost regal honours, his desire to return to his native land became irrepresible, and he hurried home with a rapidity which, in his state of health, was highly injurious, and doubtless accelerated the catastrophe which perhaps no degree of skill or caution could have long delayed. He experienced a further severe attack of his disorder in passing down the Rhine, and reached London in nearly the last stage of physical and mental prostration. Medical aid could only, it was found, for a short period protract dissolution; and to gratify his most ardent dying wish, he was conveyed by the steam-packet to Leith, and on the 11th of July, 1832, reached once more his favourite house at Abbotsford, but in such a pitiable condition that he no longer recognised his dearest and nearest relations. After lingering in this deplorable state till, in the progress of this melancholy malady—this living death—mortification had been some time proceeding in different parts of the mortal frame—he expired without a struggle on the 21st of September, 1832.

He was interred in his family burial aisle amidst the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey,—a spot of great picturesque beauty, lying on Tweed Side about half way between Smailholm, the scene of his simple infancy, and Abbotsford, the stately home of his latter years.

Sir Walter Scott has left a family of two sons and two daughters. The elder son, the present Sir Walter is a Major in the 15th Hussars; Charles, the younger, is an Attaché to the Neapolitan Legation. The elder daughter was married in 1820 to Mr. J. G. Lockhart, editor of the Quarterly Review; the younger, Miss Ann Scott, remains still unmarried.

ALBERONI AND VILLENA; OR, THE BASTINADO.

"But when I think of the gross injuries,
I rave indeed, and could eat this Novall;
A soulless dromedary."

The Fatal Downy.

The King of Spain was now dangerously ill. The Cardinal Alberoni, his Prime Minister, took special care to keep him shut up, and to render him not only inaccessible to the Court, and the most distinguished persons of the State, but from those also whose occupations were purely domestic. It was by these arts that he succeeded in gaining possession of, and governed, the nation, having mean time

the disposal of all the best places and appointments. The King's medicine chest is entirely under the control of his major-domo; he it is that must give account of every thing in that department. He must be present at all consultations, moral and physical, and it is understood that no medicines can be administered without his knowledge, approval, and personal attendance at the time of taking them. In Spain there is something more than "a Divinity that doth hedge about a king!" The Marquis de Villena, who filled the post of major-domo, was anxious to discharge the functions of his office. Alberoni insinuated that the King desired to be at liberty on this point, and that he, the major-domo, would better perform his duties by staying at home, or by showing his discretion and complaisance by not intruding where he then was, but by waiting "the report" at the door. This was a language, which the Marquis could in no wise understand. At the far end of the grand cabinet, a number of mirrors hang round the walls, a state bed faces the door we have been speaking of, in which they had put the King: now, as the apartment is large and long, there is a considerable distance from this door, which takes in the whole of the space to the bottom, where the bed is placed. Alberoni caused it to be made known to the Marquis that his visits were out of time, and importuned the King; but this had no effect upon the major-domo, who made his *entrée* as usual. In this posture of affairs, things, it may be supposed, could not last; and Alberoni was determined to close the door on the Marquis. At the end of a concert with the Queen, Villena presented himself one afternoon as was his custom; a valet of the interior, holding the door in his hand, informed him, with some embarrassment, that he was forbidden to let him enter.

"You are an insolent puppy," replied the Marquis; "that can never be," and thrusting the door with some force on the valet, he passed in. Villena, who with all his pride of circumstance, was nevertheless still ill on his legs, advanced by short steps, supported on his little jet stick. The Queen and the Cardinal saw him come in, and exchanged glances. The King was too ill to heed any thing, and the curtains were all drawn, except on the side where the Queen was. Seeing the Marquis approach, the Cardinal made a sign to one of the laquais to bid him begone, and that *tout-de-suite*. Observing, too, that the Marquis still kept on his way, without saying a word, he went himself to meet him, assuring him that the King had desired to be alone, at the same time entreating of him to retire.

"That's not the fact," said the Marquis, "for I have had my eye constantly on you, and you have neither approached the bed, nor has the King spoken to you."

The Cardinal insisted, but not having credit for his assertions, he took the Marquis by the arm in order to turn him about, but the man of business told him he was most insolent in hindering him from seeing the King, as also for obstructing him in the performance of his office. The Cardinal was the stronger man of the two, and wheeled the other about, forcing

him towards the door, both using harsher and harsher invectives. The Cardinal, however, observing more moderation for the Marquis, served him out handsomely. Tired of being dragged on after this fashion, he struggled hard, telling his adversary he was nothing more than a jackanapes, and should know how to treat with respect a man in his place; and in this heat, and the dust they kicked up, the Marquis who was feeble, happily for him, fell into an arm-chair that was by. Enraged at his overthrow, and raising his little stick, he applied it with all his might about the ears and shoulders of the Cardinal, calling him a *petit coquin*, *petit faquin*, a little hop-o'-my-thumb, who only deserved a sound drubbing. The Cardinal, whom he held with one hand, disengaged himself in his turn as well as he could, and made a retreat, the Marquis continuing his jobation, calling out, and holding his stick up in defiance, "Come on, my gay sir!"

One of the valets now came forward to assist him in getting up from the chair, and to regain the door, for after this hostile rencontre he no longer thought of tending the sick. The Queen looked on from her seat, and beheld the adventure in all its details without showing any displeasure, or feeling her dignity hurt, yet not a word did she utter. As for the few that were there, nobody ventured to move hand or foot. The two gentlemen of the bedchamber, Santa Cruz and Arco, both laughed in their sleeves, and called it brave sport, but this in a qualified and most subdued tone. The first had declined giving the Marquis his *congé*, but as a *coup de theatre*, and a final take leave, they each bowed him out.

The droll of the story is, that the Cardinal, though furious, and seized with the greatest astonishment at the *coups de baton* which fell on him like hail, defended himself in no way, and thought only of how to get clear; the Marquis crying after him, that, but for the King, and the state he was in, he would give him a hundred kicks in the belly, and turn him out by the ears. The King was so ill that he knew nothing at all of the matter.

A quarter of an hour after the Marquis was returned home, he received an order to repair to one of his country seats, thirty leagues from Madrid. He accordingly left the next day with his family. The Cardinal, nevertheless, continued so frightened, that, satisfied with the exile of the major-domo, and being well rid of him, he dared not pass censure on the score of the beating. Five or six months afterwards he sent an order for his return, without the Marquis having made the slightest application on that head. The most singular part of the story remains to be told—namely, that the King of Spain remained in ignorance, not only of the rencontre in the Grand Cabinet, but also of the exile and recall, until the disgrace of the Cardinal, which happened soon after.—*Memoires de St. Simon*.

F. E.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

Steer, helmsman, till you steer our way
By stars beyond the line—
We go to found a realm—one day
Like England's self to shine.

Cheer up! cheer up! our course we'll keep
With dauntless heart and hand,
And when we've ploughed the stormy deep,
We'll plough a smiling land.

A land whose beauties importune
The Briton to its bowers,
To sow but plenty's seeds, and prune
Luxuriant fruits and flowers.

A sunny land with various sweets
Of healthy plains and hills,
With giant woods to build our fleets,
And floods to drive our mills.

There tracts uncheered by human words,
Seclusion's wildest holds,
Shall hear the lowing of our herds,
The tinkling of our folds.

Like rubies set in gold shall blush
Our vineyards girt with corn,
And wine and oil, and gladness gush
From Amalthœa's horn.

Britannia's pride is in our hearts,
Her blood is in our veins,
We'll girdle earth with British arts,
Like Ariel's magic chains.

Cheer up! cheer up! our course we'll keep
With dauntless heart and hand,
And when we've ploughed the stormy deep,
We'll plough a smiling land.

CURLING.

MR. CARNIE'S CURLING RINK.

(Concluded from page 167.)

Previous to the discovery of Professor Leslie, there are few, I suspect, who would have credited the possibility of ice being generated in a common room, heated to the temperature of 65°, by means of an apparatus so simple and portable that the spectator sees unfolded, step by step, the beautiful process of crystallization, from the first projection of a series of spikes (hardly more tangible than the tiny cable with which the moor spider moors his web to a tuft of heather) till the gradual consolidation of the watery surface. Yet the thing has been done. And previous to the introduction of that new and wonderful power which "can engrave seals, embroider muslin, forge anchors, cut steel into ribbons, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air," still fewer dreamed or would have believed that a temporary ice-house could be constructed within a few feet of a steam-boiler, for the purpose of supplying *amateur voyageurs* with iced-punch and iced jellies, amidst the fiercest heats of June and July—and transporting to the very base of Ben-Lomond the boasted comforts of the "Salt-market." Yet the thing has been done. And to come more immediately to the business in hand, who, within the last twelve months, could have supposed it

possible that curling could be conducted on scientific principles, by economising not caloric but cold, or rather turning it to the best account. Yet here again the thing has been done, and the lovers of that ancient sport, by submitting to a very trifling expense, may in some measure render themselves independent of the elements. The merit of this discovery belongs to Mr. John Carnie, of Largs, who three years ago succeeded in forming a curling rink, weeks before the ice would bear in any other quarter, within eighty yards of the sea-coast, and so near the smoke of his own kitchen, that he could tell, by casting his eyes in the proper direction, every time the cook mended the fire. A circumstance so novel was not only bruited abroad in Ayrshire, but even reached the town of Dumfries, and was shortly noticed in one of the journals of that town. But since that time, I have conversed with Mr. Carnie himself, who visited Dumfries in October last, and am now in a situation to explain every thing connected with the invention.

In forming an artificial curling rink, the first thing to be done is to select a suitable piece of ground, levelling and freeing it from grass and weeds; the bottom must then be lined with clay, to prevent any material absorption of water. A little lime mixed with the clay has the effect of killing and checking the mining operations of worms; and in the absence of lime, a small quantity of coal-tar spread on the surface will serve the very same purpose. The walls, so to speak of the rink, and which need not be above five inches in height, are formed in the same manner as the bottom, with this exception, that the clay is sloped and covered with a thick layer of turf, to prevent the sides and ends from being broken. The rink originally formed by Mr. Carnie is 44 yards long by 7 yards broad; but if he had the work to do over again, he would enlarge its dimensions to 60 yards by 11. The additional space would afford scope for two rinks, and the ice, however thin, is found so true and keen, that the player requires "room and verge enough." Little more than a hundred carts of clay completed the pond formed at Largs, and this was the principal item of expense. Now, in ordinary circumstances, a few neighbouring heritors or farmers, by sending their carts to the clayhole in the morning might have a pond ready to curl on at night. Farm-servants in winter are often half idle, and the whole outlay in such a case would be a few bottles of whisky to the men. And the pond or rink once formed, nothing is more easy than to cover with water. To produce ice to the thickness, let us say, of a quarter of an inch, on such an area as is described above, about 500 gallons of water will suffice; but, where haste is required, the fourth part of the quantity will be found sufficient, and may be applied by two men in the course of an hour, who of course find it no great hardship to walk backward and forward and sprinkle the surface with the roses of watering-pans. The water freezes as fast as it falls, and many coatings of ice will be formed before the men have completed their task, and within the time just specified. Where the water is deep and resistance slight,

successive nights of frost must occur before the curler dare trust himself on the icy platform; but for this Mr. Carnie has discovered a remedy. As the bottom of his pond is firm and hard, it becomes, as it were, a *table of ice*, and that too when the thermometer merely oscillates at the freezing point; and I can compare his operations to nothing more apt than a gilder silverizing a huge mirror or plate of glass. The thought was happy—the idea most ingenious; and in all probability before many years elapse, rinks similar to the one at Largs will be formed in every district where curling is known. During many seasons we have no abiding frost; in others almost none at all; and even under the most favourable circumstances, a company of curlers must often ascend hills and traverse moors, in search of a proper arena for their favourite sport. Thanks therefore to the man who has taught us to scoop a curling rink with the same certainty that we level a bowling green, and obviated all the accidents of drowning and drenching that sometimes occur on those lochs which are as deep in the middle, if not at the sides, as the hills around them are savage and high. During the summer or autumn of the present year, Mr. Carnie improved his curling rink greatly. After two years' experience, he found an objection arising from weeds and worms; and to obviate this he employed workmen to stick a number of small stones into the clay; over these a roller was drawn repeatedly, and the mass when thus consolidated became nearly as firm and hard as a road thoroughly Macadamized. Not contented with this, he spread a mixture of lime and sank over the clay to the depth of an inch and a half or more, levelling the surface with the roller as before; and if a barrel or two of Roman cement were superadded, or even used as a substitute for the sand, the inventor is of opinion that the pond would remain perfect for many years without requiring the slightest repair. But for ordinary purposes, a mass of well-levell'd clay, sprinkled with lime, with sides and ends a few inches high, is quite sufficient, and though it may suffer from worms and the vicissitudes of weather, a very little care will put every thing to rights on the recurrence of winter. To prevent the ice from being cut up with tramps, Mr. Carnie places at the ends of the rinks moveable pieces of sheet iron, frosted both below and above, and by means of this simple device the curler obtains an excellent rest for his feet, and stands not only firm but *low*. Tramps elevate the player too much, and every body knows that the nearer the curler stands to the ice he is the more likely to make his shot effectual. Independently of this, the tramps disfigure the ice by throwing up dirt, and are now dispensed with where curling is practised on the most approved principles.

J. M'DIARMID.

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TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK.

[Mr Glover begs to acquaint the trade, that the inconvenience experienced in obtaining a supply of the first three numbers of this work, arose solely from an unprecedented demand, beyond what his most sanguine expectations had imagined. He has arranged for a RE-ISSUE of Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, this week, and a full quantity of the succeeding numbers will be prepared.]

This day is published, No. 5, of

DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK, presenting the most interesting periods of the celebrated flight of Turpin (the notorious highwayman), from the death of his associate, Tom King, at Kilburn Wells, to the death of his matchless mare, Black Bess, at York. It is hardly necessary to state, that these sketches are taken from the popular romance of "Rookwood," the author as well as the readers of which must be highly delighted by the vivid and characteristic manner in which the extraordinary incidents of this matchless feat, whether as regards the daring intrepidity of the rider, or the remarkable symmetry and lasting qualities of the mare, are portrayed. Each successive scene in which Turpin and his Mare are exhibited treated by the artist with a happy knowledge of pictorial effect, and tells the story with an accuracy, which all who have read the romance will readily appreciate. The series commence with the start from Kilburn Wells, where Turpin had been carousing with some of his brother blades, and was suddenly alarmed by the arrival of the traps. The second plate shows his progress through Edmonton, and flying-leap over a donkey-cart and driver, which had crossed the road directly in his path. The third, represents his stoppage of the York Mail. The fourth, his leap over the telebar. The fifth, his interview with the queen Gipsy, at the foot of the gibbet. The sixth, his race with Sir Luke Rookwood, whom he mistakes in the mist for the shade of his companion, Tom King: and the seventh and last, the death of the faithful Bess, close to the gates of York, and the escape of our hero. The costume of the period is throughout accurately preserved; and the grouping and action of the horses are not excelled by any of our modern animal painters. The last scene, in which poor Bess drops broken-hearted amidst the turmoil of pursuits, is beautifully conceived, and shows the final agonies of death in this noble animal, in a manner which, when her attachment to her master and her unflinching courage are considered, must excite the warmest sympathy, and incline the spectator to echo the words of Turpin's affectionate address to his ill-fated steed:—
"Then one halloo, boys! one loud cheering halloo! To the swiftest of coursers—the gallant, the true; For the sportsman unborn shall the memory blow Of the horse of the highwayman—bonny BLACK Bess."

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Brougham

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"UBI MEL,



IBI MUSCA."

No. 44—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

[TWO PENCE.]

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The extraordinary excitement created by the "heartless hoax" perpetrated last week in falsely announcing the death of the above nobleman, induces the proprietors of the FLY to present gratuitously to their subscribers an excellent likeness of that celebrated and talented man.

Lord Brougham is the eldest son of a gentleman of small fortune but ancient family of Cumberland, and was born in St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, in the year 1779; being the eldest of four brothers, the offspring of the same marriage. His brothers were, John, who became an eminent wine-merchant in Edinburgh, and died about nine years ago at Boulogne; James, a barrister; and William, a Master in Chancery. Lord Brougham married, in 1816, Mary Anne, relict of John Spalding, Esq., of Holme, in Gallowayshire; by whom, we believe, he had two children, a boy and a girl. Lady Brougham brought no property to her husband but her jointure of 1500*l.* a-year, and the house, No. 5, Hill-street, Berkeley-square.

It is said by those who enjoy the honour of a personal intimacy with Lord Brougham, that his character as a private individual is remarkably amiable.

Of all virtues magnanimity is the rarest. There are a hundred persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.

THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT TO MEMORY DEAR.

When doom'd from her I love to part,
Though all around is dark and drear,
What happiness these words impart,
Though lost to sight to memory dear.

When anguish rends my aching breast,
And nought is found my heart to cheer,
These words will soothe me into rest,
Though lost to sight to memory dear.

When fell despair, with haggard eye,
Has chill'd my soul with look severe,
Hope's voice responsive seems to cry,
Though lost to sight to memory dear.

And when again in joy we meet,
Our mutual prospects bright and clear,
We'll cherish the remembrance sweet,
Though lost to sight to memory dear.

M. DE PODERAS.

A TALE OF OTHER TIMES.

"The basilisk,
Whose envious eye yet never brook'd a neighbour,
Kills but the body; her more potent eye
Buries alive mine honour; shall I yield thus?"

The Bashful Lover.

M. de Poderas, one of the least credulous men of his time, although he had very powerful reasons for being so, used to relate of himself, that, while serving as page to Louis XV., he was (before obtaining a commission) dispatched on an errand, the importance of which at that time was thought great for a page. It consisted of nothing less than carrying to a high and powerful dame, at no great distance from Prague, a complete and superb dress for a masked ball, which was to take place shortly in that city. Never did Cabinet courier use greater diligence. To see the page galloping, every one must have thought he was bearing

despatches, on which the fate of a battle, or the destiny of an empire, depended. At length the colours of Bohemia struck the visual organs of the ardent messenger. An exclamation of joy escaped him: this cry, accompanied by the spur, excited the ardour of his steed, and already the watch-tower marking the boundaries is left behind. The page, overjoyed at the prospect of arriving at the end of his journey in such brief space, did not less regret in himself the not having occasion to signalise his youthful courage; when at the moment of emerging from a dark, umbrageous wood, through which he was riding, his horse started in such a way as would have thrown any other than a young squire accustomed to attend his royal master in the chase. Applying his hand to the hilt of his sword, in order to chastise the venturesome desperadoes who dared attack him, for doubtless he took it for some brigand chief at the head of his band, whose apparition had alarmed his steed, but *o-regret!* 'tis a false alarm; nothing, in fact, but a poor woman in the garb of misery, who on the skirts of the wood held forth her hand, imploring charity! A piece of gold is thrown to her on the instant. The crone threw a look upon the coin, and cried out,

"*Bon Dieu!* a piece of gold! Ah! my good sir, how can I express my gratitude?" at the same time placing herself before the page's horse, she added, "But stop one moment, I beseech you, and receive a timely caution:" then, looking attentively in his face, "Good luck and misfortune will be your portion. Love will heap on you his favours, and you will be a guest at king's tables, but mistrust her with a sharp nose, grey eyes, and flat lips—beware the she-devil!"

Thus ending her ominous precepts, and making a slight abasement of the head in token of adieu, she disappeared amidst the thick covering of the forest. M. de Poderas

laughed at such a prediction, and applying the spurs to his courser's sides, soon brought his journey to an end. In approaching the noble lady to whom he is ambassador, and casting on her a searching look, he perceived by the fire of her dark eyes, and the majestic character of her face, that it is not of her he need be alarmed.

Twenty years have rolled by, and the ancient page whom the first diplomatic functions had called to Lisbon, received orders to repair to the Court of Rome, on a mission of the highest consequence. Here he is surrounded by incitements to ill. The desire to learn the object of his embassy sets to work the wits of the divers envoys from the Courts of Europe. He is proof to temptation. They, however, know his habits and his predilections—they watch him closer: they know, too, that he cannot resist the adroit *agaceries* of the fair sex. One of the handsomest women of Rome is gained over—fascinating would be a more appropriate epithet, as will be seen hereafter, and very has she chained the envoy of France to her car. But, however captivated by the allurements and soft speeches of the *belle Italienne*, he is not the less incorruptible. Furious at not obtaining the promised recompense, could she only render the lover indiscreet, she meditates revenge; and that night, should the ambassador deny to her love the secret demanded, he shall perish by her hand!

The hour of rendezvous is echoed back from the brazen roof of the Capitol. Monsieur de Poderas flies where love and mystery await him. Seated on a voluptuous ottoman, near to her whom he adores, at that time, more than he has ever loved in his life, he is about to encircle her in his arms—but at that moment his hand encountered a murderous weapon; a *coup d'œil* of scrutiny is thrown upon the Italian; O amazement! The prediction of the Bohemian beggar recurs to his mind. He recognises in the countenance those features against which he had been warned. In vain would he dissemble his feelings—the Roman has already read them in his looks. All illusion has vanished; all hope from the lover fled—and die he must. She seizes the poniard and strikes. The envoy parries the stroke, aimed at his heart; but still the blood flows, and the ensanguined steel is with difficulty forced from her hand!!!

In spite of all the dangers to which he has been exposed during the revolution, M. de Poderas has most carefully preserved this poniard, and when considering it, he has not failed to exclaim "I will have a care of pointed noses, grey eyes, and flat lips."

F. E.

PROMENADE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

Be the state of the weather what it may, the King of Prussia never fails taking his walk in the park of the Prince Clary. One evening there happened an event, which caused no small inquietude to the Prussian monarch.

A little distance from the palace, a man his right hand in his bosom approached

the King. Seized with alarm, and thinking, no doubt, upon Sand, he made a retreat with the greatest precipitation towards the Château; when arriving out of breath, he gave orders for the individual to be arrested, and searched.

Left in his apartment in a state of perturbation and terror, he was rejoined by his son the hereditary prince, who advancing gravely towards him, his hand in the bosom of his coat; he suddenly drew from it a petition, saying in a serious tone; "This is the poniard that was intended to cut the thread of your Majesty's days!" The King, somewhat confused, cast his eyes on the petition, ordered his son out of arrest, and granted the culprit his liberty, without attending further to the prayer of the petition.

[This anecdote is taken from a work entitled *L'Autriche telle quelle est*, and has just been published in Paris.] F. E.

BALLAD.

(FOR THE "FLY.")

The moon is bright on tree and tower,
And walks in glory o'er the wave,
Now, now, fair Inez, is the hour,
Fitz-Alleyn waits—the young and brave.

"Come down, come down," a false voice cried,
"My pinnacle floats in yonder bay;
My steed is on the mountain side,
To bear thee to my hall away.

This boat shall guide thee o'er the deep,
These arms shall guide through flood and field,
These eyes o'er thee their watch shall keep,
This faithful heart shall be thy shield!"

And now the maid is at his side,
And fast across the lake they fly,
When foaming through the crystal tide,
A stranger bark approaches nigh.

"Speak!" came a voice, "whose pirate prow
Is glittering in the midnight ray?
This shaft shall lay the tyrant low,
Who bears Fitz-Alleyn's bride away!"

Then rose a shriek from that fair maid,
The quarry pierced her throbbing breast;
"Oh, anguish! am I then betray'd?
But thou hast all my ills redress'd."

"I die—I die! my love farewell,
We meet again," she faintly sighed;
"Now fate has burst love's strongest spell,"
Then sank upon her arm and died.

G.

THE REAL HISTORY OF JEANIE DEANS.

It is no longer doubted or denied, that Helen Walker, of the parish of Irongray, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, was the prototype of the heroine who, under the fictitious name of Jeanie Deans, figures so conspicuously in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." Her history, however humble, was in some respects eventful, and when stripped of all adventitious ornament, may be given very briefly, though

few readers require to be informed that it has been expanded into an interesting and somewhat bulky novel, by the fertile genius of Sir Walter Scott. From whence her parents came is not known, but it is generally believed that they were what are called "incomers" into the parish of Irongray, and were in no way connected with the Walkers of Clouden, a race alike distinguished for respectability and longevity, and who have flourished time out of mind upon the fertile and pleasant banks of the Cairn. The father of Jeanie Deans appears to have been a labouring man, and at his death his widow, who was then well stricken in years, became dependant for support on the industry of her daughters, Nelly and Tibby Walker. But this the former was far from viewing in the light of a hardship—she who was so rich in sisterly, could not be deficient in filial affection—and I have been informed by Elizabeth Grierson, housekeeper to Mr. Stott, optician, Dumfries, who, when a "lassie," knew Helen well, that though sometimes constrained to dine on dry bread and water, rather than pinch her poor old mother, she consoled herself with the idea that a blessing flowed from her virtuous abstinence, and that "she was as clear in the complexion, and looked as like her meat and work, as the best of them." The respectable female just named, who has herself passed the boundary line of threescore-and-ten, resided in her youth at a place called Dalwhairn, in Irongray, where her father cultivated a small farm. Helen Walker at this time,—that is, at least "sixty years since,"—was much, as the phrase goes, about her father's house; nursed her mother during her confinement, and even acted as the leading gossip at all the christenings; was respected as a conscientious auxiliary in harvest, and uniformly invited to share the good things of rural life, when the mart happened to be killed, or a *melder* of corn was brought from the mill. Her conversational powers were of a high order, considering her humble situation in life; her language most correct, ornate, and pointed; her deportment sedate and dignified in the extreme. Many of the neighbours regarded her as "a little *peasy* body"—that is, conceited or proud; but at the same time they bore willing testimony to her exemplary conduct and unwearied attendance on the duties of religion. Wet or dry she appeared regularly at the parish church, and even when at home delighted in searching the Scriptures daily. On a small round table the "big ha' Bible" usually lay open, and though "household affairs would often call her hence," it was observed by her visitors that when she lacked leisure to read continuously, she sometimes glanced at a single verse, and then appeared to ponder the subject deeply. A thunder-storm which appals most females, had on her quite an opposite effect. While the elemental war continued, it was her custom to repair to the door of her cottage, the knitting-gear in hand, and well-coned Bible open before her; and when questioned on the subject by her wondering neighbours, she replied, "That she was not afraid of thunder, and that the Almighty, if such were his divine

pleasure, could smite in the city, as well as in the field." When out-door labour could not be procured, she supported herself by footing stockings—an operation which bears the same relation to the hosier's craft that the cobbler's does to the shoemaker's. It has been reported, too, that she sometimes taught children to read, but as no one about Clouden remembers this fact, I am inclined to regard it as somewhat apocryphal. Helen, though a woman of small stature, had been rather well-favoured in her youth. On one occasion she told Elizabeth Grierson that she should not do as she had done, but "winnow the corn when the wind blew in the barn-door." By this she meant that she should not hold her head too high, by rejecting the offer of a husband when it came in her way; and when joked on the subject of matrimony herself, she confessed, though reluctantly, that she once had a sweetheart—a youth she esteemed, and by whom she imagined she was respected in turn—that her lover, at a fair time, overtook her on horseback, and that when she asked if he would take her up, answered gaily, "That I will, Helen, if ye can ride an inch behind the tail." The levity of this answer offended her greatly, and from that moment she cast the recreant from her heart, and never, as she confessed, loved again.

I regret that I am unable to fix the exact date of the principal incident in Helen Walker's life. I believe, however, that it occurred a few years previous to the more lenient law *ament* child murder, which was passed in 1736. At this time her sister Tibby, who was considerably younger, and a comely girl, resided in the same cottage; and it is not improbable that their father, a worthy man, was also alive. Isabella was courted by a youth of the name of Waugh, who had the character of being rather wild, fell a victim to his snares, and became *enceinte*, though she obstinately denied the fact to the last. The neighbours, however, suspected that a child had been born, and repeatedly urged her to confess her fault. But she was deaf to their entreaties, and denied all knowledge of a dead infant, which was found shortly after in the Cairn, or Clouden. The circumstance was soon bruited abroad, and by the directions of the Rev. Mr. Guthrie, of Irongray, the suspected person, and *corpus delicti*, were carried before the authorities for examination. The unnatural mother was committed to prison, and confined in what was called the "thief's hole," in the old jail of Dumfries—a grated room on the ground floor, whither her seducer sometimes repaired, and conversed with her through the grating. When the day of trial arrived, Helen was told that "a single word of her mouth would save her sister, and that she would have time to repent afterwards;" but, trying as was the ordeal, harassing the alternative, nothing could shake her noble fortitude, her enduring and virtuous resolution. Sleep for nights fled from her pillow; most fervently she prayed for help and succour in the time of need; often she wept till the tears refused to flow, and her heart seemed too large for her body; but still no arguments, however subtle—no entreaties, however ago-

nising—could induce her to offend her Maker by swerving from the truth.

Her sister was tried, condemned, and sentenced to be executed at the termination of the usual period of six weeks. The result is well known, and is truly as well as powerfully set forth in the novel. Immediately after the conviction, Helen Walker borrowed a sum of money, procured one or more letters of recommendation, and without any other guide than the public road, began to wend her way to the City of London—a journey which was then considered more formidable than a voyage to America is in our day. Over her best attire she threw a plaid and hood, walked barefooted the whole way, and completed the distance in fourteen days. Though her feet were "sorely blistered," her whole frame exhausted, and her spirits sadly jaded, she found it impossible to rest until she had inquired her way to the residence of John, Duke of Argyle. As she arrived at the door, his Grace was just about to step into his carriage, and as the moment was too critical to be lost, the heroic pilgrim presented her petition, fell upon her knees, and urged its prayer with a degree of earnestness and natural eloquence, that more than realised the well-known saying of "snatching a grace beyond the reach of art." Here again the result is well known; a pardon was procured and dispatched to Scotland, and the pilgrim, after her purse had been replenished, returned home, gladdened and supported by the consoling thought, that she had done her duty without violating her conscience. Touching this great chapter in her history, she was always remarkably shy and reserved; but there is one person still alive who has heard her say, that it was through "the Almighty's strength" that she was enabled to meet the Duke at the most critical moment—a moment which, if lost, never might have been recalled in time to save her sister's life.

Tibby Walker, from the stain cast on her good name, retired to England, and afterwards became united to the man that had wronged her; and with whom, as is believed, she lived happily for the greater part of half a century. Her sister resumed her quiet rural employments, and after a life of unsullied integrity, died in November or December, 1791, at the age of nearly fourscore. My respectable friend, Mr. Walker, found her residing as a cottier on the farm of Clouden, when he entered to it, upwards of forty years ago, was exceedingly kind to her when she became frail, and even laid her head in the grave. Up to the period of her last illness, she corresponded regularly with her sister, and received every year from her a cheese and "pepper cake," portions of which she took great pleasure in presenting to her friends and neighbours. The exact spot in which she was interred was lately pointed out in Irongray churchyard—a romantic cemetery on the banks of the Cairn—and though, as a country-woman said, there was nothing to distinguish it "but a stane ta'en aff the dyke," the public will be well pleased to hear that Sir Walter Scott erected a suitable monument to her memory. Though subscriptions were tendered,

he politely declined all aid. Mr. Burn, the architect, designed the monument, which, in connexion with the novel, will transmit her fame to a distant posterity, and in all probability render the spot so classical, that it will be visited by thousands on thousands in after generations.

The above narrative, though exceedingly hurried, is perfectly accurate in point of fact; and I have only further to add, that the story of Helen Walker, alias Jeanie Deans, first became known to Sir Walter Scott through the attention of the late Mrs. Commissary Goldie, as will be seen when he issued the new edition of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." On this branch of the subject I would willingly enlarge, were I not afraid of invading the province, or rather the "vested rights," of one whom I should be sorry to offend in the smallest tittle.

J. M'DIARMID.

CHARADES.

Why is a man moping from morning to night like a once favourite clown?

If you name it you break it?

THE MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

[A maiden alone—Milton in her hand. She opens at the passage—"Hail, wedded love! mysterious law," &c. She then soliloquises.]

It must be so! Milton thou reasonest well: Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire?

This longing after matrimony? Or whence this secret dread, this inward horror

Of dying unspoused? why shrinks the heart Back on itself and startles at celibacy?

'Tis reason, faithful reason, stirs within us;

'Tis nature's self that points out an alliance, And intimates a husband to the sex.

Marriage!—thou pleasing and yet anxious thought,

Thro' what new and various changes must we pass!

The marriage state in prospect lies before me, But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it;

Here will I hold.—If nature prompts the wish—

And that she does, is plain from all her works—

Our duty—interest, pleasure bid, indulge it, For the great end of nature's law is bliss;

But yet—in wedlock—the woman must obey, I'm weary of these doubts, the priest shall end 'em;

Nor rashly do I venture loss and gain, Pleasure and bondage meet my thoughts at once.

I wed—my liberty is gone for ever.

But happiness itself from this secured!

Love first shall recompense my loss, Mine eyes grow dim, and stature bent with years,

Thou, virtuous friendship, shall succeed to love;

Thus pleased, I'll scorn infirmity and death, Renewed successively in another's race.

ILL-SUCCESS.

Many people are infatuated with ill-success, and reduced to despair by a lucky turn in their favour. While all goes well, they are like fish out of water. They have no confidence or sympathy with their good fortune, and look upon it as a momentary delusion. Let a doubt be thrown on the question, and they begin to be full of lively apprehensions again; let all their hopes vanish, and they feel themselves on firm ground once more. From want of spirit or of habit, their imaginations cannot rise from the low ground of humility, cannot reflect the gay, flaunting colours of the rainbow, flag and droop into despondency, and can neither indulge the expectation, nor employ the means of success. Even when it is within their reach, they dare not lay hands upon it, and shrink from unlooked-for prosperity, as something of which they are ashamed and unworthy. The class of croakers here spoken of are less delighted at other people's misfortunes than at their own. Querulous complaints and anticipations of failure are the food on which they live, and they at last acquire a passion for that which is the favourite subject of their thoughts and conversation. HAZLITT.

COUNTRIES REMARKABLE FOR FEMININE BEAUTY.

Of all the women of our globe, the Georgians, the Circassians, the Kachemierians, and in general those of Gurgistan, of Imirette, and all inhabiting the chain of Caucasus, pass for the most perfect as it regards the symmetry of their shape, the clearness of their complexions, the grace and delicacy of their features, contours, &c. But if nature has done so much for them, the state of oppression and bondage in which they live, seems to have degraded the moral of these admirable creatures in no less a degree; who from infancy are doomed to fill the harems of the true believers of Islamism. All these countries noted for beautiful women, according to the accounts of travellers, may be looked upon as the grand *lupanar* of Asia. It is in Sicily, Tuscany, Florence, Siena, and in Venice also, that the most fascinating women are to be met with.—Here it was that Corregio, Albano, and Titian, took the type of those divinities which they presented on their canvass. Our painters who have sojourned at Rome agree in ascribing to the Romans the finest and most faultless construction of the shoulders. The handsomest of the French women are found for the most part near Avignon, Marseilles, and Ancient Provence, formerly peopled by a Greek colony of the Phocians. More northward the blood of the Cauchoises, the Picards, and the Belgians is even finer, and the skin of a more transparent whiteness, but there is certainly less delicacy in their proportions, and less grace in their forms. In Paris, we meet but few extraordinary beauties, but exquisite grace and vast style in the carriage and manners are at once perceptible, which compensate for any trifling deficiency either of face or form. The

English are easily recognised by their clear, fresh complexions, their expressive and regular features, with generally interesting physiognomies. Many of them have the bust and elegant corsage of the Normans.

Among the Germans, the Saxons bear away the prize of beauty. One hardly meets with a plain face in the whole territory of Hildesheim. The Hungarians appear for the most part handsomer than the Austrians, in whom, however, may be admired the lively and frisking air; but in all the German States there is a disposition to the *embonpoint*, which greatly detracts from feminine beauty. At Gratz, in Styria, an infinity of women and young girls have their lovers, and as the song says,—“Change them as oft d’y’e see,” and publicly, too, without any one’s finding fault. Notwithstanding, they are very devout, and well know how to conciliate and compromise; rendezvous are as often made in the church as at the promenade. More to the north, the Polonaise merit observation. They possess the whiteness, and it is said too the coldness, of the snow in their manners. According to an Italian, their conversation partakes of a somniferous cast—this is nothing but a *bon mot*: the Polonaise are for the most part full of vivacity and good spirits. They have often the complexion pure and lively, with brown hair, which is said to characterise nations under slavery. F. E.

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TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK.

[Mr Glover begs to acquaint the trade, that the inconvenience experienced in obtaining a supply of the first three numbers of this work, arose solely from an unprecedented demand, beyond what his most sanguine expectations had imagined. He has arranged for a 22-issuue of Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, this week, and a full quantity of the succeeding numbers will be prepared.]

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“Then one halloo, boys! one loud cheering halloo! To the swiftest of coursers—the gallant, the true; For the sportsman unborn shall the memory bless Of the horse of the highwayman—bonny Black Bess.”

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LOVE THE POET, PRETTY ONE!

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Love the poet, pretty one!
He unfoldeth knowledge fair,
Lessons of the earth and sun,
And of azure air.

He can teach thee how to reap
Music from the golden lyre:
He can show thee how to steep
All thy thoughts in fire.

Heed not, though at times he seem
Dark and still, and cold as clay:
He is shadowed by his dream!
But 'twill pass away.

Then—bright fancies will he weave,
Caught from air and heaven above:
Some will teach thee how to grieve;
Others, how—to love!

How from sweet to sweet to rove—
How all evil things to shun:
Should I not then whisper—"Love—
Love the poet, pretty one?"

THE POET'S BEECHEN TREE.

In the spring and summer months, when the great vivifying principle of vegetable life is pushed through countless myriads of veins and arteries, until it terminates in all the beautiful variety of leaves, buds, and blossoms—when the eye, tired of the monotony of a northern winter, rests, with unspeakable delight, on garlanded woods and daisied meadows—when even the moss or lichen-covered rock "feels in its barrenness some touch of spring," there are few that are not ready to exclaim with Cowper,

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,

and at the same time regret that it is their lot to be chained to the labouring oar, amidst the

din and smoke of a populous city, where trees of any magnitude are as rare as if they had been declared a nuisance by Act of Parliament. In many respects a tree is the most beautiful object in nature. As a modern writer well observes, the massive strength of the trunk, the graceful tortuosity of the branches, and the beautiful and variegated green of the leaves, are all so many sources of pleasure to the beholder. But when we think on the series of fibres and tubes by which the tree, for ages perhaps, has drawn nourishment from the earth, and by a process of assimilation added circle after circle of woody matter round the original stem, till it has acquired its present enormous bulk—when we reflect on the curious mechanism of the leaves, by which, like the lungs of animals, they decompose the air of the atmosphere, selecting through the day what part of it is fit to enter into the composition of the tree, and giving out at night a different species of air—when we think of the sap passing up the small series of tubes during summer, and these tubes again remaining dormant and inactive throughout the long winter,—these reflections awaken a train of ideas in the mind more lasting and more intense than even the first vivid impressions of simple beauty.

Captain Hall, while exploring an uncleared farm in the back settlements of Upper Canada, lighted accidentally on a noble oak, which appeared to have warred with the winds for centuries. Though surrounded and hampered on all sides, it towered above every other tree of the forest, and while his attention was arrested by the great size, graceful form, and giant altitude of this "monarch of the wood," we can fancy him exclaiming, "why should such a noble production of nature, which has few or no fellows in the old world, which has been reared at such an expense of soil and moisture, and would almost yield the *matériel* of a ship itself, be laid prostrate by the ruthless

hand of man. Under its glorious awning, a whole congregation of pious worshippers might raise, without crowding or inconvenience, the matin or vesper hymn of praise; and if seen standing in solemn loneliness, it would actually form a spectacle more noble and imposing than a temple reared by human hands." With feelings such as I have sketched strong upon him, the traveller requested that its life might be spared; and it is unnecessary to add that so small a boon was granted in a moment. The captain's enthusiasm was reciprocated by the warm-hearted owner, and he not only promised to arrest the impending axe of the woodman, but expressly stipulated, that, in so far as himself and family were concerned, the tree should remain unmolested so long as there was a bird to plume its wing and whistle in its branches. And the settler, to do him justice, kept his word; for, shortly after his visitor left the country, he fenced it all carefully round, bestowed on it the name of "Captain Hall's oak," and has repeatedly vowed vengeance against all who shall dare to desecrate an object he now almost regards as sacred. We have thus an example of a tree saved and rendered classical by a word spoken in due season; and it is to record a similar instance that occurred much nearer home that I at present trespass on the reader's patience.

Ardwall, the residence of James Murray M'Culloch, Esq., is situated near to Gatehouse, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and on passing the gate—that is, as far as the Ferrytown-of-Cree—the traveller perceives, stretching before him, perhaps the most beautiful shore-road in Britain. For miles around the country is rich in all the elements of the finest landscape; wood and water, hill and dale, mountains towering sublimely in the distance, with acclivities in the foreground overlooking dells, each of which seems

"To bulwark in
One little Eden from a world of sin;"

are blended into one harmonious whole, and enlivened at every little distance with the most delightful peeps of marine scenery. To the left stands the ancient castle of Cardoness, and to the right the modern residence of the Maxwells, on a peninsula that stretches far into the tide, as if anxious to salute its beautiful neighbours, the Isles of Fleet. Nearly in front, on the farther side of a bay which may be crossed in a skiff in a few minutes, are the unequalled woods and pleasure-grounds of Cally, rich in garniture of every description, with one walk shaded by flowering laurels, rivalling the tallest trees of the forest; a second margined with exotics, which, from their dimensions, seem indigenous to our northern clime; and a third, graced with a magnificent tulip tree, which is annually crowned with myriads of flowers. The Barhill looks down in one direction on a shining lake, where a whole fleet of swans, with their cygnets around them, enjoy a little world of their own; and in another, on enclosures peopled with numerous flocks of red and fallow deer, and a race of cattle that is nearly extinct, the wild or ancient kine of Scotland, cream all over, save the nose and ears, which, in each specimen, are as black as jet. Stroll where you will, the pheasant leaves his mate, and rises whirring on the wing, while the hares, equally numerous, are seen cropping the sod, not singly, but in such goodly companies, that they might be shot wholesale by a small piece of flying artillery, were such an engine compatible with the laws of sporting. But it would require a volume rather than an essay to describe the numerous beauties, natural and artificial, of Mr. Murray's princely residence at Cally; and at present I must take an abrupt leave of the subject, and proceed with the little narrative alluded to above.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL FACT.

"From thine own mouth will I condemn thee, thou wicked servant."

About thirty years ago there was in existence at Lyons, in the Rue Longue, a cabaret, at that time greatly frequented, and which is said to be still in being. The man and his wife of the establishment were supposed to possess a tolerable round sum of money, when one evening late, some villains called at the house, and while the landlord went down to the cellar, one of them, taking advantage of the moment, followed, and there dispatched him: meanwhile, two of the fellow's accomplices cut the throat of the woman, who was left in a large upper room alone with them. A young child witnessed this atrocious deed, and trembling for his life had the presence of mind to conceal himself by getting under the bed, where he remained undiscovered. When the murderers were gone, carrying with them all that was precious, the little unfortunate crept from his hiding-place, and found his way into the street, calling for help, and as well as he could made known the tale. But notwithstanding the details he afforded, the villains could not be traced, and as years

passed on, it seemed likely that their impunity was for ever ensured.

Not long since the little child, who was witness to the crime above related, and is now become a man (serving in a regiment in garrison at Toulon) was on duty at the galleys, when he heard two of the slaves recounting to one another some of their horrible feats. One of them detailed in laughing the dreadful particulars of the murder committed thirty years back in the Rue Longue. The unhappy orphan could not, on the sudden discovery of the assassin of his family, contain his indignation, and rushing upon him was about to take vengeance for the blood of his father, when he was stopped by the interference of some persons present.

Happily for the miscreant, since condemned for other crimes, the proscription of the present time covers his first atrocity, and the punishment which the law had in reserve for him is thus rendered void. F. E.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

The battle gun's dread roar had ceas'd,
The moon and stars shone bright and clear
When Emma's gushing woes increas'd,
Wrang from her by renewing fear.

Her William from the bloody plain
Of Waterloo had not return'd;
Thro' which she heav'd deep sighs of pain,
And o'er his absence wildly mourn'd.

Her babe she clasp'd, and weeping hied
In search of him, nor rambled far,
Ere him her longing eyes descried
Amongst the horrid wrecks of war:

'Mongst groups of slain and scatter'd arms,
Groaning beside his cap and plume,
Despoil'd of all his manly charms,
Laid on death's flowers of gory bloom.

Soon as her footsteps echoes raised,
Whose well known music reach'd his ear,
His eyes, which had in battle blazed,
Melted with love and dropt a tear.

His Emma fair he mutely eyed,
Too feeble he for utterance grown:
His hand dropt from his bleeding side,
And death's cloud o'er his eyes was thrown.

Inspir'd with hope, she call'd his name,
Expos'd the babe he'd oft caress'd;
But no kind look nor answer came;
The wounded soldier was at rest!

She fell beside her warrior bold,
A prey to anguish deep and wild;
Next morning found her stiff and cold,
Clasping her weeping orphan child!

ANSWER TO CHARADES IN NO. 44.

Because he's grim all day (Grimaldi.)

Silence.

It argues a poor opinion of ourselves when we cannot admit any other class of merit besides our own, or any rival in that class.

THE DREAM OF VICTORINE!

It was a lowly furnished room,
With a snowy-curtain'd bed,
The pale lamp from the table round
Its tiny lustre shed;—
And Victorine lay down to rest,
Like a sweet bird in its winter nest!

Her crimson cheek—her virgin cheek—
On its milky pillow lay,
Like a rose and lily side by side
On a glorious summer day!
And heavy slumber closed her eyes,
As dews close flowers when daylight dies!

Young Victorine!—a thousand forms
Came there to stir her sleep,
And some of them she seem'd to love,
While others made her weep!
And phantoms flitted o'er her dream,
Like shadows on a moonlit stream!

Years passed her by—and horrid thoughts
Came with them gathering in;
And every one, like a bitter cup,
Was full of tears and sin!
And her soul was wrapt in its garment foul,
Like an angel under a robber's cowl!

Before she had sought her quiet couch,
Her lover had fondly been
To clasp the hand—and claim the heart
Of the wav'ring Victorine!
But a humble home and a warm fire-side
Were all he could give to his lovely bride!

He had bound her by her virgin word
To tell him yea or nay—
Ere the fiery light of the morrow's sun
Should die in the west away!
But another had bowed at her beauty's shrine,
And tempted her off to his golden mine!

Gilded grandeur! a palace fair!—
A home of princely state!—
A queenly robe! a jewelled car!—
He had woven a glittering bait!
And he held it out with its dazzling sheen
To the innocence of Victorine!

Poor girl! she stood alone to pause—
That doubtful—dreadful time!—
She stood alone in her purity
On the threshold dark of crime;
To ask her heart if it were sin,
Ere, victim-like, she entered in!

She paused—"Ill sleep on it"—away
The faltered accents died.
And Victorine is sleeping now—
In the morn she must decide:
"But phantoms flit before her dream,
Like shadows on a moonlit stream!"

She thinks she's grasped the proffer'd gold,
And left her earliest love;
Her fickle heart has flung away
The bright wings of the dove!
And now the withering hands of sin
Have clothed it in the serpent's skin!

God! how five rapid, reckless years
Roll by with an awful flight;
Yet leave behind on their spirit track
No gleam of lucid light!

No balm to soothe—no thought to bless
The memory with their happiness!

Beauty is bright, and very bright
On the brow of Victorine;
And she sitteth on a throne of wealth,
As tho' she were its queen!
With boon friends, robed in flattery's dress,
Who won her first to wickedness!

Another, and a lowlier home,
She cared not to resign;
And now she sits in gorgeous robes,
A Duke's frail concubine!
Her prostituted charms his pride,
Whose lust—not love—they gratified!

And while debauched and shameless here,
Her crime-winged moments fly,
Her early lover comes to sell
Some trifle *she* would buy!
Poor—a mechanic still—but free,
And happy in his honesty!

(To be continued.)

MADAME CAMPAN'S DISTRUST OF TO-MORROW.

Put off nothing till *to-morrow* that may be done better to-day. *To-morrow* is the bane of all good projects. *To-morrow* is always fleeting before us, yet never arrives; for while we are thinking upon it, 'tis already to-day. *To-morrow* calms and sets at rest the minds of indolent and lazy folk: in fine, I venture to entreat your highness, from your confidence and love for me, to hold *to-morrow* in just abhorrence. It is a bad subject, that should be banished your highness's court. It has done too much mischief already, and we should take from it the power of extending the evil.

LETTER-WRITING.

Write but seldom a long letter. Upon a small sheet one sees better what has been committed to paper, and in this way you avoid a repetition of words. By such means you will acquire with greater facility one of the most useful talents. It is soothing in absence; it carries far distant the just expression of your thoughts; it gives to those who never have seen you, and who perhaps never may, a true notion of your taste, your sensibility, and your acquirements. There are but few talents capable of procuring so many advantages. Reply to your correspondents with care and promptness. Let your secretaire be supplied with neat paper of all sizes; and recollect that your letters will every where be received as favourable or faulty proofs of your education. Remember, also, one never can know what may be the lot of a letter; that it is unpardonable to make oneself easy by excusing defects such as "My letter is horribly scrawled"—"pray show it to no one." The good nature of her to whom it is written cannot always fulfil the terms of her promise. A letter in haste has been left on the mantel-shelf, or has fallen to the ground, is picked up, read, judged just as it is, and the habit of wearing no pockets adds sevenfold to the risks your letter has to incur.—*Anon.* F. E.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCHYARD. DISINTERMENT OF BURNS.

This venerable and hallowed spot, in which so many generations of our townsmen have been gathered to their fathers, some in early youth, some like a shock grown fully ripe, and many in the prime and vigour of their days, is almost universally regarded by strangers as one of the most remarkable cemeteries in Britain. Of external objects we have nothing to compare with it, and allowing for the deadening influence of habit, there are, perhaps, few who can take even a cursory view of the scene without feeling emotions rising in the mind akin to those high and endearing sympathies which Dr. Johnson cherished and developed with marvellous felicity and power, while lingering amidst the ancient ruins of Iona. To the untraveller, the spot maps as it were in miniature, those multitudinous tombs and tablets which impart so much interest to the environs of Constantinople—environs so extensive that they almost vie in magnitude with the fair and gorgeous capital beyond, and have been emphatically described as the *City of the Dead*. In other churchyards, even where the neighbouring population far exceeds that of the seventh town of Scotland, we find many a grave undistinguished by a single memorial of affection, to "implore the passing tribute of a sigh;" but here every spot is covered—here there is such crowding and competition for space, such apparent rivalry in the honours paid to departed worth or greatness, that the spectator begins to doubt whether precedence be under ground a jest, and flies to the living world for a simile, where in all the crowded paths of life every man endeavours to press forward by jostling his neighbour.

I have been rather minute in my inquiries into the statistics of St. Michael's churchyard—if such an expression be at all applicable; I have even employed the sexton to count the monuments, and the principal architect to estimate their value in money; and as these individuals, from the nature of their employments, may almost be said to dwell among the tombs, their information, if not perfectly accurate, is at least the best which, under all circumstances, can possibly be obtained. Of the first class of monuments there are 109. Many of these are exceedingly beautiful; two of them were designed and executed in Edinburgh, at an expense of upwards of six hundred guineas; and if the whole had been charged at the same rate, the amount would have exceeded 15,000*l.* But the Dumfries prices are much more moderate, and taking 40*l.* as the average of the whole, we have a total of 4360*l.* Of tombstones on pillars and in good repair, there are exactly 712. The rates at which these are executed at home vary exceedingly from the great diversity of size, form, ornament, &c. While some are erected for 5*l.*, there are many that cost more than double the sum, and my informant assures me that there would be nothing approaching to extravagant arithmetic, in assigning 8*l.* as the medium. But in addition to the modern and perfect table stones, there are about one thousand which are more or less dilapidated;

and if we apply the same rule to these, the total, even at the Dumfriesshire rates, amounts to 13,600*l.* Of headstones, in tolerable preservation, the number is 216, the cost about 600*l.* Of portions of burying-ground, enclosed and unenclosed, with stone and railing, the number is 118; and though they vary greatly as to form and dimensions, we can hardly, I think, err, in slumping the whole at 1500*l.*; and when these sums are put together, they exhibit a grand total of upwards of twenty thousand sterling, independently of the expense of Burns' mausoleum. It has already been stated, that the Dumfries prices for monumental masonry and architecture, are extremely moderate; and it is believed by many that the same quantity of work, including fees to architects for designs, could not be executed in Edinburgh for seventy or eighty thousand pounds—a sum that would go far to build a little town, or even the best streets of a large one. This disposition of our townsmen to honour and guard the sanctity of the tomb; to banish the uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture of a ruder age; to make even the arts the media of exciting pious emotion, by banishing that gloom which mortifies rather than exalts and refines—is, to say the least, exceedingly creditable; and it is but fair to add, that their taste in this respect, was fostered, if not formed, by the genius of the late Mr. Alex. Crombie, mason. This veteran and accomplished tradesman, who died on the 30th April, 1828, at the advanced age of seventy-one, is so intimately associated with my present theme, that it would be ungenerous to withhold a brief and passing tribute to his memory. In early life, when he was a master builder, he erected Dalswinton and other stately mansions, and was frequently present while the late Mr. Patrick Miller was busy experimenting on steam navigation; indeed, considering his years and opportunities, few men have ranked higher in the same profession, and among other works of merit, he planned and decorated the beautiful pillar erected to the memory of the "good Duke of Queensberry," and which will long remain a monument of his own taste in sculpture. At length, however, from the increase of competition, or some other cause, he directed his attention chiefly to monument building, and was so well employed that during the last thirty years of his life, his principal workshop was St. Michael's churchyard. There he plied his vocations even more regularly than the sexton himself, and from constant habit and careful observation, was as familiar with an area including several acres, as with the narrow confines of his own garden. Of the more modern architecture, a great portion was the work of his own hands—at least in the more ornamental parts—and while his leisure permitted, it was most instructive to accompany him while threading the endless array of through-stones, and recording passages, or rather whole chapters of the lives of those who slept below. In carving and lettering he was a great proficient; and it is not too much to say, that his taste and genius raised the art he practised in the South of Scotland.

The funeral of Burns was conducted pub-

licly and with great pomp; and the grave had hardly closed on his remains, when many who had shown him little favour when living, became aware of the discredit that would attach to Dumfries, if no suitable monument were erected over the ashes of one of the most extraordinary men "that ever lived in the tide of times." But years elapsed before any general movement was made; and it deserves to be known that the first simple tablet that distinguished his grave, was erected by the widow out of her own slender means. The poet had been a member of the Dumfries Volunteers, and when the corps was dissolved, as the threats of invasion died away in the distance, there was a surplus fund of nearly 100*l.* sterling, which some of the officers conceived could in no way be more appropriately spent, than in rearing a small but handsome monument over the "mouldering clay" of their companion in arms. But there were others who objected on the strange ground that as Burns had been a Jacobin, or tinged with Jacobinism, a proceeding so questionable might commit the proverbial loyalty of the corps by identifying them with the political principles of a man they had *condescended* to bury with military honours. Political feeling, at the period alluded to, ran exceedingly high in the South of Scotland; and I grieve to add, that the scheme was abandoned, and that I was acquainted with a gentleman now no more, who frequently boasted that the chief merit of thwarting it belonged to him! At length, however, an appeal was made to the country—an appeal that was responded to in the most gratifying manner. Money flowed liberally from all quarters—from England and Ireland, as well as from Scotland—from the East and West Indies—from his late Majesty down to some of the humblest of his subjects. Mr. Hunt, of London, furnished, gratuitously, a design which does great credit to his judgment and taste; I sincerely regret that from the blunder that was committed in not employing Mr. Chantrey, I cannot pay the same compliment to the sculpture. The mausoleum was completed in 1815, and as the spot where the bard originally lay in the northern corner of St. Michael's afforded nothing like adequate scope for the erection of such a bulky structure it became necessary to disinter his remains. The day fixed for this ceremony was Sep. 19, 1815, and as secrecy was of the greatest possible consequence, Mr. Grierson, secretary to the committee, Mr. J. Thomson, superintendent of the monument, Mr. Milligan, builder, and Mr. Bogie, Terraughty, proceeded to the spot before the sun had risen, and made so good a use of their time, that the imposing ceremony was well nigh completed before the public had time to assemble, or, in fact, were aware of the important duty in which they had been engaged. And it was fortunate their plans were so well laid; for though the gates of St. Michael's were carefully locked, a few early risers and accidental observers immediately communicated their suspicions to others, and before the mouth of the vault could be closed, curiosity had risen to such a pitch that the crowd that appeared demanding admittance could only be compared to the letting out of

waters. To obtain the consent of Mrs. Burns, was a matter of equal delicacy and difficulty; and with one exception—that is, when her husband returned from the Brow, the mere ghost of what he had been—it may be doubted whether in the whole course of her life she ever evinced greater emotion.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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THE BACHELOR.



THE FLY.



"UBI MEL,



IBI MUSCA."

No. 46—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16.

[TWO PENCE.]

Every purchaser of this number of "THE FLY," is entitled to an exquisitely-executed Lithographic PRINT, "The Bachelor," which is presented gratuitously.—[A similar print with every number.]

MEMOIR OF THOMAS HOLLOWAY, ESQ.

This gentleman, whose name and fame has reached every quarter of the globe, to the remotest spots where civilisation or British enterprise has found a resting-place, was born, in the year 1804, at Plymouth. His parents were highly respectable, and reared the subject of our memoir in a manner well fitting his condition, and the position which he was destined to hold in society. We shall not linger to trace him through his scholastic days, but merely state that from a very early period he displayed an aptitude, curiosity, and judgment, which was a source of astonishment to neighbours, and of real heartfelt delight and hope to parents and relatives.

When ten years of age he invented a kaleidoscope, which, though a mere toy, was decidedly superior to the one produced by the matured judgment of Dr. Brewster, and at fourteen he had so far improved upon the old electrical machines of those days, as to have received, on vellum duly emblazoned, a vote of thanks, and the gold medal, from the Metropolitan Philosophical Society; and for his theory, and practical illustration, by apparatus of his own invention, of shooting stars, he was honoured with the high compliment and rank of corresponding member to the French Academy of Science. His application to these studies was only relieved by equally intense devotion to the languages of Europe, and an ardent desire to make himself fully prepared for a long period of travel. In fact, had not method, which, after all, is the only legitimate and royal road to learning, led to such a plan, it must have been adopted, for his parents became anxious for his health, which, from the nature of his occupations, had become seriously and almost fatally undermined. The family physician suggested an early removal to continental scenes and amusements, and but a short time elapsed ere the scientific student

was in Paris, and surrounded by the most venerated and accomplished savans of which the French metropolis could boast. Here his knowledge of the language of the country in which he was, and his remarkably diffident and unassuming tone at *conversaciones*, made him a great favourite. He seemed to have taken as his model that illustrious member of the Magi, who, when asked, "Are you the wise man?" modestly replied, "No, I am only a looker after, and inquirer into, truth!" This feeling and deportment won him the esteem of the *salons*, and the honours of the palace. On several occasions during his residence in Paris, he was a guest at the table of that monarch who, *malgré* all his faults and crimes, was any thing but a lip admirer of great men who were unconnected and uncontaminated with politics. He might be deemed a princely patron of science in its most extended sense, and Mr. Holloway possessed ample, and, for a young man, most flattering, testimonials of the approbation and esteem, as far as royalty is capable of such sensations, of the sovereign of the Tuileries. It was this kindness extended towards him, this warm acknowledgment of his merits, and generous appreciation of the scientific attainments of a foreigner, which furnished him with a general passport to every Court in Europe, and enabled him to possess the high privilege of *entrée* to those elevated societies in many kingdoms to which no wealth, rank, or station, could alone prove the sessame. After wandering through the Continent, and having been greeted with the warmest demonstrations of admiration, Mr. Holloway left Constantinople for Syria, and finally reached Alexandria at the time that Mehemet Ali was struggling with and crushing the most deadly of the prejudices of his people. After a brief stay in this pachalic, and having visited, with an escort of honour, all the wonders still existing of former greatness, he made up his mind to

proceed overland to India, and thence through Afghanistan to Persia, and so home by way of Russia, when an arrival from Europe brought intelligence of the expedition fitting out under Marshal Bourmont, and destined for the reduction of Algiers. Thinking that his influence in the French Academy, and the friendship with which he had been honoured by Charles X., would enable him to be joined in the Commission of Science and Learning which attended that expedition, he availed himself of the packet then on the point of sailing, and landed in France. He was fortunate enough to have his most sanguine expectations realised, and it was expected that his knowledge of botany, mineralogy, &c., might be turned to the advantage of the grand nation. We all know how the French gained possession of Algiers, but there are many incidents connected with it which Mr. Holloway could give to the world, which would both delight and astound our readers. It is to be hoped that at some leisure moment he will favour us with the contents of his note-book, and enable those who are unaware of his powers of observation, to form some idea of the peculiarly wonderful formation of his mind.

But to return. After the French had become located, incursions were made by their garrison at Algiers into the territory of the Bey of Constantina, the most fearful, powerful, and warlike of the whole country. With a courage and devotion to the cause which he had espoused, perfectly incapable of comprehension to those who know nothing of the attachment formed between a study and the student, he hazarded his person in a manner directly opposed to the orders of the commander-in-chief, and at complete variance with the usual doctrines of private safety. To illustrate this trait in his character we must digress a little, and show that a love of humanity and a desire to do good was as strong

part of the pavement in front of the sculpture, as is done in the case of the immortal Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon.* On some future occasion the hint of the great Comedian will probably be attended to; and yet I sincerely hope and trust that a long period will elapse before we are called on to pay the last duties of humanity to any other member of the family of Burns. J. M'DIARMID.

KRETTLY.

In the time of the Imperial Dynasty, Krettly was trumpeter in a serviceable and gallant corps, called the regiment of Guides. At the battle of Aboukir, he gave a brilliant example of courage and of that humanity which distinguishes the French soldiers, and places them above all other soldiers in Europe. Hardly had Krettly, the sabre in his hand, began to *fonctionner* (literally to fall into the ranks) on the field of battle, than he heard the cry of "help! help! ho there!" The trumpeter looked about him, and perceived at some distance a quarter-master of the 3rd Regiment of Dragoons, who, already badly wounded, was about to yield under the cimeters of a couple of Turks.

"Ah! *Savoyards*," said he, with great indignation and wrath, "must you put two upon one, to try your courage? wait! wait! we have only to make the party even, to prove you a couple of scamps of the desert." Thus speaking, Krettly had broke in upon them, and killed one of the Turks outright, and put the other to flight. The quarter-master had fallen from sheer exhaustion; it was necessary to carry him away from the spot where they were exposed to the *ricochet* of the balls. Krettly therefore took him up in his arms, threw him across his horse, and walked him away to the ambulance to get his wound drest. While waiting for his turn, he laid the wounded man's back to a tree, and addressing a surgeon, who, with his coat thrown on the ground, and his sleeves tucked up, was putting his instrument case into order, begged of him to extract, as quickly as possible, the ball the dragoon had got in his breast. The doctor, his mind occupied no doubt with wounds of more importance, made no reply. "*Allons citoyen Esculape*," said Krettly, who was somewhat skilled in mythology—what matters it, this man or another, they are all, every one of

*While writing the above, my attention was directed to the following passage in Mr. Washington Irving's interesting account of Stratford-on-Avon:—"A few years since, as some labourers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into Shakspeare's grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains, so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle or curious, or any collector of relics, should have been tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the spot for two days, until the vault was finished, and the aperture closed again. He told me he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. *It was something, I thought, to have seen even the dust of Shakspeare.*"

them Frenchmen, and more or less damaged. I have not brought this man from the battle field with life, to see him turned over with an eye in your presence, like a rat of the Nile. Time presses, give a hand to this man."

"And what would you have me do for him?" said the surgeon in a tone of ill-humour, "I have not so much as a morsel of linen."

"*Parbleu*, what signifies that," rejoined Krettly, already disgusted at the want of feeling evinced by the surgeon towards the wounded, "I will supply you with what will soon make you some lint," and seizing one of the shirt sleeves of the surgeon, he tore it off and presented it to him—adding very composedly, "*that* will serve as a bandage; if one's not enough, I will take off the other to make you a dressing."

The surgeon made furious was about to reply in no measured terms, when a shot of heavy calibre, fired by the Turco-English squadron, came bounding at the foot of a palm tree, covering them with a cloud of sand, and lodged in the body of a Turk, who was lying at length, a few yards from thence.

"*Excuses*," said Krettly, pointing to the body of the Turk horribly mutilated, "That *parishioner* there makes no complaint of his lodger who has just entered upon him so brutally!"

After having dressed the dragoon, the surgeon and Krettly together put him under shelter from the bullets, and the latter mounting his horse rode off to his regiment.

F. E.

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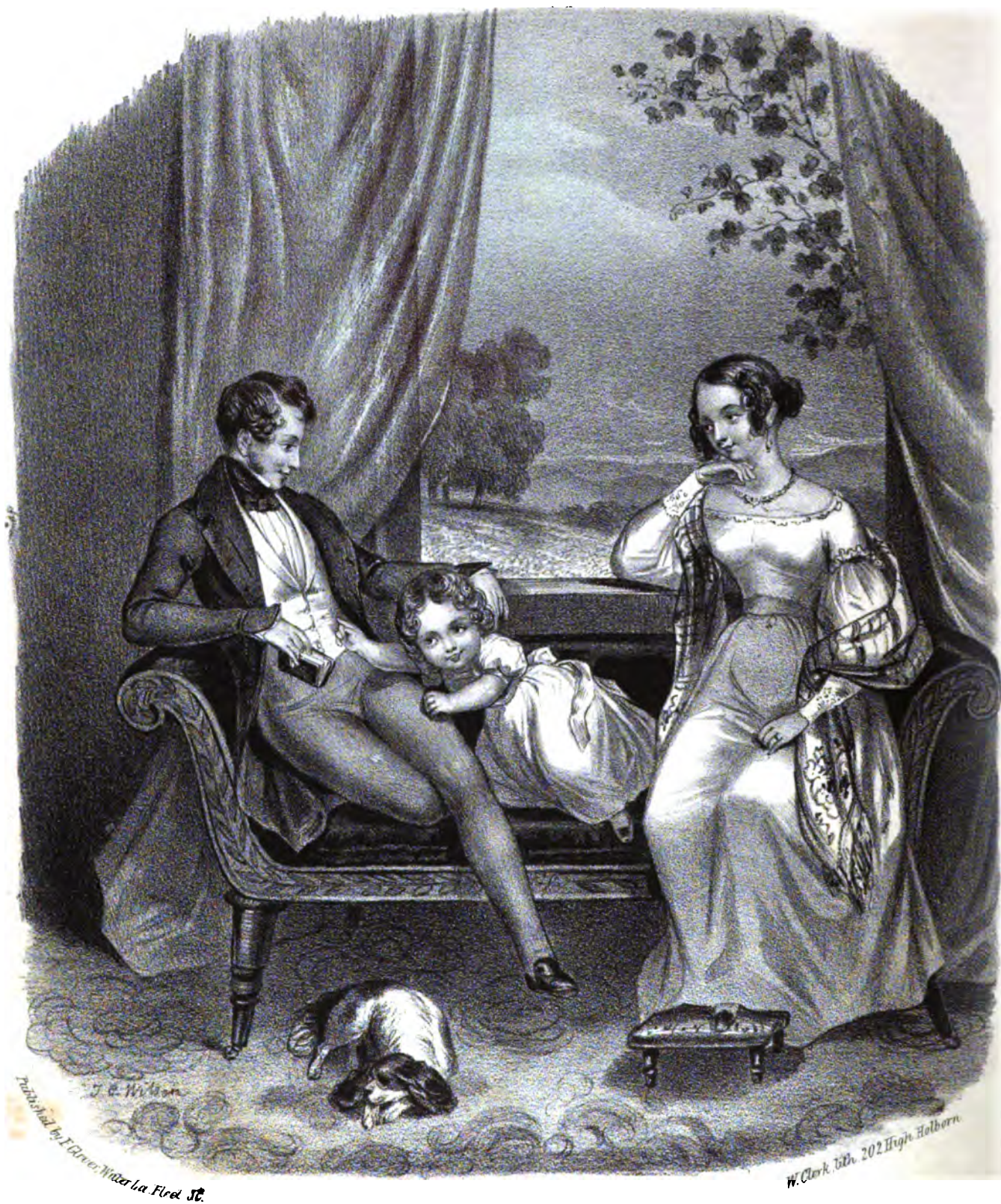
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THE MARRIED MAN.



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No. 47—NEW SERIES.]

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WEBER'S LAST THOUGHTS.

I'm bending o'er a stranger's hearth
Alone in my decay,
My childhood's home, my father land
Is distant far away ;
I strive to chase the gloomy grief
Which darkens o'er my mind,
When I recall the cloudless hopes
That I have left behind.

Oh, painfully and wearily,
Unbidden tears will start,
Sad thoughts like these fling discord o'er,
The music of my heart :
Some light and lovely melody
Now rushes to my brain,
Enlivening my solitude,
And cheering me again.

Ah ! my home, my home, my absent friends,
These damp my moment's mirth ;
My pulse grows weak, my half-formed smile
Is wither'd in its birth ;
I cannot throw from off my soul
Its preying load of grief,
Some plaintive strain may ease its weight,
And grant a short relief.

But transient is my spirit's calm
As slumbers on the lake,
Whose rest a single falling leaf
Will agitate, and wake.
The strangers have been kind to me,
And I have pressed their hand ;
I pray to live that I may die
In my own native land.

Farewell to all whom I have left,
I quit ye with a sigh,
Farewell, my stream of life ebbs fast,
Its source is nearly dry
I'm bending o'er a stranger's hearth
Alone in my decay,
My childhood's home, my father land,
Is distant far away.

EPISODE,

DURING THE TROUBLES OF THE 28TH AND
29TH OF JULY.

"The nightmare life in death,
That thickens men's blood with cold !"

Ten days after this occurrence, which the Revolution of July even had not made me forget, I was reflecting alone on those two rare qualities in a soldier—modest heroism, and disinterestedness ; and among all the gallant men that have loved power solely for the good of their country, my thoughts rested at length on the brave Captain Renaud ; when at the moment a man of tall stature entered, wrapped in a large cloak, that seemingly had done good service for the owner, and was much the worse for wear. By his grey moustache, and a deep scar impressed on his bronzed visage, I recognised a grenadier of his company, and my intimacy with this officer being of some standing, my first question was to ask if Captain Renaud was still with them, and by the gesture of the brave man I could presently see that some misfortune had happened. He sat down, dried his forehead, and when he had collected himself, with some care, but shortly, he related what follows :—

During the two days, the 28th and 29th of July, Captain Renaud did nothing besides marching in column along the streets, at the head of his grenadiers. He placed himself in front of the first section of his company, and went on calmly through a shower of stones and shot, which were propelled indiscriminately from houses, balconies, and windows. When he stopped, it was only to close up the ranks, opened by those who fell, and to see if his guides on the left kept their distance, and covered their file leaders : he had not even unsheathed his sword, but marched with his cane in his hand. His orders at first were implicitly obeyed, but whether the aides-de-camp were killed *en route*,

or whether the chief of the staff had not sent them, he was left during the night of the 28th to the 29th on the *Place de la Bastille*, with no other instructions than to retire upon St. Cloud, and destroy the barricades in his way, all which he did without firing a shot. Arrived at the bridge of Jéna, he halted, and called over the roll of his company. He lost fewer people than any other regiment of Guards that had been detached, and his men were also much less fatigued. He had the art of giving them rest at convenient times, and in the shade during those scorching days, and of making out provisions for them in those deserted barracks vacated in haste, which the enemy's houses refused to supply him with. The appearance simply of his company was such that every barricado in his road was deserted, and he had only the trouble to raze them. Then it was, that, standing on the bridge of Jéna, covered with dust and shaking his feet, he looked towards the barriers, to see if any obstacle opposed itself to his moving on, giving direction for some scouts at the same time to be sent forward. There was not at that moment a single person in the *Champs de Mars*, except two masons, who appeared asleep laying along on their bellies, and a youth of 14, with a childish air, who was walking barefoot playing the castanets with two bits of broken delf. He loitered from time to time on the parapet of the bridge, now looking vacantly below, and then again came playing on, nearly to the spot where Captain Renaud stood. (Our captain at this time was pointing out the heights of Passy with his cane.) The boy still approaching nearer, looked at him with open eyes as in astonishment, and drawing from his jacket a small horse pistol, held it with both hands, directing it towards the Captain's breast. The latter turned off the muzzle of the piece with his cane, which going off at the instant, the ball lodged in the upper part of his thigh.

The Captain fell on the moment, without speaking a word, and looked seemingly in pity upon this singular enemy. He saw the youth still holding the pistol in both hands, frightened to death at what he had done. The grenadiers at this time were resting in silence upon their gun barrels, they not having deigned to raise a hand, or make a movement against this (*petit drôle*) young madcap. Some raised up the Captain, others contented themselves with taking the culprit by the arm before him he had wounded. Hereupon the lad burst into tears, and when he saw the blood flow in a stream upon the white trouser of the Captain, he was overcome with alarm at the butchery, and fainted. They bore them off, the man and boy, to a small house near Passy, where they both were when I left. The column headed by the lieutenant had now marched on its route to St. Cloud, and two grenadiers having thrown off their uniforms, had staid behind in this friendly house to give assistance to their old commander. One of them (he who related the story) had got employment as a working smith at Paris, the other as a sword cutler; both these men brought their earnings to the Captain, and in this way supplied him with all things needful up to this day. The limb of the unfortunate gentleman had been amputated from the first, but the fever ran high, and was of bad character, and fearing it might still increase, he had sent for me.

There was no time, I found, to lose, so I set off at once with the worthy fellow who had made the recital, his eyes filled with tears, and his voice tremulous with emotion; still without murmuring, without rancour, no abuse, and without accusation; contenting himself with merely saying "*C'est un grand malheur pour nous!*" It is a heavy loss for us soldiers.

[The narrative here breaks off abruptly, and all I have been able to learn of this brave man's story, is, that he recovered from the effects of his serious injury, which for a time threatened his life; and with a modest pension from the present government, left the army, and now cultivates the arts of peace and concord, with that zeal and alacrity which marked the vigour and devotedness of his long military life.] F. E.

THE LILY.

The lily, a delicate lady
Who sat under her green parasol.

THE MYRTLE.

Green as Hope, before it grieves
O'er the lost and broken-hearted,
All with which its youth has parted.

L. E. T.

WOMAN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

He laid him down to sleep, and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charm'd, he called the beauty
bride,
And his *first sleep* became his *last repose*.

THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.

The peasantry of England,
The merry hearts and free;
The sword may boast a braver band,
But give the scythe to me!
Give me the fame of industry,
Worth all your classic tomes!
God guard the English peasantry,
And grant them happy homes!

The sinews of old England!
The bulwarks of the soil!
How much we owe each manly hand,
Thus fearless of its toil!
Oh, he who loves the harvest free,
Will sing, where'er he roams,
God bless the English peasantry,
And give them happy homes!

God speed the plough of England!
We'll hail it with three cheers;
And here's to those who labour planned,
The all which life endears.
May still the wealth of husbandry
Be seen where'er man roams—
A cheer for England's peasantry,
God send them happy homes!

A DUEL BY MISTAKE.

A Russian officer, M. le Comte de Romanof, greatly resembles another officer, whose name is nearly the same, the Count Romanof. Not long since, going out of the theatre in Germany, the first gentleman was elbowed by a French officer, who told him he waited for him impatiently, naming the hour and a rendezvous. The count who at this time had a lady on his arm, imagined it was an affair with some jealous rival; and after seeing the fair one home, he repaired to give satisfaction to his aggressor, who at the first pass inflicted a somewhat serious perforation. "Before renewing the combat," said the Russian officer, "is it allowed me to ask, with whom I have the honour to be engaged, and what are the wrongs I expiate without knowing them?" You cannot be ignorant of them, M. de Romanof." "*Eh Monsieur*, why did not you explain yourself sooner?" Romanof left yesterday, for Warsaw." "*Ma foi*, I must set off tomorrow, to give him the *coup d'épée*, you have just received by mistake." F. E.

NAPOLEON'S TENACIOUS MEMORY.

This organization, these immense preparations (for the Russian war), were terminated about the month of February, 1812. I had several times written from the dictation of the Emperor; and I had occasion to admire his inconceivable memory, and the precision with which, without having recourse to the lists, he bore in mind the effective force of the several corps, in order to determine the means of raising them to the complete war establishment, according to their wants.

One day, having laid before him a general table which he had desired me to give him, and which he ran through very rapidly, he dictated a distribution of conscripts, founded on this statement, of the effective force of all the

corps of the army, without once hesitating, and stated the actual force of each of the corps, and their position. He walked rapidly up and down, or stood still before the window of his cabinet. He dictated with such rapidity that I had scarcely time to set down the figures clearly, and to indicate by abbreviations the notes which he added. For full half an hour I had not been able to take my eyes from the paper on which I wrote. I had no doubt but that he had before him the general table which I had given him; and when he paused a moment, and I was able to look at him, he perceived and laughed at my surprise. "You thought," said he, "that I was reading your table. I don't want it; I know it all by heart. Let us go on."—*Count Dumas' Memoirs of his Own Time.*

THE POET'S BEECHEN TREE.

(Concluded from page 178.)

In the garden at Ardwall, there is a magnificent beechen tree, the age of which can only be guessed at. An hundred years ago, beech was little known in the South of Scotland, and it was not until about the middle of the eighteenth century that the proprietors of land became sensible of the many useful properties of this excellent species of timber. In ship-building it is found to be of the greatest use, it is well adapted for the millwright's purposes, and in point of durability almost rivals the oak itself, if kept continuously in the same state—that is, constantly dry, or constantly wet. Beautiful specimens of this wood abound on the Earl of Stair's grounds at Culhorn and Castle-Kennedy; and I have been informed that still finer ones are met with at Bargally, the property of Mr. McKie, and more particularly in the vale of Palnure, the soil of which was so long proverbial for its sylvan properties, that it exhibited an almost "boundless contiguity of shade."

From the best information I have been able to obtain, it seems probable that the oldest of these beeches have alternately greened and withered for a century or more, and perhaps an equal period has elapsed since the one at Ardwall was found merely a tiny sapling in a spot which it now, to a very great extent, covers and incommodes with its expansive shade. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the goodliest trees of the kind that ever spread its ample boughs around, to mitigate alike the summer's heat and winter's cold, and in some respects is worthy to represent or stand as the patriarch of the whole tribe. Its height, I understand, is above forty feet; and what is a great deal more remarkable, its branches, which are very nearly circular, and form one of the most delightful awnings imaginable, measure in circumference upwards of 180 feet. A tree so stately, and which, of course, yields no fruit, must be felt as rather cumbersome in a garden, by those who have no feeling for the picturesque; and accordingly, in the year 1800, the gardener at Ardwall, David Mason, exerting all his eloquence in libelling an object, the roots and branches of which were alike baneful—the

first by exhausting the soil, and hampering the spade; and the second, by acting as a huge watering-pan, and distilling rain and dew to an extent that was felt to be altogether intolerable. As the man was quite in earnest, and had reason on his side, his master, though reluctantly, listened to his petition, and signed the tree's death-warrant. A few days subsequent to this, the ladies of Sir William Richardson's family, who thirty years ago resided at Ardwall, were visited by their neighbours the Misses Maxwell, of Cardoness, and while the whole party were walking in the garden, and commenting on the beauties of the beechen tree, Mr. McCulloch informed them that it had been found cumbersome, and was just about to be cut down. The ladies were astonished to hear him say so, and exerted all their eloquence to dissuade him from a deed which in their eyes seemed a species of *petit*, if not of high treason against the majesty of nature. A cause which is pleaded by the young and the fair, cannot be said to suffer from the character of its advocates, and so many arguments were used, and appeals made to the sensibility of the lord of the manor, that he, perhaps, began to feel like the poet Shenstone,

"For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
That could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue."

A respite was granted in the first instance, and shortly afterwards the highest poetic genius in the land was willingly exerted to avert the fate of the doomed tree. Among the party in the garden, there was a young lady, governess to the Misses Maxwell, and sister to the author of the "Pleasures of Hope;" and as she too was an admirer of the works of nature, she immediately wrote to her brother, related what was intended, and implored him to pen a petition in favour of the beechen tree. The poet complied, and almost immediately transmitted to Mr. McCulloch the original copy of the following verses. But the hand-writing was so cramp or hurried, that the latter found it difficult to decypher them, and it was not until the poem had appeared in the periodicals, and was admired and commended for its simplicity and sweetness, that he became aware of the mental calibre of his anonymous correspondent. The tree, however, was saved, and from its connexion with the poem became an object of greater interest than ever. To strengthen the association, the verses were engraved on a brass plate; copies, too, were printed for private distribution, and a note appended by Mr. McCulloch, detailing very briefly the burden of the present rambling tale, and concluding with the following manly sentence:—"Although the tree cannot be so lasting as the fame of HIM who composed its poetic, pathetic, and beautiful prayer, nevertheless, the present owner hereby fervently solicits his successors to let their tenderness and taste be marked, by giving a life-rent lease to this magnificent plant; or to 'spare this little spot,' until the ruthless hand of Time, which spareth not either *men* or *things*, may

terminate the existence of the Beechen Tree."

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

Oh! leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree!
Though bush or flow'et never grow
My dark, unwarming shade below—
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue—
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn—
Nor murmur'ing tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive—
Yet leave this barren spot to me;
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintery wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood, in my rustling bower,
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers, in my shade,
Their vows of truth and rapture made,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carv'd many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground—
By all that Love hath whisper'd here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear,
As love's own altar honour me—
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree!

J. M'DIARMID.

NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

The tomb of the royal prisoner has been frequently described, but the philosophy of this lovely spot (if the idea may be allowed me) can be acquired only by personal visit. Its situation is exquisitely beautiful, and unlike, in its sequestered stillness, any other portion of this picturesque island.

When the agony of perturbed feelings pressed too heavily upon the exiled Emperor's heart, he was wont to retire among the cypress shades of this quiet dell, and with his eagle eye fixed upon the world of waters endeavour to regain his mental equilibrium. Beneath this chosen soil does the frame now repose, once agitated by a higher and more ambitious spirit than ever ruffled the feverish world of human aspiration, and the bare and nearly leafless willows wave slowly over a monumental stone, ungraven even by a word to chronicle who rests beneath. The long grass waves in rank luxuriance around the grave, and a hedge of gay geraniums shades the cool spring, from which the Emperor is said to have loved to drink, after his varying walk over the exposed and sunny paths which separated him from Longwood. 'Tis a lovely spot, and the very breeze seems to visit it with gentleness, as if fearing to disturb the silence of the hero's rest. Green slopes are gathered round it, and the sunbeams fall with flickering dimness through the shades of the cypress boughs, which bend towards the dell; while every tree, and branch, and flower, every undulating variation of the verdure-clad earth, every

graceful fibre of the bending willows, afford fresh combinations for rich and beautiful effects. The philosopher might, at that simple grave, lay up a store of wisdom for himself, and the poet would feel a chord of enthusiasm awakened, inspiring him with many bright and gentle thoughts. Yet none among them all, even the greatest patriot who glories in the supremacy of England's power, could stand by that simple slab, without experiencing an emotion of saddening sympathy, which, however his political opinions may condemn him, will exert its softening influence, even among other and far distant scenes. At the head of the tomb a small geranium yet lives, originally planted by the hand of Madame Bertrand; but its leaves look withered and sapless, and the buds fall ere they gain vigour to swell into a maturity of bloom. An old serjeant, in charge of the tomb, acts as cicerone to visitors, and with the garrulity of age employed on a favourite and familiar subject, he loves to dwell on the peculiarities of the Emperor's habits and appearance, a theme which commonly finds ready and interested auditors.

The direct distance from James Town to Longwood is not more than a mile and a half; but a wild and almost impassable valley intervenes, opening to the sea, and running inland for about two miles, when it suddenly terminates at the distance of about one mile and a quarter from the latter place. At the extreme end of the valley, and sheltered by the high grounds that rise above it in the form of an amphitheatre, is the narrow bed where Napoleon sleeps.

"Is the spot marked with no colossal bust,
Or column trophied from triumphal show?
—None!"

The grave is nearly east and west, and marked by three rough flags, about three feet and a half by two each, placed side by side on a level with the turf, which, alas for human glory, were taken up from the kitchen floor of the new house; these, together with a margin, about one foot and a half in breadth, are enclosed with a plain iron railing, about four feet in height, at the south-west corner of which, and at the distance of four or five feet, grows a drooping willow: it is at present in a state of decay, and could never have been a fine specimen of its kind, but it adds much to the romantic gloom of the scene; for its trunk inclines until it seems to rest on the railing, while its branches hang weepingly over the grave, and envelope it in a sombre shade. At the west side of the palisade, and close to it, is the little spring, whose refreshing influence made this spot the favourite retreat of Napoleon during the summers of his detention: its waters are pure as crystal, and cold as ice, and every visitor, whether thirsty or not, is expected to take a draught of them, for which purpose several tumblers are always kept in readiness.—*United Service Journal*.

Those only deserve a monument who do not need one; that is, who have raised themselves a monument in the minds and memories of men.—*Haslett*.

SONG.

Adieu! the tie is broken,
And each fairy dream is fled;
Farewell to hope's bright flowers,
They are trampled on, and dead.

Yes, crush'd and blighted wantonly,
By her whose every glance
My heart would fondly treasure,
In love's deep and fervent trance,

For her, for whom 'twould be my pride
To suffer grief and pain,
That care may never cloud her brow,
Nor wish be form'd in vain.

But that is past, and though the pang
Weigh heavy on my heart,
I hide it 'neath a scornful smile,
Whilst we for ever part.

And I will roam amidst the gay,
From whom all care is sped;
Nor shall they know that every hope
Is trampled on, and dead.

AGNES.

RUINS OF SPARTA AND ATHENS.

It is not in the first moments of strong emotion that we can analyse our sentiments, or feel most deeply the joy they inspire. I approached Athens with a species of delight that took from me all power of reflection; yet the feeling was totally different from that which I had experienced at the first view of Lacedæmon. Sparta and Athens have preserved their distinctive characters even in their ruins: those of the first are grave, mournful, and solitary; those of the second are joyous, sparkling, and peopled. On beholding the country of Lycurgus, every thought becomes serious, dignified, and profound—the mind expands, and is at once elevated and enlarged, but at sight of the city of Solon we are enchanted by the evidences of genius which give us the idea of man almost perfected as an intelligent and immortal being. At Athens the highest sentiments of our nature are blended with something elegant and refined, which they wanted at Sparta. Patriotism among the Athenians was not a blind instinct, but an enlightened sentiment, founded upon that love for the beautiful, which the very sky above them had so liberally imparted: in short, on passing from the ruins of Sparta to those of Athens, I felt that I should wish to die with Leonidas, but to live with Pericles.—*Chateaubriand.*

MY MAIDEN NAME.

My maiden name, my maiden name,
How very much I was to blame,
In giving up a single life,
For one with every sorrow rife,
To leave each pleasant scene of mirth,
The tranquil home the cheerful hearth,
A gentle sister's tuneful voice
That bade each heart around rejoice,
And every passing joy that came,
When I possessed a maiden name.

BEAUTY OF PRUSSIAN WOMEN.

Berlin is considered one of the cities of Germany most celebrated for female beauty. The ladies are, literally speaking, fair, and peculiarly happy in the elegance of their figures. They walk with much feminine grace, and are, above all, esteemed the most literary, talented, and high-bred of the German women. I had one day the accidental good fortune to see one of these belles standing opposite to the most faultless and beautiful creation of art which adorns the picture gallery; and so equal were the rival claims to admiration of the animate and the inanimate beauty, that it would have been difficult to decide on which to bestow the palm, had not the former, possibly imagining the comparison that could not fail to be made, been piqued into assuming her prettiest smile, and the victory was then no longer doubtful.

THE PRESENT OF CARDINAL DUBOIS.

This famous prelate had a steward whose rognery upon many occasions he had discovered. When the first of the year arrived, instead of making him the customary present, like the other domestics, the cardinal contented himself by saying to him, "Now, sir, go your way, I give you what you have robbed me of." The steward made his bow in token of thanks, and retired, highly delighted. F. E.

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

You have my birthright;
And for the rest, who can aspire to more
Than a true heart for ever blent with his—
Blessings when absent, welcome when return'd,
His merry bark with England's flag to crown
her,
Fame for his hopes, and honour in his course.
BULWER'S "SEA CAPTAIN."

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THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant, as every boy knows, is the most lordly quadruped that ranges the forest. His bulk is enormous—his strength prodigious—his sagacity equal to his other powers. Even the lion shuns his approach, or at least never courts the open combat; in the wide range of the animal creation he owns only one superior: and it is man alone that renders the bulky elephant useful in peace, and formidable in war; that inures him to the burden, and breaks him to the yoke. In his native wilds he is fearful to look upon; reclaimed and domesticated, he becomes a faithful and attached friend—defending to the uttermost those who cherish and treat him kindly, and performing the most various domestic offices, down almost to the drudgery of a hewer of wood, and a drawer of water. A herd of elephants grazing in their native pastures is undoubtedly one of the sublimest sights in the world, though it is one few can ever witness; and, before the invention of gunpowder, their rush in war must have been terrific and appalling beyond expression. Yet such is the power of mind over matter, that even the "untutored Indian" leads the elephant forth with as much confidence as if he were a little child; and well may we admire the wisdom of the Creator, and the provisions of the charter granted to Adam in the garden of Eden, when we see an animal so gigantic yielding to a being physically so insignificant.

Many singular anecdotes are recorded of the elephant, which are too well known to be recapitulated here. I am enabled, however, to add to the number, and shall do so as plainly and briefly as possible. Not many years ago, an Edinburgh gentleman went to visit an elephant and the other inmates of a travelling menagerie, and as he wished to test his *lifting* powers of the former, he threw him

a sixpence, which fell near the wall of his wooden domicile, and beyond the utmost reach of his proboscis. The huge animal observed what was going forward, and after various ineffectual attempts to reach the piece of money, snorted loudly against the wall, or, in other words, emitted such a gush of breath, that the sixpence was moved and blown nearer the one moment, and the next raised and deposited in a place where few would venture to break through and steal. This dexterous feat, on the part of the elephant, surprised the spectators far beyond all his other tricks, and it was generally admitted that philosophy itself could not have gone farther in compassing its ends by the most direct means. Indeed, the gentleman who related the circumstance appealed to it as a striking proof of the doctrine, that it is impossible in many cases to say where instinct ends and reason begins, and that these qualities approximate, and run into one another so nearly, that we may well say of them,

"But thin partitions do their bounds divide."

In the autobiography of Mr. Lindley Murray; published in 1826, a passage occurs, from which it appears that one of the clearest heads that ever engaged in the business of analysis, had been well nigh cracked, some 60 years ago, by a singular agent, and for a small offence. In the year 1771, he visited the elephants at the Queen's Palace, Buckingham, and from whatever motive ventured to withdraw with his cane a portion of the hay which one of them had been collecting with his proboscis on the floor. This little affront offended the sagacious animal highly; the keeper remarked that he would never forget it, and it was obvious, from the rapid convolutions of his trunk, that he only wanted an opportunity to avenge the misappropriation of his property on the spot. The grammarian, however, kept out of his way, and probably thought no more of the matter, until he chanced to revisit the

same place, after an absence of several weeks. On this occasion a number of other persons were present, but of the whole the elephant instantly singled out his old enemy, and aimed a desperate blow at his head, which, fortunately for the world, neither proved mortal, nor took effect. Mr. Murray was astonished, as well he might, and deduced an excellent moral from the circumstance, which it may be proper to give in his own words:—"This incident made some impression on me; and perhaps contributed to subdue a curiosity which could not be gratified but at the expense of the feelings of others."

But though every quadruped of the same kind may possess equal powers of memory, they are not all equally revengeful: with them as with ourselves, the passion of anger is modified by circumstances, and the following facts, which I communicate on the authority of an eye-witness (Mr. Hewetson, of Kirkcudbright), go far to prove that they are capable of discriminating between persons worthy and unworthy of their notice. Mr. H., when in Dublin some years ago, went to see a huge elephant, which the owner was exhibiting in a wooden house, near one of the quays. To amuse the company, the giant quadruped performed, as usual, a number of tricks, such as kneeling and rising at the word of command, and hoisting over the rails of his den a bucketful of water, without spilling a single drop of it; and my friend, while examining, with the eye of an anatomist, the singular conformation of the animal, observed a little boy, who was doing every thing he could to annoy him. But though the pranks the urchin played were sufficiently insulting, the lordly brute remained calm, and appeared to take no notice of them; still he observed what was passing, and seizing his opportunity projected his trunk, snatched the cap from the boy's head, turned half round, snorted loudly, and in a word acted his part so well, that

every one present believed he had swallowed it. The offender looked exceedingly blank, and while scratching his head seemed to regret not a little that the best part of his dress should have gone on such a thankless errand. The elephant, on the other hand, appeared to enjoy the joke highly; for some minutes he looked the very picture of an arch humourist; and just as his visitors were about to retire, he drew the missing cap from its hiding-place, and flung it with such an air in the boy's face, that the laugh became loud and universal. Indeed this singular instance of sagacity excited far more admiration than all the tricks the showman had taught his African protegee; and, as in the case already alluded to, the company, one and all, admitted that human reason could not have gone farther in repressing impertinence, by a mode of punishment at once so appropriate and indicative of the relative strength and weakness of the parties.

In the year 1822, a most interesting work appeared, entitled "Sketches of the Field Sports of India." The author, Dr. D. Johnson, appears to have looked about him with the eye of a naturalist; and though my object in the present work is originality, such as it is, I cannot resist quoting the following highly characteristic anecdotes of the elephant.

"An elephant belonging to Mr. Boddam, of the Bengal civil service, at Gyah, used every day to pass over a small bridge leading from his master's house into the town of Gyah; he one day refused to go over it, and it was with great difficulty, by going him most cruelly with the Hunkoss (iron instrument) that the Mahout (driver) could get him to venture on the bridge, the strength of which he first tried with his trunk, showing clearly that he suspected that it was not sufficiently strong; at last he went on, and before he could get over the bridge gave way, and they were precipitated into the ditch, which killed the driver, and considerably injured the elephant. It is reasonable to suppose the elephant must have perceived its feeble state when he last passed over it. It is a well known fact, that elephants will seldom or ever go over strange bridges, without first trying with their trunks if they be sufficiently strong to bear their weight, nor will they ever go into a boat without doing the same.

"I had a remarkably quiet and docile elephant, which one day came home loaded with branches of trees for provender, followed by a number of villagers, calling for mercy (their usual cry when ill used); complaining that the Mahout had stolen a kid from them, and that it was then on the elephant, under the branches of the trees. The Mahout took an opportunity of decamping into the village and hiding himself. I ordered the elephant to be unloaded, and was surprised to see that he would not allow any person to come near to him, when at all other times he was perfectly tractable and obedient. Combining all the circumstances, I was convinced that the Mahout was guilty, and, to get rid of the noise, I recompensed the people for the loss of their kid. As soon as they were gone away, the elephant allowed himself to be unloaded, and

the kid was found under the branches, as described by the people. I learnt from my Sarcar that similar complaints had been made to him before, and that the rascal of a Mahout made it a practice to ride the elephant into the midst of a herd of goats, and had taught him to pick up any of the young ones he directed; he had also accustomed him to steal their pumpions and other vegetables that grew against the inside of their fences like French beans, which could only be reached by an elephant. He was the best Mahout I ever knew, but so great a rogue that I was obliged to discharge him.

"The very day that he left my service, the elephant's eyes were closed, which he did not open again in less than a fortnight, when it was discovered that he was blind. Two small eschars, one in each eye, were visible, which indicated pretty strongly that he had been made blind by some sharp instrument, most probably by a heated needle. The suspicion was very strong against the former keeper, of whom I never heard any thing after. The elephant I frequently rode on, shooting, for many years after this, through heavy covers, intersected with ravines, rivers, and over hollow and uneven ground, and he scarcely ever made a false step with me, and never once tumbled. He used to touch the ground with his trunk on every spot where his feet were to be placed, and in so light and quick a manner as scarcely to be perceived. The Mahout would often make him remove large stones, lumps of earth or timber, out of his way, frequently climb up and down banks that no horse could get over; he would also occasionally break off branches of trees that were in the way of the Howdah, to enable them to pass."

J. M'DIARMID.

THE LONE SPIRIT.

I.

Love is a gentler lord to some
Than it hath been to me—
My hopes, frail barks, have all been wreck'd
Upon its stormiest sea:
And now my pining spirit lives
Upon its memory!

II.

In happy days, in days of mirth,
When laughter had a joyous birth,
My heart beat quick and wild,
But then—what heart can well be sad
In youth—when every pulse is glad,
And sweet thoughts live in beauty clad!
I was a little child!

III.

I had no friends to care for me,
No father and no mother;
An early death had borne away
My sister and my brother:
And flowers had covered all their graves
Ere I could lip their names.
On those with whom I lived and moved,
I had no kindred claims!
I had not dreamt of love or hate,
When first I braved an orphan's fate!

IV.

And thus I lived from year to year;
I do not think I shed a tear—
Until at last my heart poured out
Its fertile stream of love—
That flowed on all things beautiful
Below—around—above—
From Heaven, where dwelt the mighty God
Down to the earth, whose soil I trod!

V.

My childhood passed, the light of youth
Sat smiling on my brow;
I stood on manhood's threshold then;
I'm in its dwelling now!
And though it is a house of pain,
I cannot wander back again!

VI.

When manhood came I did not cease
To love the trees and flowers,
And all the glorious things that be
In earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
That we call ours!
But though my soul could still be gay
Upon a sunny summer day,
And feel the same sweet wild delight
In commune with the silent night—
There seemed a vacuum in my heart,
That not all this could fill;
As though some pulse had lingered there,
That longed to leap and thrill;
A spirit in its living depths,
Unfathomed, unexplored;
A priest, with golden gifts—but not
The altar He adored!

VII.

I went into the busy world,
To wake this sleeping fount,
But still the void was all unfilled,
The love-blood would not mount!
Amid a crowd of living men
I only seemed a stone;
Circled of laughing thousands—still
The orphan was—alone!

VIII.

At last there came a light, that flashed
Upon my heart and brain—
A light that having vanished now,
Can never burn again;
And reason's chords are nearly rent
With thinking how it came and went.

IX.

It chanced upon the path I took,
My warm heart open like a book!
There flitted by, to glad mine eyes,
One of the world's young butterflies,
That hover o'er a thousand things,
And doubt on which to rest their wings!

(To be continued.)

ART AND SCIENCE.

It is the mischief of the regular study of all art and science, that it proportionably unfits a man for those pursuits or emergencies in life which require mere courage and promptitude. To any one who has found how difficult it is to arrive at truth or beauty, with all the pains and time he can bestow upon them, every thing seems worthless that can be ob-

tained by a mere assumption of the question, or putting a good face upon the matter. Let a man try to produce a fine picture, or to solve an abstruse problem by giving himself airs of self-importance, and see what he will make of it. But in the common intercourse of life too much depends on this sort of assurance and quackery. This is the reason why scholars and other eminent men so often fall in what personally concerns themselves. They cannot take advantage of the follies of mankind, nor submit to arrive at the end they have in view by unworthy means. Those who cannot make the progress of a single step in a favourite study without infinite pains and preparation, scorn to carry the world before them, or to win the good opinion of any individual in it, by vapouring and impudence. Yet these last qualities often succeed without an atom of true desert; and "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." In nine cases out of ten, the mere sanguineness of our pursuit ensures success; but the having tasked our faculties as much as they will bear, does not tend to enhance our overweening opinion of ourselves. The labours of the mind, like the drudgery of the body, impair our animal spirits and alacrity. Those who have done nothing fancy themselves capable of every thing; while those who have exerted themselves to the utmost only feel the limitation of their powers, and evince neither admiration of themselves, nor triumph over others. Their work is still to do, and they have no time or disposition for *fooling*. This is the reason why the greatest men have the least appearance of it HAZLITT.

TO TIME AND FORTUNE.

Time and Fortune, mighty powers,
Rulers of creation,
Ye on whom these hearts of ours
Wait in expectation;
Time and Fortune! have ye not
In your senseless treasure
One unmingled, happy lot,
One endearing pleasure?

Time! there is but one, whose bliss
Baffles thy enhancing;
He who finds in Anna's kiss
Pleasures past advancing:
Fortune! there's but one on earth
Who thy power despises;
He who prizes Anna's worth,
He whom Anna prizes. W.

BALANCING ACCOUNTS.

Jarnowick, the composer, being in the music shop of Bailleux, in Paris, accidentally broke a pane of glass.

"Those who break windows must pay for them," said the music-seller.

"Right," replied the musician; "how much is it?"

"Thirty sous."

"There's a three-franc piece."

"But I have no change," answered Bailleux.

"Never mind that," rejoined Jarnowick, "we are now quits, then,"—and immediately dashed his cane through a second square.

FORGING BY STEAM.

A latitude is always given to foreigners in speaking, and great allowance is made for naming improperly, as well as for the misspelling of words. The French, however, take a license with proper names, and with words that are neither difficult to spell, or pronounce, that is quite out of reason, and in the last degree laughable. One might almost suppose some mistakes were made on purpose, or *expressé*, as they themselves have it. I was greatly puzzled to make out the meaning of the words *Stoom-Boot*, written thus in italics, which I found lately in a French journal of credit. And I doubt not my readers will be as much surprised as I was, when they find what they are intended to stand for in English—"Steam Boat!" by all the powers that rule. This may be called forging by steam. F. E.

OH, STILL TO WATCH!

Oh! still to watch thine every look
Has been my ceaseless care,
Thy brow was my heart's constant book,
Whose page was bright and fair.

And ne'er till now hath aught of stain
Darken'd that living lore,
Which sooth'd my soul in gloom and pain,
But now may soothe no more.

Say, say at least, how I have done
To thee offence unmeant,
And I'll not grieve, beloved one,
Though sad my punishment.

PIGAULT-LEBRUN.

Pigault-Lebrun died on Friday the 24th of July, at his small house in the country, where he passed his summers, surrounded by his grand-children, his excellent wife, and much beloved daughter. Here, for many years, he enjoyed the calm retreat, the *Domus et placens uror* of the poet.

His son and a few friends have attended his remains to their last resting-place, the country cemetery; where the wind sows the grass and the flowers, which the sun endues with life, and gilds with its beams. Peace to his manes.

I leave others the task to trace back and analyse his long career, just finished at the age of 83; so full of adventures, that would form of itself the drollest romance that ever was written. To show Pigault the boy, that lively, thoughtless madcap—tormented by his family a little at times—then the soldier, comedian, play-wright, and manager, novelist, governor, trustee, &c., but always good, sincere, and frank, as I said before, I leave to others; my object is but to record a trait or two, relative to the last days he passed among us.

It is hardly six months since, full of life and spirits, he met in a small circle of friends the aid-de-camp and rival of Kosciusko. The two old men talked in a gay and affable manner, their conversation happening to turn upon their age, Nieurcewicz acknowledged to seventy-six.

"I am your senior by more than six years,"

said father Pigault, smiling, "so make the most of it; I no longer see any but young people."

"You know not," rejoined the Pole, with the most gracious condescension, "you know not what obligations you have laid me under—you have forced me to laugh, even in the dungeons of Russia!"

"Can it be possible? It is one of the best actions I ever did in my life;" and the countenance of the author lighted up with an expression of joyous benignity, that seemed to irradiate and purify every thing. F. E.

[Want of space prevents our concluding the article this week. Ed.]

SENSE AND SOUND.

It is related of Haydn, that, when about to compose, "noting down his principal idea or theme, and choosing the keys through which he wished it to pass, he imagined a little romance which might furnish him with musical sentiments and colours." The strict connexion which thus subsisted between the poetical and musical imagination of Haydn, was of great advantage to him in his compositions. He thus introduced into his melodies a sentiment and character which we in vain look for in those of his predecessors.

The musical idea, though originally vigorous and impressive, may be clothed in phraseology so clumsy, as to deprive it of all elegance. This phraseology is as capable of improvement, as the modes of expression in poetic language; and in the airs of Haydn and Mozart, we discover that beautiful connexion, that perpetual variety of expression, and that polished elegance of manner, which are so rarely found even in the compositions of Corelli, Handel, Gluck, or Arne.

MOZART'S CHARACTER AS A COMPOSER.

Mozart, though he died at the age of thirty-five, began his studies so early, and was so ardent in the pursuit of his beloved science, that his works are more numerous than those produced by any composer in the same time. His works are of many species, from the light dance to the most elaborate symphony, from the simple ballad to the lyrical tragedy, and most sublime strains of the church. The fecundity of his imagination was prodigious, his themes are always natural and felicitous, the development of his designs is conducted with extraordinary address, and a certain degree of gracefulness pervades even his most laboured pieces, in all of which he displays a particular and unrivalled knowledge of every province of the orchestra; but especially of the wind instruments, which he always employs in the happiest way. The ideas of this composer flowed so freely, that he could always depend upon himself; and often deferred a composition, even of importance, till within a few hours of its execution. The overture of *Don Juan* was produced while the last rehearsal of the opera was proceeding.

"ARCADES AMBO."

TWO ABRAIT KNIVES.

A cause of a grave nature, but which has become in some sort amusing, from the details annexed to it, was tried on the 18th of the present month, before the civil court of Valenciennes.

A very unfortunate young woman, of the commune of Onnaing, was united in marriage to a tall, handsome young man, rejoicing in the name of Servais-Joseph Demat. He had procured a false certificate of his birth, together with the consent of his father, James Demat, which the said act imported. The father was present at the wedding, and had, moreover, addressed to the married couple a most parental and touching exordium, which drew tears from the eyes of the bystanders. The wedding passed off gaily; even the honeymoon had shone its full time, in the matrimonial horizon when one fine day, the husband went over to Belgium, without any one knowing for a long time what was become of him. The neglected spouse had no other account of him than merely to apprise her, that it was a discharged felon she had married, already a husband, with two children, who she had made bigamist. Such was the man to whom she was united. Nor was this all:—the pretended father, whose benediction had so affected the hearers, was like his putative son, no better than a true *Robert Macaire*. Now, they being more scrupulous at Onnaing than at Paris, and the civil code being also less tolerant than the public of the Port St. Martin, the poor girl or woman (call her which you please) demanded in open court the annulling of this marriage. The Procureur of the King finding nothing to oppose to it, the prayer of the petitioner was granted accordingly. She had further proved that the man she was married to had taken the names of his brother, and that he was called *Paul Demat*, and not *Servais Joseph*—that he was married the first time by his true name (this wife is still living), and that his father never suspected that one son might thus give him two grand-children at the same time. A document—not the least droll among a heap of papers belonging to M. de François, advocate to the complainant—was put in, and read to the Court, which deserves to be mentioned. It is a letter addressed to the *avouée*, by a worthy mayor of a commune in Belgium, from whom originated the family and real father of Demat.

"Jacques Demat, the father," said he, in this letter, "died in 1829, and was a perfectly honest man. Heaven rest his soul! He never gave consent to this second marriage, which he abominated. He who filled up the contract was nothing but a —, and a very brigand, still living in the commune." The finale of the letter was in more positive terms, and ran thus:—"If at any time you should stand in need of other vouchers, you may depend upon my taking great pleasure in obliging you. I beg, however, when you may have occasion to call for papers requiring pay-

ment, to forward me the money by the same opportunity."

The recommendation of the worthy functionary caused a hearty laugh in court.

F. E.

THE TARANTULA SPIDER.

Among the extraordinary effects that have been ascribed to music, no one has been oftener asserted than that of its cure for the poison of the tarantula spider. Yet in a work similar to this, even the notoriety of the disputed account, would not, perhaps, excuse its omission:—

In the southern parts of Italy (says the popular narration,) sometimes persons are bitten by a largish sort of spider, called *tarantula*. At certain periods of the year, the person that has been once so bitten, feels a pain about the wounded part, which is accompanied with dejection of spirits, sallowness, &c. If sprightly music be played (and a certain jig, called the *tarantella*, is generally played on such occasions,) the patient gets up, and begins to dance with irregular gestures; the quickness of his movements generally increases to a certain degree; and the dance continues sometimes for hours, without intermission. At last the patient, fatigued and exhausted, throws himself down on the floor, on a chair, or a bed, &c. to recruit his strength; and the fit is over for that time. The remarkable part of the story is, that this exertion of dancing, &c. cannot be produced without music.

In the first place, it is very doubtful whether the spider is at all poisonous, or whether it has any share at all in the production of the pretended illness.

The disorder, probably a nervous or hysterical affection, may arise from other causes, especially in a pretty warm climate. And the violent agitation of the patient, accompanied with perspiration, &c. may very likely relieve him, or her (for the tarantula bites women as well as men).

The pretended indispensable aid of music, the long continuance of the dance, the strange gestures, and several odd fancies, which such patients are supposed to have, are, in all probability, dictated by prejudice, by the love of singularity, or by the desire of exciting astonishment in the minds of the spectators, who are always numerous on such occasions."

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THE VILLAGE GIRL.

She wandered forth in beauty,
Her step was light and glad;
For her young heart had never felt
One fleeting moment sad:
She laughed away the live-long day,
At eve sank to repose;
And when again the morning dawned,
The same glad thing she rose.

But there came one with winsome look,
And tongue of charmed power,
Whose accents fell like honey dew
Upon some virgin flower:
A rapture wild absorbed the child,
She doated on his smile;
But little recked that therein lurked
A serpent's deadly guile.

A few moons waned, but on her heart
A stain is resting there,
And shame has blanched her once bright
cheek
With sorrow and despair;
She could not brook her father's look,
The terrors of his frown,
Revealed how her dishonouring blow
Had struck his fond hopes down.

No one in joy's Elysian light,
Will her young beauty bloom;
Her pale brow tells she soon will be
A tenant of the tomb.

VIENNA AND MOZART.

You have, perhaps, heard it said that Vienna is in Austria, or in Germany?—but believe it not. It is in Italy, perhaps on the side of Florence, perhaps on the borders of Naples, and the warm sea of Sicily. Still be persuaded that this handsome laughing city, planted with verdant trees, bristling with church spires, carved and gilt palaces, adorned with pictures

and Mosaic, full of music and of song, and of the dance no less—is not a German city. The fair bright sky, which at night flings its long purple rays aslant the mountains of Bohemia, is an Italian sky. Its women, lovers of pleasures, of harmony, flowers—elegant and voluptuous; those women whose dark piercing orbs shoot forth the sparks, robbed from the sun of Portici or Velletri, who pronounce the Swabian tongue with the soft accent of the Tuscans, are no longer the daughters of the Huns and Saxons. All that Germanic invasion has pillaged from Italy, find themselves again met together in this tasteful and enchanting city of Vienna. The young girls, whom Imperial booty-men have *enlevés* from noble houses the illustrious families which they kept in bondage, the divine songsters who chained to their chariot wheels, and dragged far northward, to beguile and fill the vacant hour at their lewd orgies; the statues, paintings, all are there—Germany retains nothing of this pillage. Vienna has engrossed it all—one might say too, she had seized upon the Heavens, without a cloud; the air of festive joy is here, together with those soft pleasures of the Southern climes. Look not for the youthful senators of Venice, and the noble daughters of the Doges upon the stagnant waters of the *Lagunes*, nor in the clare-obscure of their gondolas; neither in the long arcades, and still more lengthened galleries, 'twill be in vain,—the Montecchi and the Capuletti, the Foscari, and the Doria, the Grimani, the Tiepolo, are all in the halls and saloons of Vienna, the lively witty fair of Milan are at Vienna also; the *savans*, and Lords of Padua, the dukes of Mantua, the princes and gentlemen of Verona (more than two) the brave musicians of Cremona, the *bouffons* of Bergamo, all these are found at Vienna. There is Italy concentrated; but mark! Italy rich, fertile, and well tilled, without the *pontes* swamps which destroy her,

without Vesuvius which consumes her, Italy without Germans, who oppress and pillage her.

There you find that elegance, refinement, that *gusto* for the arts and pleasures, that security in commerce, that facility and ease of living, which poor Italy has been in ignorance of, how long since! A nobility without pride, supple, and *bon enfant*, because nothing is disputed; and a mixture of blood, of manners, and of classes, which give a marvellous originality to this society, unique in the world.

Here one sees the Polonaise from Galicia, smart, lively, and full of joke, like the Parisians, noble Hungarian Signors, boasting like the Gascons, and frank as the people of Switzerland; grand Austrian dames, born in Italy, brought up in France, all of whom know Racine, Alfieri, and Shakspeare too, and who could hardly read Schiller in their mother tongue! There business is carried on in Latin, pleasure in French, and love is worked out in the language of Tasso and Petrarch. As to Germans, I have heard that some may be found at Vienna, but I forewarn you that you must take some pains to find them out.

Established in Vienna, after his escape from the kitchens of his patron the archbishop, living with Gluck and Haydn, received by the archduke Maximilian, at the Prince Esterhazy's, and in the noble house of Galizia, he became gently influenced by that air of ease and elegance, mixed with joy and plenteousness, which every where surrounded him: imbibing by turns the most opposite impressions in his intercourse, first with the citizens, (the most peaceful and *naïf* people in the world) then again with that nobility so spiritualised and debonair, Mozart, like Raffael, struck out his second manner. His music became more varied, more effective, more philosophical. *Alceste* and *Iphigenia*, which he studied with more than his wonted care,

revealed to himself those hidden energies which hitherto had lain dormant in his soul, and now were suddenly brought to light. Gluck was a Bohemian as well as Mozart, and, like our hero, possessed that mysterious gift of musical conception that Mozart has often said, was never found but in Bohemia: and no doubt he discerned in the works of his countrymen secrets that to the end of time will probably be secrets to all besides themselves. Mozart never concealed how much he was indebted in his earlier life to the immortal Joseph Haydn, who he was pleased to call his master. Placed thus between two great geniuses, the spirit of Mozart was enabled to take a wider range, and once more joyfully he resumed the pen, and wrote, with short intervals between them, the *L'Enlèvement au Sérail*, *les Noces de Figaro*, *Don Juan*, *la Flûte enchantée*, *la Clemence de Titus*; an enormous mass of oratorios, catches, cantatas, symphonies, and last of all, his *Requiem*.

At this time, a singular and curious spectacle might have been furnished at Vienna. Three persons occasionally met at one of the gates of the city to play at bowls; they were conversant with the game, and proficient all three; eager at the sport, but at the same time a little *distracts*, trilling and quavering even while delivering their bowl. One of the two was Mozart, the other was Gluck, and the third was Haydn. When the sport was over, the three friends went off to write what they had each composed, while engaged in their game at bowls. At one of these matches *Don Juan*, *Orpheus*, the famous *Stabat mater* was produced, which is said to be no wise inferior to that of *Pergolesi*! F. E.

[We must here stay our hand till next week, when we purpose to finish this article.]

CERVETTI AND A RUSSIAN.

Cervetti, the violoncello performer, once so well known at the theatre by the prodigious protuberance of his proboscis, and the nickname of *Nosey*, one night, during his performance in the orchestra, received a violent blow from a potatoe thrown at him from the upper gallery. The moment the piece was concluded, in the performance of which he was assisting, he ran up into that part of the house, and inquired who it was that had so insulted him; when the man being pointed out, Cervetti seized him by the collar, dragged him into the passage, and gave him a severe beating. Some years afterwards, returning from a ride, he met near Paddington a cavalcade on its way to Tyburn, with one malefactor. The convict, on seeing him, immediately cried out, "Nosey! Nosey!" Cervetti, astonished at the salute (familiar as it was to his ear,) from such a quarter, rode up to the cart, when he recognised, in the unfortunate culprit, the very fellow who had thrown the potatoe at him. In a tone of contrition, the man said, that, being on the point of leaving this world, he wished to die in peace with all mankind; declared that he heartily forgave him for the drubbing he formerly received from him at the playhouse; and then added, "Now, Nosey, I shall die in peace."

THE LONE SPIRIT.

(Continued from page 179.)

X.

A butterfly!—why have I seized
A thing of insect birth—
To place in bright comparison
With that fair child of earth?
A creature born to roam and range
With one who would not, could not change!

XI.

Poor girl! she loved me— orphan hearts
Cling to their earliest tie,
And thus the memory of that love
Will haunt me when I die!
The chains that bound me all were burst,
The passion all returned:
There was no chaos in my heart,
The smothered flame now burned!
The beautiful had come to bless,
And I was not companionless!

XII.

An orphan's lot is ever sad;
But now I deemed mine sweet,
It made me happy when I felt
My heart could bound and beat
Freely and fast for her alone,
Who sat upon its spirit throne!

XIII.

We loved—'tis ecstasy to love—
In secret and unseen;
My senses seemed like glad bright isles,
Of which she was the queen.
So tenderly she held them all
In her dear, blissful, dreamy thrall!

XIV.

And I was not unloved by her—
A pure and trusting child—
Her eyes were ever dim or bright,
Just as I wept or smiled.
By her the things that I had loved
Were ever most cared;
And when she played the singing-bird,
My besom was her nest!
More love she kindly seemed to bring,
Because I was a lonely thing;
And less should we have had to rue,
Had she, dear girl, been lonely too!

XV.

But she'd one parent—woe had crowned
With care his disappointed brow;
Ambition had not won its goal,
And into moodiness the soul
Had settled darkly now!

XVI.

I went to him one sunny day,
I thought that sun chased grief away,
And left the heart less like a tomb,
Than shadowy, solemn, silent gloom.
I went—but even 'mid the glow
Of glorious light he still looked woe!
And morning grey, and evening dim,
Seemed ever all alike to him.

I told him that I loved his child—
I told—and his dark eye grew wild;
A glance from under its long lash
Broke forth, a vivid lightning flash!
I told—he heard, but could not see,
His eyes were blind with agony;
And his cheek took a livid hue,
I told him that SHE LOVED ME TOO!

XVII.

He did not speak—he did not sigh—
He did not move his glassy eye—
That gazed at nothing! but his look
Was still as death, and mute as grief;
And then his tall frame bent and shook,
And quivered like a leaf!
And while with rage he struggled there,
Half mastering passion and despair,
His sinless daughter bounding in,
On our sad silence broke:
And as she rushed to his embrace,
With smiles upon her angel face,
Then did his lips their utterance win,
He spoke!—

(To be concluded in our next.)

SUPERSTITION.—The effects of superstition upon the human mind are as dangerous at their commencement as they are often fatal at their termination. When once this feeling takes possession of our minds, it gradually absorbs the whole soul, until our better judgment becomes perverted by its baneful powers; every fancied alarm, every trifle is converted into the most horrid causes; our sight, our hearing, and even our mind becomes corrupt, and imagination most amply supplies the place of reality.

JOHN LOCKE.—This celebrated scholar was asked how he contrived to accumulate such a mine of knowledge, so various and rich, yet so extensive and deep. He answered that he attributed what little he knew to not having been ashamed to ask for information, and to the rule he laid down of conversing with all descriptions of men on those topics chiefly that formed their own peculiar professions and pursuits. The late Edmund Burke pursued a similar plan, and in conversation paid ample interest for whatever knowledge he received.

NEWSPAPER READERS.—The tastes of the readers of a newspaper are sufficiently various and singular. One reads nothing but the poet's corner; another considers poetry, and all that sort of stuff, horrid trash. One deems politics the only business of life; another votes that department a bore. This one reads only the deaths and marriages, and that one looks only to the advertisements. There are various other idiosyncracies too numerous to mention; but certainly the most singular one we ever heard of was the case of the lady who was obliged to consult the celebrated Abernethy, because "for several mornings past she had not been able to relish her murders." We should like to have seen the doctor's physiognomy on the occasion.

LOVE SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Laugh not, nor weep : but let thine eyes
Grow soft and dim (so love should be),
And be thy breathing tender, quick,
And tremulous, whilst I gaze on thee.

And let thy words be few or none ;
But murmurs, such as soothe the air
In summer when the day is done,
Be hard, sweet heart, when I am there.

And I—oh ! I, in those soft times,
When all around is still and sweet,
Will love thee more a thousand times
Than if the world was at thy feet !

THE SLAYER AND THE SLAIN !

He is dead ! we are alone in the chamber—the slayer and the slain. Ay ! there you lie, Richard Mostyn, there you lie stiff in death. There you lie, my schoolfellow, my chum, my companion, my confidant, my friend, and your blood is upon my sword.

How strangely this array of luxury, this magnificently furnished table, these relics of a costly feast, contrast with the condition of him who gave it. The guests are gone—the songs have been sung—the jests are evaporated—the jesters asleep. And he—he who called them together—he, the wit, the grace of the company, the glory of the scene, is weltering in his blood. There stands before his chair his unfinished glass, and there too lies that unfinished letter to—to—to—no matter to whom, for her name shall never cross my lips again.

I am athirst. I must remain here a few minutes longer. The household are slumbering ; little do they think what is before them in the morning. I pour out this goblet of the wine of the man whom I have killed. Fiercely have I drunk it. Shall I try another ? I may with impunity. The demon working in my brain is too potent to be quelled by so feeble a power. Wine—wine ; what is wine when compared with hate ?

Oh, Richard ! Richard ! those were gay days when we were in Oriel together, and shared every thought, every amusement, every study, every dissipation. Twenty years have past and gone, but the recollection of those golden hours is brighter in my mental eye than that of the events of yesterday. Who of those who then saw us together could have thought that Richard Mostyn was to perish by the hand of Tom Churchill ? Who would have thought that Richard Mostyn would have committed that surpassing wrong which justifies his slaughter to my soul ?

Justifies ! out, cold word ! When I think of what he has done, his death makes me rejoice. I exult that I have slain him. Let me examine his features as he lies beneath my foot. Yes, there is still that clear and ample brow shaded with clustering locks ; that beautiful countenance ; that magnificent form. Pale are the once blooming cheeks, Silent are the lips on whose accents I so often hung ; closed the eyes once beaming with intelligence, or glowing with friendship. Why

were those lips taught to deceive and betray ? Why were the glances of those eyes permitted to work ruin and disgrace ? Why did those lips dare to press—out, cursed thought !—shall I stay here to parley with myself in words approaching to compassion when I think of that ? Here lies the man who injured me beyond hope ; his carcass is stretched at my foot, and I trample on it in the fury of despair. Once—twice—thrice—I bury my rapier in his body. There—there—there !

I am a fool. I dishonour not the poor remains ; I dishonour myself. But I know not what I do. I am glad, however, that he fought me. I could not have slain him as an assassin slays. Did he fight with his wonted bravery ? Perhaps, not. The sense of what he had done must have weighed heavy on his soul, and unnerved his arm. A few passes, and he was dead. I am not sure that he defended himself as he could have done. I am sure that this wound in my side was accidental. I am happy that I have received it. It shows that the fight was fair.

God ! how I longed for that fight ; with what impatience I waited for the breaking up of this protracted banquet ; with what disgust I viewed the tardy departure of the wine-laden guests, and heard their praises of their entertainer. They were gone at last. Too well did I know how to enter, unobserved, this house, long the scene of many a happy, many a frolic hour. I stood before him alone. He was writing ; my heart told me to whom. How he started ! what a flush of conscious shame and guilt overspread his features when his uplifted eyes met mine.

"I know," said he, "why you come."

"You know, then," I replied, "that I come not to talk. Draw, scoundrel, draw. You are a villain, but you were not a coward. One or both of us must fall in this room before the hour is over !"

Fain would he parley ; fain refuse to draw on his "friend." Gracious God ! On his friend. The word made me mad. I forced him to defend himself, and he has fallen. The crime was great ; the fight was fair ; and my revenge is accomplished. I have slain him full of bread—I have killed him, body and soul.

My wound bleeds apace ; I must stanch it as I can. My senses begin to reel. What was he writing when the avenger came ? Ay, as I thought—as I knew. Dare I read it ? the words gleam out of the paper like fire. But what is this ? Contrition, sorrow, penitence, remorse. He was a villain, then ; bold-faced to the world, but not gay at heart. I am glad that the iron had entered into his soul—that some of the miseries which he has inflicted on me came back upon himself. But it is all hypocrisy. Satiety had—no more of that ! Oh, Richard ! let me hope that the remorse was real, and that I have not sent you to your last account without some true shade of penitence upon your spirit.

Why do the boatmen tarry ? How strange it is, that, in the confusion of my thoughts, I should have put this miniature into my pocket. Faithful painter ! it is she—she, innocent, good, true, and kind ! Isabella ! I

thought that I was never more to breathe the word, but it flies to my lips. Isabella ! you have wrung my heart, have marred my hopes, have stained my name. You must be as an outcast—nay, as an enemy to me for ever ; but I love you still. Your partner in sin is gone—may God return to you the peace of mind that to me is lost. I declare before Heaven that I knew not when I married you that your consent was extorted by the prayers and advice of your parents, and that your heart belonged to the long absent Mostyn. What a world of sorrow a candid tale of your feelings would have saved ! How he betrayed his friend, and how you yielded your honour, I know not, I seek not to know. It is passed. He is dead. You go to a life of obscurity or shame. I fly an exile from my native land. The moon rises over the hill, and I can see the boat rocking by the shore. The shrill whistle of Tom Bowling summons me away, and I leave England never to return. I leave behind me a scene of blood and sorrow, but I bear with me a hand which shed that blood, and a heart in which sorrow has set its throne. Many a man will grieve over Richard Mostyn, but what can their grief be when compared with that of him who has killed him ? In another goblet of his Burgundy I bid farewell to England, and wander over the waters a broken-hearted man ! W. M.

[The above was found by me among the papers of my grand uncle, who died last year, at the age of eighty-five. He was a man of remarkably quiet and placid manners, and nobody would have suspected him of nourishing such feverish thoughts as those which he has here left behind him in this paper. His sister, my grandmother, has been dead for some years, and she only was acquainted with his history. I am not sure that even she knew every thing about him, for she was younger by twenty years, and so must have been a mere girl at the time when the events referred to had occurred. We, the junior branches of the family, never thought that Mr. Churchill had been married. On reading this paper, I went to the part of the country where his estates lay. I never, in fact, knew their situation or extent until after his death ; and then I learned that, nearly fifty years ago, Sir Richard Mostyn had been found dead in his dining-room, in the morning after he had given, what was in those days fashionable, a splendid supper to the principal gentry of the neighbourhood. He was wounded in several places. Suspicion attached to his servants, and two of them were tried, but acquitted. When he was killed, Mr. Churchill was believed to be in London, and his name was never implicated with the deed. I could not learn any thing of Mrs. Churchill, except what I found in the parish books, which told me that Thomas Churchill, Esq., married Isabella Robinson, on the 2d of May, 1782. In 1783, Sir Richard Mostyn was killed ; and among the burials of the same year is that of Isabella Churchill. I found her tomb in the churchyard, but it only contained her name, and an old verger told me, that, for almost fifty years, a guinea was sent regularly by some unknown hand to keep it clean. The

guinea, added the old man, has not come this year. The story is thus buried in obscurity for ever. On recollecting my grand-uncle's conversation, I do not remember any thing which would lead to the suspicion that he was haunted by any feeling or sentiment of remorse. I only remember that two or three years ago some one was regretting that gentlemen did not now wear swords as formerly; and old Mr. Churchill, with a peculiar emphasis, said, "It is better as it is; they were the too ready instruments of hasty wrath."]

ROYAL PRECEPT.

When Farinelli was at Venice, he was honoured with the most marked attention from the Emperor Charles VI.; but of all the favours he received from that monarch, he used to say, that he valued none more than an admonition which he received from him on his style of singing. His imperial majesty condescended to tell him one day, with great mildness and affability, that hissing was, indeed, supernatural, that he neither moved nor stood still like any other mortal; but "these gigantic strides," continued his majesty, "these never-ending notes and passages, only surprise, and it is now time for you to please; you are too lavish of the gifts with which nature has endowed you; if you wish to reach the heart, you must take a more plain and simple road." These few words brought about an entire change in Farinelli's singing; from this time he mixed the pathetic with the spirited, the simple with the sublime, and, by these means, delighted as well astonished every hearer.

SNAKES AFFECTED BY MUSIC.

Professor Luigi Metoxa, of Rome, has lately published an account of some singular experiments made by him on snakes, in order to ascertain the truth of the assertion of the ancients, respecting those creatures being affected by musical sounds. In the month of July, 1822, he put into a large box a number of different kinds of snakes, all quite vigorous and lively. "An organ in the same room being then sounded," says the professor, "the snakes no sooner heard the harmonious tones than they became violently agitated, attached themselves to the sides of the box, and made every effort to escape." The *elaphis* and the *coluber esculapii*, it was remarked, turned towards the instrument. This experiment, it seems, has since been several times repeated, and always with the same results.

Whenever a demonstration of good feeling comes from the lips of those whose habits and general character are bad, it strikes us with uncommon force, and makes a stronger impression than when uttered by the mouth of benevolence and practical virtue. If a blighted and lightning struck tree, a ruin amidst its verdant neighbours, puts forth a single green bough or even leaf, we speculate immediately on its appearance, and look on it with the highest interest, as a proof that some vitality is left within the scathed and blasted trunk.

HAYDN AND SHERIDAN.

During the peace of Amiens, Sheridan and Haydn were rival aspirants to the honour of a seat in the National Institute of France: Haydn being the successful candidate, Sheridan publicly expressed his indignation at the choice the Institute had made. Haydn, when he heard how ill the orator bore his disappointment, sent him a letter of consolation, in which he begged him to consider that it was no wonder a German composer should have made a more acceptable overture than a British senator.

A HODENING.

At Ramsgate, in Kent, they begin the festivities of Christmas by a curious musical procession. A party of young people procure the head of a dead horse, which is affixed to a pole about four feet in length; a string is tied to the lower jaw; a horse-cloth is then attached to the whole, under which one of the party gets, and, by frequently pulling the string, keeps up a loud snapping noise, and is accompanied by the rest of the party, grotesquely habited, and ringing hand-bells. They thus proceed from house to house, sounding their bells, and singing carols and songs.

They are commonly gratified with beer and cake, or perhaps with money. This is provincially called a *Hodening*; and the figure above described, a Hoden, or wooden horse. This curious ceremony is always observed in the Isle of Thanet on Christmas eve; and is supposed to be an ancient relic of a festival, ordained to commemorate our Saxon ancestors' landing in that island.

POETRY.—In poetry are to be assembled all the powers of eloquence, of music, and of picture. The true art of poetry is, that such contraries must meet to compose it. A genius both penetrating and solid, in expression both delicacy and force, and the fame and fabric of a true poem must have something both sublime and just, amazing and agreeable. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent; a great calm to judge and correct: there must be upon the same tree both flowers and fruit; there must be a general knowledge both of nature and of art; and to go the lowest that can be, there are required genius, judgment, and application: for without this last the reet will not serve him, and none ever was a great poet that applied himself much to any thing else.

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PRINCE ALBERT.

MEMOIR OF HIS SERENE HIGHNESS.

Prince Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emanuel, is second son of Ernest, reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, who has been twice married; first to Dorothy, daughter of Augustus, the last duke but one of Saxe Gotha Altenburg, from whom he separated in 1826. In December, 1832, the duke married Antoinette, Princess of Wurtemberg. By the first marriage the issue was Ernest, born the 21st of June, 1818, and Albert, born the 26th of August, 1819. His earliest education the prince received at the Castle of Ehrenburg, where eminent professors, from the College of Coburg, and other masters, daily attended. When he had completed his eleventh year, his mother, Louisa, daughter of Augustus, Duke of Saxe Gotha Altenburg, died. This caused the duke, till he should have contracted another marriage, to put Prince Albert under the care of his aunt, the Duchess of Kent. He subsequently resided for some time at Claremont and Kensington, and, of course, had an opportunity of occasionally partaking of the lessons intended for Princess Victoria. They became, it appears, acquainted with one another in their early childhood.

When he had completed his seventeenth year, he entered the University of Bonn, on the Rhine, and attended lectures on the classics, mental philosophy, history, statistics, mathematics, politics, and political economy. Among the numerous distinguished professors of that celebrated place of learning, is Augustus William Von Schlegel. Thus a most favourable opportunity presented to Prince Albert of perfecting himself in English, the

correct accent of which he had before acquired at Kensington and Claremont. When he had finished his studies at Bonn, and returned to Coburg, the inhabitants of the Duchy vied with one another in demonstrations of the heartfelt interest they took in the prosperity of the ducal house. Deputations were sent to the duke to congratulate him on the consummation of the education of the prince; poems were presented to Prince Albert, welcoming him on his entrance into public life; and there were, all over the country, illuminations, balls, and dinners, in commemoration of this important period. In 1838 he came over with his father to this country, to witness the coronation of her Majesty. They stayed longer at Buckingham Palace than all the other guests, and the Duke of Saxe Coburg was particularly distinguished by her Majesty, who, previously to his departure, conferred on him, with great ceremony, and in presence of a numerous attendance of noble lords, the Order of the Garter. On their return from London, preparations were made for a tour to Italy; and, in December, 1838, they set out, attended by Baron Stockmar, who has been for several years employed in the affairs of the Duke of Saxe Coburg and his relatives. It was deemed necessary to make a short stay at Munich, in order to take, on several questions relating to Italy, the advice of the King of Bavaria, who had been several times in Italy. To the Bavarian capital, then, the duke accompanied the prince, and the most marked honours were paid to them there; the public considering the brilliant expectations of Prince Albert well founded, and rumours to that effect having been generally circulated by the journals of Germany.

The German papers generally call him *Albrecht*, which, however, is not a name different from Albert. This will best be seen from the following paragraph, translated from

the "German Encyclopedia," by Professors Ersch and Gruber:—"Albert or Albrecht," says this excellent work, "is contracted from *Adal* and *bert*, and means of noble birth, also a landed nobleman. Generally speaking, Albert was formerly more in use in Germany, and afterwards the second form, Albrecht, prevailed; still both words continue to be promiscuously used."

On the 10th of October, 1839, Prince Albert again visited England, on a visit to her Majesty, at Windsor Castle, where he remained for some time; and, on the 15th of November, following, sailed from Dover in the *Spitfire* for the Continent. During the above visit, it was apparent by the great attention universally paid to him at the Palace, that he was to be the favoured husband of the Queen, and on Saturday, the 23d of November following, a Court was held at Buckingham Palace, when her Majesty was pleased to make the declaration of her intention to ally herself in marriage with Prince Albert.

Those who were present describe the manner in which her Majesty made this important communication as most impressive and interesting. The emotion natural to a highly-born and highly educated young lady upon such an occasion, and under such circumstances, was subdued by a sense of the great duty she had to perform; and although it was impossible for her entirely to conceal the workings of her feminine feelings during the delivery of the address, her manner was characterised by a calmness which riveted the attention, and a mild dignity which commanded the respect and veneration of the assemblage by whom, upon that particular occasion, her Majesty was surrounded.

His Highness is in stature rather above the middle height, exceedingly well proportioned, and of very manly appearance for his years. His general manner is easy, unaffected, and graceful; his features are regular, well de-

fined, and exceedingly English; his countenance is open, its expression mild, and there is a certain inexpressible something above his light smiling eyes which seems at once to inspire esteem and confidence.

PRINCE ALBERT'S RELATIVES.

The members of the family of Coburg are,

1. Sophia Frederica, &c., sister of the Duke, married to Count Emanuel of Mendorf.

2. Juliana Henrietta Ulrica, also sister, re-christened, and now Anna Feodorowna, on her marriage with the late Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, from whom she was separated in 1820, through gross cruelty on his part, and other circumstances on her own, not necessary to advert to. The death of that Prince, in 1831, left her a widow. She resides, and since her separation and widowhood has resided, in Switzerland. She and two of her sisters were sent, previous to the marriage, to St. Petersburg, for choice of Constantine.

3. Ferdinand George Augustus, brother of the Duke, married, in 1816, to Maria Antoinette Gabriella, daughter and sole heiress of Prince Francis Joseph de Kohiri, an Hungarian nobleman, of ancient family, and immense territorial property in Hungary. As a condition of this marriage, Ferdinand was obliged to embrace the Roman Catholic religion, and to agree that all the children born of the marriage should be brought up in the same faith. The issue of this alliance is three sons and one daughter, of which the eldest son, Ferdinand Augustus Francis Anthony, born in 1816, married Donna Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, and, according to the law of Portugal, on the birth of a son and heir, became King Consort.

4. Maria Louisa Victoria, (now her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent,) married first, to the Prince of Leiningen, on whose death she was afterwards married to the late Duke of Kent, who died in 1820.

5. Leopold George Christian Frederick, the youngest brother of the Duke, and uncle to Albert, married, first, to the late Princess Charlotte, heiress presumptive to the Crown of Great Britain, who died in 1817; elected King of Belgium, in June 1831; and remarried at Compeigne, in August, 1832, to the Princess Louisa Maria of Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French.

The affectation of gentility by people without birth or fortune is a very idle species of vanity. For those who are in middle or humble life to aspire to be always seen in the company of the great, is like the ambition of a dwarf who should hire himself as an attendant to wait upon a giant. But we find great numbers of this class—whose pride or vanity seems to be sufficiently gratified by the admiration of the finery or superiority of others, without any farther object. There are sycophants who take a pride in being seen in the train of a great man, as there are fops who delight to follow in the train of a beautiful woman (from a mere impulse of admiration and excitement of the imagination), without the smallest personal pretensions of their own.

THE LONE SPIRIT.

(Concluded from page 194.)

XXVIII.

"Girl! to the father of that boy,
I owe my wreck of hope and joy;
My cup was full of honey all,
He brimmed it first with bitter gall;
And, ere I could avenge my wrong,
While yet mine hate was dark and strong,
Death followed him—I saw him die—
It boots not when, nor where, nor why,
But this is all that death hath done,
Transferred my hatred to the son!
With him were child of mine to dwell,
What makes his heaven would be my hell;
And her his blessings fain would save,
My curse should follow to the grave!"

XXIX.

He turned away—his daughter sprung
With one wild leap to me—and flung
Her white arms round me, pale with fear—
The curse still ringing in her ear,
Of him from whom her being drew,
(As flowers draw life from pearly dew!)
Its early birth! She did not weep,
But her sweet spirit seemed to sleep
As calmed by horror—chilled to rest—
She fell, and fainted on my breast!

XX.

I fain would fling away, away,
The memory of that fatal day;
The love she kept, the curse she bore,
They clung to her for evermore,
As closely as she clung to me,
With beautiful fidelity!

XXI.

In after time—a little while—
For long she did not last—
(Not long doth any pining flower
Bear up against the blast!)
In every whisper, every word,
In every gentle sound, she heard
A father's cursing voice.
By fancy's spell, the horrid thing
Upon her listening heart would ring,
Her soul could not rejoice!

XXII.

She wedded me—she loved me still,
My joy her hope—my word her will—
Was ever by my side!
But sorrow, like a stormy cloud,
Wrapt her wan features in his shroud,
And only gave her up to care,
'Till death came sure though slowly there,
To steal away my bride!

XXIII.

Oh! for a sponge to wipe away
The memory of the past,
Forget the fate that death fulfilled,
The lot that vengeance cast.
I would my heart might sail again,
Upon some other sea,
And leave the world, my beautiful,
Once more to seek for thee!

I cannot bear that thou shouldst dwell
High in that holy sphere,
While I, who loved thee once so well,
Am doomed to linger here—
Without a hope, without a thought,
In cities—or alone—
(If mortal wings could bear to Heaven)
That would not be thine own!

XXIV.

My only, and my unforgot,
My everlasting love!
How my broken spirit pineth
With the moaning of the dove,
For its flight upon a dreamy track,
Away from earthly light,
To where thou dwellest ever
With the beautiful and bright!

CRIPPLES RESTORED TO THE USE OF THEIR LIMBS.—On Thursday last several hundred persons visited the establishment of Mr. Holloway, 13, Broad-street-buildings, the proprietor of Holloway's Ointment and External Disease Pill, to see six persons whom it was attested beyond all doubt had been crippled from chronic rheumatism for more than twelve months, and are now radically cured by the use alone of Holloway's Ointment and Pill. This circumstance has created immense sensation in favour of these wonderful remedies. In most cases the one should not be used without taking the other; they will then cure nearly every external disease. They may be obtained at any respectable chemists and druggists throughout the kingdom, or at the establishment of the proprietor, where advice is given gratis.

VIBRATIONS OF A VIOLIN.—Draw a bow across the strings of a violin, and the wood of the upper face will be in a state of regular vibration, which will be communicated to the back through a peg set in the inside of a violin, and through its sides, called the soul of the violin, or its sounding post. Consequently, if the upper surface be strewed with sand, it will assume a regular figure when the bow is drawn. This experiment can hardly be made with a common violin, on account of the convexity of its surface, on which sand will not rest; but if a violin be constructed with flat boards, or if, abandoning the violin, a string be stretched on a strong frame over a bridge, which is made to rest on the centre of a regularly formed plate, or circle of metal or wood, strewed with sand, the surface, thus set in vibration by the string, will be seen to divide itself into beautiful regular figures.

HOW TO ENLARGE AN OMNIBUS.—"Well! how many more are you going to put in?" cried an impatient passenger, on the conductor's letting in the thirteenth into the Daphne omnibus. "Oh! sir, we are licensed for fourteen." "How's that, you carried but twelve last week, and your omnibus is no bigger now than it was then." "Oh! but you don't see that great hole in her side," pointing to a vast perforation that was caused by the pole of some rival's encroaching, unmannerly "buss."

VIENNA AND MOZART.

(Concluded from page 194.)

Mozart married during the time he was composing the music of "L'Enlèvement au Sérail." In this opera he has introduced all the sweets of the honeymoon into his score. The air of the first act, above all, expresses what Mozart felt, as his biographer phrases it, *au fond de son ame*. In after time, Mozart brought into his music the most tender and delicate sentiments, but never any thing so innate, so intimate, if we may so say, has ever escaped him. It was a sort of confidence that Mozart reposed in the public. Later, his compositions, without doubt, arrived at a higher degree of perfection, but those airs of "L'Enlèvement," &c., he always preferred in remembrance of that happy *époque*.

"*Premiers transports que nul n'oublie.*"

Men like Mozart know how to express all the passions, and either find or create them in their own bosoms whenever they choose to draw on themselves; and when he composed the delicious air of *Cherebino* in the "Noces de Figaro," in that vague, wild, rhapsody of feeling and loving, like that of the *Page*, it is expressed with as much passion, and no less delirium. Mozart at this time was father of a family, a sedate and very serious. This good son and excellent father, this honest and faithful husband, where did he find these characteristics of the debauches, and that infernal *rouerie*, which he has given his "Don Giovanni?" Here, then, must be traced that gift which angels present to their darling poets. They give them one key to Heaven, and another to the place of evil, to the end that nothing should be hid from their eyes. Let us now descend from those happy regions where the genius of poets luxuriate, and bring forth goodly fruit, to reveal a few of this lower world's iniquities:—

"But longer in this paradise to dwell
Permits not!"

Shall I say that Mozart, who had stormed the hearts of the people of Vienna by his opera, was arrested at the moment of his departure for Salzburg, where he desired to proceed to see his father, not by the enthusiasm of the people, chagrined at beholding its favourite actor escape them, but by a pressing creditor, who, without pity, demanded a debt of thirty florins. Mozart, a favourite of "the gods and men," had not thirty florins! Mozart, who could not raise this paltry sum, set about composing in all haste a work which occupied him night and day. You imagine, no doubt, that Mozart wrote to satisfy this creditor—no such thing. He wrote to pacify the creditors of Haydn, his friend, who was ill in bed, and could not fulfil his engagements to supply two *duos* for the violin and bass. This creditor of Haydn was more especially importunate, threatening to sue him for the price of those *duos* which he had advanced to the *maestro*, and Mozart, as soon as he heard of it, went off to visit his sick friend, entered at once into his room, and sat himself down to work with such vigour, that the two

duos soon appeared under the name of Michel Haydn. These performances have been always considered as *chefs-d'œuvre*, and worthy alike of Haydn and Mozart; and never did the latter include them in his published works. They were religiously preserved as a memorial of friendship and devotedness in the works of Haydn. Do you fancy that you now begin to know and understand Mozart and his music?

After this Mozart did the "Noces de Figaro." Tell me now which of the two has shown the greatest talent, Mozart or Beaumarchais; for we are no longer to eulogise Mozart, his high genius and his poetry. But that he has encountered the malice and satire, joined to the most active and vindictive writer of the eighteenth century—him, a heavy thick German, awkwardly dropt from one end of Bohemia, into the halls of the grand signiors of Vienna, and who, by that light meagre sketch, that poor flimsy rag of *Suzanne*, gave a trait still more tender and *piquant* to the heart-broken *Rosine*: that he has made also of the page *Cherubino* a youth, yet more tormented by his sixteen years of life, and more ardently devoured by a disease he is ignorant of—here then is a gift, in itself no less surprising than unlooked for—that of finding in the same man, the grandeur of *Corneille*, the philosophical nerve of *Molière* joined to the frivolity of another, whose name it is no longer requisite again to repeat.—*Le Caméléon*.

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN POVERTY AND INDIGENCE.—The terms poverty and indigence, usually employed as synonymous, do not express the same idea, nor represent the same situation. Poverty is relative, indigence is absolute; the poor man has not enough, the indigent has nothing; the former wants assistance, the latter must have succour or perish. In modern times a new word has been coined which has not a little increased the confusion of ideas prevailing on this subject; pauperism is employed as a common name both for indigence and poverty, and has, consequently, led to the suggestion of common remedies for the very different evils of both; the pernicious consequences may be traced in our public discussions, in our varied institutions, and even in our legislation. Finally mendicity has been added to the chaos to express the result of indigence, a result by no means necessary, and the most pernicious test that could possibly be applied.

The great are fond of patronising men of genius, when they are remarkable for personal insignificance, so that they can dandle them like parrots or lap-dogs, or when they are distinguished by some awkwardness which they can laugh at, or some meanness which they can despise. They do not wish to encourage or show their respect for wisdom or virtue, but to witness the defects or ridiculous circumstances accompanying these, that they may have an excuse for treating all sterling pretensions with supercilious indifference. They seek at best to be amused, not to be instructed. Truth is the greatest impertinence a man can be guilty of in polite company; and players and buffoons are the *beau idéal* of men of wit and talents.

ABD-EL-KADER.

Military affairs in the neighbourhood of Algiers, have taken a turn of late so extraordinary, and unexpected, as to bid fair to become the scene of much speculation in that quarter; the events of which will be watched by Europe with the greatest anxiety. The results of further operations, in a mercantile point of view (hardly less than a military one), cannot fail to draw upon them general attention. We are in possession of a memoir of the famous Arab chief, Abd-El-Kader, well authenticated, and taken from a French paper, *Le Siècle*, which we have done into English.

This memoir we had intended for this week's insertion, but going earlier to press than usual, and want of space besides, prevents its appearing in this number; we shall, however, have much pleasure in submitting it for our readers' perusal, either next week or the following.—Ed.

We for the most part strive to regulate our actions, not so much by conscience or reason, as by the opinion of the world. But by the world we mean those who entertain an opinion about us. Now, this circle varies exceedingly, but never expresses more than a part. In senates, in camps, in town, in country, in courts, in a prison, a man's vices and virtues are weighed in a separate scale by those who know him, and who have similar feelings and pursuits. We care about no other opinion. There is a moral horizon which bounds our view, and beyond which the rest is air. The public is divided into a number of distinct jurisdictions for different claims; and posterity is but a name, even to those who sometimes dream of it.

HUMILITY AND PRIDE.—Humility and pride are not easily distinguished from each other. A proud man, who fortifies himself in his own good opinion, may be supposed not to put forward his pretensions through shyness or deference to others: a modest man, who is really reserved and afraid of committing himself, is thought distant and haughty: and the vainest coxcomb who makes a display of himself and his most plausible qualifications, often does so to hide his deficiencies, and to prop up his tottering opinion of himself by the applause of others. Vanity does not refer to the opinion a man entertains of himself, but to that which he wishes others to entertain of him. Pride is indifferent to the approbation of others; as modesty shrinks from it, either through bashfulness, or from an unwillingness to take any undue advantage of it. I have known several very forward, loquacious, and overbearing persons, whose confidential communications were oppressive from the sense they entertained of their own demerits. In company they talked on in mere *bravado*, and for fear of betraying their weak side, as children make a noise in the dark.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF ABD-EL-KADER.

The Arab chief, whose name heads this article, was born in the year 1808, at Lazouat, the tomb of his ancestors. He is distinguished by the titles of Si-Moustapha el Mokhetarr. Si Mahhi-el Dinn, his father, *marabout* (of saint), highly esteemed in the province or Oran, lived as a dervise, subsisting wholly upon the charities of the faithful. He enjoyed exclusively the singular right of affording protection to assassins, rogues, and debtors. One word under his hand stopped at once all law proceedings of the Bey. This dubious and somewhat mystified privilege is by no means made clearer by the Arabs' proverb, which says, "Give me rather the roguery of a cat than the honesty of a rat." The superstitious fervour of the people went the length of ascribing to his *sainthood* superhuman powers, even to the working of miracles. Amongst others, that of multiplying pieces of coin in the girdle of those who came to visit him, obtained, as it needs must, a vast degree of celebrity. It was in a great measure to these absurd stories that the *marabout* owed the fortune he had amassed, and which no doubt led the way to the throne.

After that Muley-Ali, nephew to the Emperor of Morocco, had given up the Beylick of Oran, on the appearance of the French army in those parts, Si-Mahhi was named Bey of Mascara, as the only fit man for sustaining the Arab nationality. Ben-Nouna, chief of the Moorish party at Tlemecen, had been poisoned, that he might avoid the destitution and slavery with which he was threatened. Sidi-Mahhi left two sons; the elder wholly absorbed in his religious contemplations, and given up to the priesthood; Abd-el-Kader, the younger, of a character and habits essen-

tially differing from his brother, yet not entirely free from a religious bias. It is to this last that our memoir has relation.

At the age of twenty-five or twenty-six, Abd-el-Kader had already evinced an ardent and daring ambition, with a firmness of purpose and strength of mind which rendered him superior to all his countrymen. Whilst on a pilgrimage, it had been foretold by the saints at Mecca that he should one day wear the crown; and he, Abd-el-Kader, his mind deeply engrossed by the prediction, waited in silence, like the spell-bound Josephine, the time necessary for its fulfilment. In truth, he had been long prepared. Instructed by his father in the science of theology, he had acquired the title of *savant* in the schools, and by his exemplary conduct that of *marabout* by all the tribes. In this manner he worked to become influential in the country; and to be so, in fact, he procured a horse, and by daily exercise soon learned the art of equitation necessary in the field, together with the use of arms. Thus on the death of Si-Mahhi, no very strong efforts were required on the part of the son to get elected in his place. Nevertheless, the first acts of Abd-el-Kader betrayed the poverty and fragility of his resources. He made his entry at Mascara on a very sorry Rosinante-like horse, one foot of the four only having been shod, surrounded by a band of Arabs, all of sad countenance, whilst their garb and persons betrayed the most abject penury, and the utmost wretchedness. The Emir, however, lost no time in giving proofs of the inherent vigour of his mind, for hardly had he arrived at his post than he made dispositions for leaving it, marching instantly against the town of Tlemecen, which at that time happened to be divided by two parties or factions. On one side was ranged the Moors, commanded by Bey Mouna; while the Couloghis, or sons of the Turks, under the orders of Ben-Aouda-Bourshle, took part on the

other. Here an opportunity offered that Abd-el-Kader was not likely to let pass, without signalling himself both as a soldier and a statesman. He at once put an end to these rival powers, by taking vengeance in the first place on Ben-Nouna, who had so recently poisoned his father, by ordering him a similar fate; that accomplished, he routed Ben-Aouda, together with the whole of his band of Mussulmans, all which being disposed of in a summary way, and in a space of time incredibly short he next composed for the people a mixed form of Government, such as at this day exists. So indefatigable in his labour is this chieftain, that he has endeavoured to establish in the states a regular system of finance, which seems to require time only to perfect. Such is the man who has exhibited no ordinary share of talents and judgment in the resistance of our armies. Nevertheless, he is of a frail and delicate temperament, his complexion pale, his beard thin, and his stature somewhat above the middle height. When he speaks his discourse is animated, interspersed with brilliant and poetical images, the force of which is even improved by the energy of his manner, and the fire of his dark brown eye, naturally pensive and melancholy. He extends but little upon himself, and his habits are of the simplest kind.

DOMESTIC POLICY OF ABD-EL-KADER.

El Hadj,* Abd-el-Kader, is much addicted to study, and devotes as much time in the pursuit of literature as can be spared from the affairs of state. A small library accompanies him in all his expeditions; but from his active duties in the field, but little use one might think would be made of it. The camp is in fact his only true residence, for living in the

* El Hadj is the surname which all the Arab Mussulmans take after having accomplished their pilgrimage to Mecca. The word signifies pilgrim.

midst of a turbulent race, obliged to encounter his rivals on all sides, who are continually springing up, he cannot, without inconvenience and peril, reside in town. In camp his manner of living is splendid and prince-like. He inhabits a magnificent tent, and when he moves out they raise a gilt umbrella over his head. Every day he recites a prayer publicly before this tent; his voice is then full of persuasion and harmony, whilst his manner calls to mind the Christian-like maxim, "Before honour is humility," which seems a part of his creed. Upon these occasions the Arabs fall on their knees, with their faces towards the earth, kissing the sand with great fervour. After the prayer the young Emir preaches from their enthusiastic and prophetic language, which, it is not too much to say, electrifies the hearers. His correspondence with the French general proves, that with the arts of a courtier (which he has learned to great perfection) he is enabled to combine the imagination of a poet. "I may be compared," said he, writing to Marshal Clausel after the affair of Kameen, "to a fish in the sea, at the moment you think you have seized it, it escapes through your hand. Endeavour then to take it in the billowy main—the thing is impossible—the fish belongs to the ocean: so, in like manner, the Arab is lord of the desert." Although Abd-el-Kader turns the religious frenzy of his countrymen to his own account, he is far from imbibing their prejudices. It is a question if, in the true sense of the term, he is an orthodox Mussulman himself. He fears not to discuss religious opinions with a Christian; and this is done without rancour or prejudice, and with perfect good temper. He relies much on his own prosperous condition; the true meaning of which, might perhaps be better expressed, by the more comprehensive word "destiny." One day Captain Allegro, a Tunian by birth, and for six years in our service, (now filling some post of honour at the court of the Emir,) cautioned him against being puffed up with his rapid and prosperous circumstances, at the same time, recommending him not to raise his expectations too high. The remark of this most singular man is well worthy of note.

"Allegro," said Abd-el-Kader, with great gravity, "I, as well as my three brothers, after I had slain a man in single combat, were forced to take his horse, his saddle, and other equipments, in order to better our fortunes. You see what I am at this day. How can I then lack confidence in myself?" His last interview with General Bugeaud has but too well justified his words. F. E.

THE BRIDE'S RETURN.

She hath her wish,—for which in vain
She pined in restless dreams—
"Oh mother! is this home again?
How desolate it seems?
Yet all the dear, familiar things
Look as they did of yore;
But oh! the change this sad heart brings,
This is my home no more!
"I left thee!—like the dove of old
I left thy parent breast,—

But on life's waste of waters cold
My soul hath found no rest!
And back the weary bird is come,
Its woes—its wanderings o'er;
Ne'er from the holy ark to roam—
Yet this is home no more!

"Oh mother! sing my childhood's songs!
They fall like summer's rain
On this worn heart, that vainly longs
To be all thine again!
Speak comfort to me! call me yet
'Thy Mary'—as of yore;
Those words could make me half forget—
That this is home no more!

"Sit near me! Oh this hour repays
Long years of lonely pain;
I feel as if the old bright days
Were all come back again!
My heart beats thick with happy dreams—
Mine eyes with tears run o'er!
Thou'rt with me, mother! Oh it seems
Like home!—our home once more!

"Oh home and mother! can ye not
Give back my heart's glad youth?
The visions which my soul forgot,
Or learnt to doubt their truth!
Give back my childhood's peaceful sleep,
Its aimless hopes restore!
Ye cannot!—mother, let me weep—
For this is home no more!"

Thou mourner for departed dreams!
On earth there is no rest—
When grief hath troubled the pure streams
Of memory in thy breast!
A shadow on thy path shall lie
Where sunshine laugh'd before;
Look upwards—to the happy sky!
Earth is thy home no more!

A PERSIAN FABLE.

A little particle of rain,
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain—
"My brief existence now is ended!
"Outcast alike of earth and sky,
"Useless to live, unknown to die!"

It chanced to fall into the sea,
And there an open shell received it.
In after years how rich was he
Who from its prison-house relieved it!
The drop of rain had formed a gem
To deck a monarch's diadem.

THE CALABRIAN EARTHQUAKE.

Natural calamities, which no human foresight, no human experience—the only ground of human foresight—can avert, allay, or even modify, might seem to be of all possible subjects of study the most useless. Nevertheless the philosophical curiosity of man eagerly seeks to investigate their causes and their circumstances, whilst his, and yet more woman's love of strong emotions and sympathy with every kind of suffering, give peculiar interest to their details. The philosophical investigation of natural causes belongs not to these pages, but the last-mentioned qualities of

those who are likely to be their readers may authorise some little account of the extraordinary ravages committed in Calabria and the adjacent portion of Sicily by the earthquake of 1783, an earthquake which, despite the horrors of that of Lisbon in 1755, and of that described by Mrs. Graham, now Mrs. Calcott, as lately changing the face of an extensive district of South America, is perhaps unparalleled, as well in many of its circumstances, as in the destruction of human life. A few preliminary words respecting the especial and unusually limited scene of its ravages may not be unacceptable, inasmuch as such scene lies somewhat beyond the beat of the common hard of tourists.

The Apennines, as every body knows, extend to the southern extremity, or toe, of Italy: but from this main ridge protrude, at various points, several smaller branches; and two of these branches, the northern terminating in Capes Vaticano and Zambrone, the southern in the point called Pezzo, opposite to Messina, and near the once dreaded Scylla, embrace a basin, or, as Italian writers more elegantly term it, a shell-shaped district, surrounding the gulf of Gioia, and denominated *La Piana di Monteleone*, or *della Calabria*, or simply, and *par excellence*, *La Piana*. This title must not, however, conjure up in the reader's mind the image of an American savannah, of Salisbury plain, or, indeed, of any level country whatever, inasmuch as this Calabrian plain not only slopes from the Apennines to the sea, but is overspread and intersected with hills, mountains, dells, and ravines, the latter produced by the occasional torrent-form of the streams, which, in their ordinary state, fertilise the country; this *Piana* being as much distinguished for fruitfulness as for wealthy and populous towns, such as Monteleone, Pizzo, Tropea, Mileto, Soriano, Oppido, Santa Cristina, Nicotera, Polistena, San Giorgio, Terranuova, Caselluova, Seminara, Bagnara, and Scilla. This fair and happy province, in extent about one hundred and forty miles, and embosomed, as though for shelter, in the Apennines, was, together with the neighbouring Sicilian city of Messina, the destined prey of the earthquake.

The year 1783 opened without any indications of impending evil. Vesuvius and Ætna were hushed in grim repose, and all seemed much as usual at one o'clock (English noon) of the 5th of February, when human beings were heedlessly pursuing their ordinary avocations of business or pleasure. Not so, however, the humbler inhabitants of Calabria. The learned academicians employed by the King of the Two Sicilies to ascertain and record particulars of the catastrophe, relate that the brute creation instinctively foresaw some approaching disaster. The dogs and asses first showed symptoms of disturbance; the cats remained longer unconscious or indifferent, but gradually the hair of their coats rose and spread, as when they confront an enemy, their eyes gleamed a turbid sanguine light, and with piteous mewings they fled in all directions. The horses stamped and neighed, and by the restless motion of their



THE REVERIE.

"SHALL I BE HAPPY?"

eyes and ears discovered their uneasiness. Even the poultry were commoted in the farmyard, and the bees in their hives. The birds fluttered and screamed in the air; and a little migratory fish, called the *cicirello*, swarmed on the coast of Messina, although the season of its appearance in those seas is considerably later.

The distraction of the animal kingdom alarmed not man. He continued unapprehensive of danger until a few minutes past noon on the 5th of February, when a tremendous burst, resembling thunder, from the entrails of the earth, effectually broke the bands of "mental" sleep asunder. The convulsed earth heaved, shook, opened wide her ponderous jaws, and in the same instant, as we are told, one hundred cities were overthrown, and thirty thousand human beings were buried under mountains of ruins, or engulfed in the yawning chasms that opened to swallow them!

But the external outbreak of internal disorder ceased not with this first frightful work of destruction. Again on the 7th, on the 20th, on the 28th, and even a month later, on the 24th of March, were new shocks experienced, the destroyers of two hundred more towns or villages; and if they proved less murderous than the first, it was only because the terrified inhabitants had fled from their houses, from the threatening neighbourhood of solid edifices, to dwell under tents or huts in the open country. These repeated shocks exhibited, in union or succession, all the different forms of convulsion known in earthquakes, that is to say, the lateral, the upward, the downward, the undulatory, and the rotatory shock; in some of these the sides of hills broke off, and fell in tremendous avalanches, burying trees, houses, rivers, under the ponderous mass; the rivers afterwards reappeared, but in new channels, and turbid and discoloured, as though mourning the desolation they had witnessed and survived; in others the solid ground was rent, and from the chasms issued streams of mud, and of chalk more or less liquefied, that inundated the adjacent low lands. And in the intervals between the five days fatally distinguished by those greater convulsions, smaller shocks frequently recurred, whilst an undulation, sufficient to produce sea-sickness, is said to have been almost uninterrupted.

The sea and air participated in the disorder of the earth, the former rising into such towering waves as rather resembled solid hills than heaped-up waters, and passing all appointed boundaries deluged inland regions to which the very aspect of ocean was unknown; the latter, by tempests, whirlwinds, and hurricanes, enhancing the calamities of the province, and further distracting the miserable inhabitants. And as though its immediate ravages had been little, the earthquake produced ulterior evils, whose action continued even after their cause had ceased. The fall of houses, instead of extinguishing the fires blazing on their hearths, often supplied fresh fuels in the boards and beams so flung upon them, whence burst out wide-spreading fires that the

stormy winds helped to render unquenchable whilst aught remained to be burnt. The oil, vinegar, and wine turned to vinegar, escaping from their crushed receptacles, flowed, as did the choked waters, into the granaries, spoiling the corn, which became utterly unfit for human sustenance. The springs of wells were corrupted or lost. And the dead bodies imperfectly buried under the ruins that killed them, together with others long since committed to the grave, whose sepulchres the same terrific agent of destruction had torn open, diffused pestiferous exhalations that generated mortal disease.

But is it not the main purpose of these lines to relate merely natural ills, or to commemorate the overthrow of buildings; how much soever we may lament the ruin of the splendid remains of classic antiquity, of the solemn monuments of the piety of young Christianity, or of those huge majestic castles that stood a living record of the feudal power and magnificence of southern Italy's rude Norman conquerors. The more direct effects upon our fellow beings, the dreadful fate of some, the marvellous deliverance of others, with circumstances in some cases almost comic, were and are intended as principal subjects of the paper, and these shall be chiefly taken from Botta's new and hard-to-read *Storia d'Italia*. Which shall we begin with? According to established custom, with tragedy followed by farce? Alas! the latter is hardest to find; for few are there, even of the happiest escapes, unalloyed by something sad. Let us then abandon the arduous task of accomplishing any artificial arrangement, and take the anecdotes as they present themselves, limiting all idea of management to the choice of incidents. The first mentioned by Botta, as if to cheer his reader's mind after such wholesale natural horror, is one of the few purely ludicrous, and we the more willingly follow his example, as we purpose, for our reader's final solace, to conclude with an extract from a tale founded upon this identical earthquake by that always pleasing German novelist, Baron de la Motte Fouqué, best known here as the author of *Undine*.

Lovely was once the road from Soriano to Jerocarne, and sheltered from the noontide sun by the vines that festooned amidst overhanging olive and chestnut trees; and beneath this verdant canopy was Father Agazio, prior of the *Carmine* at Jerocarne, journeying when surprised by the first shock of the earthquake. In an instant the luxuriant trees were uprooted, the whole path was a chaos of ruins. The ground cracked, disclosing frightful clefts that threatened to devour whatever approached; that closed again, again to open with every new shudder of the vexed earth. It were needless to describe the poor monk's terror, or the anxious care with which he strove to shun each hungry-looking chasm. Unavailing were his vigilance and activity. Under one of his feet the ground suddenly opened. The prior's leg sunk as its support failed; and ere he could sufficiently recover himself to snatch it out, the fissure as suddenly re-closed, holding Father Agazio as

fast by the ankle as though he had been set in the stocks. In vain he exerted his utmost strength to extricate his foot! What is the strength of man, especially of one in old age, against that of mother earth? In vain he strained his voice in loud shrieks for help! All were flying for their lives, or seeking for lost wives, children, parents; who had leisure to think of an unconnected monk? And, indeed, had his whole monastery heard, what aid could they have rendered him? No key had they to this strange, this fearful species of gyve. Father Agazio, exhausted by his efforts, had sunk in despair upon the knee he could still bend, to prepare for death, when a new concussion re-opened the fissure, and released his imprisoned limb. Instantaneously the good Father's drooping energies revived; he sprang upon his feet, hurried forwards, and reached his cell without further mishap.

At Polistena two young mothers were sitting together, the one with a three-year old son playing at her feet, the other with a baby at her breast, when the first shock of the earthquake flung the roof—flung the whole cottage down upon the hapless group. Neither pain nor danger, scarcely death itself, can quell the strong impulse of maternal love. The mothers made vaulted roofs of their own bodies, to protect their offspring from the falling masses. So they died. So they were found, crushed, swollen, livid, and putrescent. Let us believe their last moments to have been soothed by the hope that they suffered not in vain. Delusive hope! They were disinterred too late—the helpless little objects of their care had withered. They lay wasted, dried up, dead in their mothers' bosoms.

A mother of Scido was more fortunate. Don Antonio Ruffo, and Donna Pasqualina Nota, a pair of wedded lovers, united little more than a year, had recently had their conjugal felicity augmented by the birth of a daughter. They were playfully caressing their infant, when the first awful concussion disturbed their peaceful enjoyment. The alarmed husband clasped his wife and baby to his heart, to fly, or to perish with the objects of his affection. A beam from the falling roof struck the fond couple to the ground, and husband and wife died folded in each other's arms. Their fate and their child's was lamented, and the ruins were early searched in order to give the regretted family Christian burial; when a faint cry quickened the zeal of the workmen. The infant girl was found, still alive, between the bodies of her dead parents.

In different places two women severally remained seven days buried alive in vaults formed by the falling ruins. Both were of course without food or drink, but seem to have suffered comparatively little from hunger. Thirst was their torment, until they fainted; and when released and recalled to sense, their cries for water were frantic. At Oppido, a girl of fifteen was extricated on the eleventh day from her living grave. One of her hips was out of joint, a child of which she had the care was dead in her arms, and she herself was quite insensible. On being with great difficulty restored to animation, her first words

were, as usual, water! water! And on being questioned as to what she had thought and felt in her dreadful situation, she simply answered, "I slept." Beneficent provision in the formation of such fragile creatures, that the extremity of human suffering often produces unconsciousness of its agonies!

Generally speaking, to moderate the inordinate avidity with which all rescued victims, human or brute, sought for drink, was the one point essential to the preservation of their lives. A dog remained a fortnight thus buried, and did not, as might have been expected, go mad for want of water. But his thirst, when drawn forth, was as immoderate and as difficult to be restrained, as that of his reasoning fellow-sufferers. A cat alone is mentioned as spontaneously not intemperate. Poor puss had been sheltered in a boiler, that supported, unbreaking, the superincumbent weight of ruins, and had remained their forty days without meat or drink. She was found lying as if in a placid sleep, and gradually and quietly recovered.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGIN OF "PLASE THE PIGS."

This is a strange but common enough phrase in Ireland, and like all others of its kind, must have an origin. Let us endeavour to trace it. We were discussing the merits of the horse, dog, and elephant, as it tended to demonstrate the sagacity of those animals respectively. Our opinions on the subject, as may be easily fancied, were not a little at variance. An Irish gentleman in the company observed, that strange as it might seem, the swinish multitude in Ireland, showed greater intelligence than either of the animals we had named. The "Sapient Pig," we had heard of, 'tis true, but our faith was in no wise shaken by his vast proficiency in the science of *figures*. We exchanged looks one with the other, and our acquaintance from the Emerald Isle being somewhat pressed for the proof, in support of his text, related as follows:—

"In the cabins of Ireland," said he, "all the inmates lodge under one roof—the peasant, the wife, the childer, together with all domiciled animals besides; to wit, 'pig, hog, and dog.' When the buttermilk and 'praties' are made ready for dinner, the table is drawn near the fire, and a simultaneous rising of the grunTERS (which are mostly of large size) takes place, all lying down at the fire, in an orderly manner, each presenting a back, body, or loin, as seats for the several persons to sit on. When the meal is finished, the hogs receive for their share the remnant in the platters, and the rinds of the 'praties'. Thus proving," said the narrator with a confident air, "the gratitude and sagacity of these creatures, in a way that no other animal would be even suspected of!"

The argument of our Isle of Emerald friend, was considered conclusive, and might, for what we know to the contrary, have given rise to the phrase which heads this article. F. E.

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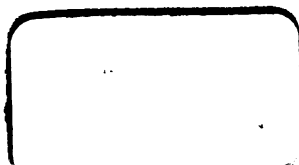
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